

The Times

11TH YEAR

PER WEEK 20 CENTS; 20 CENTS A YEAR.

and Peau
ard 75c.
superior weaves. The
the salvage of every
rustle. The Peau de
no grain back. Both
wide and strictly pur-
under

75c

de Chine, 68c
as a Friday surprise
imbossed figures, scroll
ile is suitable for soft
evening wear, is 28
strictly pure
prise. 68c

2.50 ^{per} Lawn
Waists 65c.
generous assortment
White Lawn Shirts
Waists including silk sp-
sue and insertion of
elbow or long
eve styles; sold up to
at \$2.50. Priced to
Friday surprise
65c

SECOND FLOOR

50c

LOST RIVER.

PRICES—120, 210, 300 and 350.

THEATERS—

50 ANGELES THEATER—H. C. WYATT, Lessee and Manager.

MONDAYS TODAY AT 3:15 P.M.—LAST TIME TONIGHT—The Mirthful

Madame Comedy.

ALPHONSE AND GASTON

Comedy, Romance, a Spectacle.

MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS, 8 P.M.—

LOS ANGELES THEATER—H. C. WYATT, Lessee and Manager

4 Nights DAY—TODAY, OCT. 26—27—28—29 DAY—TODAY, OCT. 26—27—28—29

THEATERS—

HERMANN

Comedy, Romance, a Spectacle. Magic and Illusions.

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MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS, 8

DARING OUTLAW.

Without Aid Holds Up Train.

He Takes Life of Brave Engineer Oncall.

Blows Express Car to Pieces With Dynamite.

Compels Three Men to Do His Work, Joking With Them the While.

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.

BUTTE (Mont.) Oct. 24.—One of the most daring train robberies in the history of the Northern Pacific Railroad occurred early this morning, at a lonely spot three and a half miles west of Drummond, Mont. So far as known but one man engaged in the attempt to rifle the express safe. That one man seemed to be a host in himself, when he killed one man, cooped up a whole train crew and an entire trainload of passengers, and kept three men at work obeying orders. Single-handed the desperado captured two cars, the express messenger, the electrician on the train and the postman, who was on his task of rifling the mails, and attempting to blow up the safe in the express car, with as much coolness and nerve as if entertaining company.

Reports are conflicting as to the number of men engaged in the robbery. The fireman, mail clerk and express messenger say they saw but one man who did all the work and the shooting. The conductor and passengers insist there were two men at least engaged in the hold-up.

The robbers, or robbers, made little by the desperate deed. The charge of dynamite failed to open the safe in the express, and the postal authorities say that the contents of the registered packages amounted to but a small sum. Had the train going the other way been selected, the booty, it is believed, would have been rich, as that train is accustomed to carry much of value.

The train had left Bear Mouth, and as the fireman turned to gather a scoopful of coal he was startled to hear a yell, and turning around, found a man standing on the coal, pointing two big revolvers at his head.

"Throw up your hands," shouted the man, elevating his voice so as to over-come the roar of the train. "Throw up, and obey my orders and you won't get hurt."

The man slid down the coal onto the engine deck, and forced the fireman against the left side of the cab. He covered Engineer Oncall with one revolver, and ordered him to throw up his hands. "You mind what I say," said he to the engineer. "If you don't I'll blow your head off."

Then the robber turned to the fireman and commanded: "The first thing you do, go out and put that headlight out, and be quick about it, and mind you come back here."

The fireman, for no time in obeying the command, was returning to the cab when he heard a shot fired, and peered in just in time to see the engineer falling backward of the gangway to the ground along the side of the engine. Just before the shot he had headed Oncall say: "Well, if you've got to do it, you might as well do it here as any place."

Just then steam was shut off, and the brakes applied, and the train came to a stop in the murky cañon. Engineer Oncall, it seems, stepped from his seat, and in doing so overturned his lantern, which was set below him. Immediately he was grabbed with the revolver, and tried to shoot him. The man released him, and pointing the revolver at the engineer's abdomen fired. Oncall gave a groan, and fell to the ground outside. The fireman was frightened and jumped from the running board to the ground and hid himself until what followed was over. The robber went from the engine to the express car, and at that instant passengers began poking their heads out of the car windows. Immediately there followed a fusillade of shots, which speedily sent the frightened passengers back into the coaches.

The robber pointed on the door of the express car, and commanded that it be opened. When no one responded he was threatened to blow it open. The two men inside opened the door, and find themselves facing two big guns. Both were ordered out of the car and marched back to the engine, where they were ordered to get in and start the engine. Both claimed to know nothing about starting up, and the robber tried himself to start it, but failed. The two men were then forced back of the tender, and ordered to uncouple the engine from the train. This they were unable to do. They were then ordered back to the express car, where the robber tried to blow the door open with a light charge of dynamite. This failed, and fifteen sticks of dynamite were placed for the next charge. The outer door of the safe was blown open, and another charge of fifteen sticks of dynamite was used in an attempt to force the inner door. This charge blew the express car to pieces. The roof was blown off, and one end of the car was practically demolished.

The concussion put out the lights in the mail car at the forward end, and the jar was felt all through the train.

The robbers then went to the mail car. Clerk C. W. Otto refused to open the door until threatened with dynamite. Once in the mail car, the robber went to work on the registered mail pouches, "till he forced the men to open the packages," he said. "A man in the forest in the play-ways, I live in a general rock-dream he finds it in the Bavarian-Alps mountain districts, to stimulate the people—perhaps in the afternoon of the people flock before it is to return." The latter

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COAST RECORD.

LIGHTNING PLAYS HAVOC.

Burns Out Dynamos of Electric Company.

Slams Four Miners at Bottom of Shaft.

Boundary Monuments Found. Brutal Opium Fiends—Large Mining Deal.

Lake View Hotel

ELGIN HOT SPRINGS

Nevada City, Oct. 24.—Lightning

struck the wires of the

gas and electric company,

killing four miners.

It struck a trolley of an

electric line between here and Grass

Valley, struck the powerful dyna-

mos and completely crippled traffic

between both towns. The lightning

entered the substation and caused

explosions inflammable to take fire.

STUNTS SEVERAL MEN.

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

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STUNTS SEVERAL MEN.

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

SEATTLE (Wash.), Oct. 24.—The

worst storm that ever raged in

the Bering Sea raged the Nome coast

from October 11 to 14. Three lives

were lost in the Nome Sea, and a large

amount of damage was done to buildings

along the water front. The drowned

are three men.

GEORGE FURTH, engineer of

Steam Schooner Celia.

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 24.—The

steam schooner Celia is being towed

and part by the steamer Brooklyn. The

ship left Port Bragg at noon last

Wednesday, and met with such heavy

weather that her cargo of redwood

had shifted. By the time she

reached Point Arena, the vessel was

in a bad way, and Capt. H. H. H. noti-

fied his owners, the Celia Brothers of this

city, of her condition. They sent or-

ders for the Brooklyn on her way here

with a cargo of lumber, to take the

Celia in tow for repair.

The Brooklyn left Point Arena Thurs-

day with her tow. They were

able to stand up against the tremen-

dous seas and high wind. The parting

of the Celia left the Celia altogether

at the mercy of the waves, and her

crew were soon picked

up by the Brooklyn, which afterward

succeeded in getting another line on

the Celia, saving her from destruction.

QUICKER MINES.

COMPANY TO DEVELOP THEM.

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

SAN JUAN, Oct. 24.—A big deal in

mining values is behind the

proposition of the Cerro Bonito

Mining Company with a

value of \$2,000,000. Of this sum \$550,

has been subscribed; H. R. Brad-

ford, \$150,000; James Tread-

, \$150,000; R. M. Bradford, \$150,000; W.

Kennedy, \$25,000; Charles Tread-

, \$25,000.

The company proposes to take over

the Cerro Bonito quicksilver

mine in San Benito County. At present

the property of Thomas Flint,

is in the hands of

W. J. Way.

"It Will Pay."

To write for rates to his

cada, Santa Monica

dondo Hotel, Redondo

for the fall months."

Oak Glen Cottages.

An ideal retreat from the work of the

world and the conventional routine

of life. One mile from the

ocean. Write for booklet. Mrs. G. A. G.

WILSON PEAK

Above the Clouds

WILSON PEAK

Colony.

WILSON PEAK

Colony.

GLEN HOLLY TAVER

Hollywood, Los Angeles

The Santa Monica electric car,

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RAILROAD RECORD
SANTA FE'S
MAIN LINE.

Project Under Way to
Shorten It.

Cut-off of Over Three
Hundred Miles.

Dickinson Accepts Offer of
Stillwell—Fast Work on
Electric Road.

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The Wall
Street Journal says:

The announcement made by the
Santa Fe that the stockholders will
be called upon to vote on the ques-
tion of a line to connect the El Paso
division with the Pecos Valley divi-
sion is a good deal more important
than the usual manner of announce-
ment would indicate. The announce-
ment is the first official notification
of the fact that some such action is
actually pending.

The new link, however, is not the
one rumored so long. A line to Ros-
well would be too indirect to be part
of the new main line in competition

with the direct line the Rock Island
is building from Amarillo to Santa
Rosa.

The vagueness of the description
of the line in the announcement

leaves it possible for the western ter-
minus to be anywhere south of Albu-
querque and the eastern terminus any-
where east of Amarillo. The Rock
Island is starting to build a line be-
tween Amarillo and Santa Rosa, in a
direct line to Albuquerque. This will
be the Rock Island's new line. In these
days of direct routes it is safe to say
that the Atchison line, if it does not
make use of it, will not need it.

The new Pacific route broadly
bifurcated by the Atchison will give

almost an air line from Kansas City
to Albuquerque, avoiding the very
heavy grades of the La Joya route

and avoiding more than 100 miles of
that route.

The pass through the mountains east of La Joya
is said to be easy grades and very
short.

The two passes in the present route,
Glorietta and Eaton, are very difficult,
and the whole distance between them
mountains.

PAST WORK.

NEW ELECTRIC RAILWAY.
BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
SAN JOSE, Oct. 24.—The engineers
now engaged in laying out the route
of the San Jose, Saratoga and Los
Gatos Electric Railway expect to com-
plete the work in the shortest time
of report.

Every effort will be made to have
the cars in operation by May 1, 1903.
It is stated that the largest amount of
labor possible will be employed to ac-
complish this object. The work of
actual construction will be commenced
about December 1.

DICKINSON ACCEPTS.

LEAVES UNION PACIFIC.
BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 24.—President
Stillwell today formally announced
that E. T. Dickinson, general manager
of the Union Pacific Railroad, had ac-
cepted the position of general man-
ager of the Kansas City, Mexico and
Oriente Railroad, effective November 1.

Col. Rafferty's Funeral.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—The re-
mains of Col. William A. Rafferty of
the First Cavalry, who died last month
in the Philippines, were buried at the
National Cemetery at Arlington today
with full military honors. Col. Rafferty
died at forty after his death by falling down a
steep embankment. The body reached
here Wednesday.

SHORT LINE'S PRICE
RAISED ON CLARK.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

SALT LAKE, Oct. 24.—[Exclusive
Wire.] Ever since the officials of
the Oregon Short Line and the San Pedro
and Salt Lake road returned yesterday
from their tour of inspection of
the Short Line property south of
this city, they have been in continuous
session. They are silent, however, on
the matters under consideration, and
say that they will not be able to make
matters public before Monday next.
It has, nevertheless, been ascertained
that the figures which represent
Harriman's price for the southern exten-
sion of the Short Line are what are
causing the trouble. These figures, as
the San Pedro officials yesterday
met, are believed to be a fact that
did not come out until today.

What these figures represent in
the aggregate is not known, but they are
known to be so high that the Clark
people are well-nigh stunned by them.
One Short Line official said: "Well,
it's up to them now. They can buy or
not, just as they please. If they buy,
they will have to pay for what they
get. If they don't want to ac-
cept, they can let them alone."

When J. Ross Clark was seen in
relation to the matter today, he said:
"I don't think we will be held up.
We have been able to take care of
ourselves thus far in all matters per-
taining to our dealing with the Short
Line, and there will be no other show-
ing on our part this time."

It is quietly and firmly mooted that
the high-price proposition cannot be
pressed too far, and that Senator
Clark will demand a reasonable sale
figure or throw up the whole matter
and build a parallel road, which he
knows the Short Line does not want
him to do, and thus the question
stands, and thus it probably will re-
main for the next two or three days,
at least, pending an effort to arrive
at some amicable understanding.

Judge Cornish is anxious to return to
New York immediately, but will re-
main until the matter is settled.

WASHINGTON.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

greatest manufacturing concerns in the
United States and even abroad have
been sent to cover the results of
the board's work. Following is an ex-
tract from the report on this subject:

"The more this question is investi-
gated, the more intricate seems the
problem of successfully installing an
adequate system of steam power in a battleship.
It ought to be successfully used on the torpedo boats, as well as upon
auxiliary naval vessels that steam
between regular ports. For the
present, however, it might prove very
desirable, since a supply of oil could be
maintained in the several call ports. In
regard to the installation on the large
powered battleships and armored cruisers,
the mechanical, commercial and structural
problems are so numerous and complex
that it must be considered, via the
University Classes Clash in Fierce Style.

Attempt of Sophomores to Break
Up Freshman Function
Causes Rough House.

Boys Fight
Before Girls.

\$200 in Gold
Given Away.

Disgraceful Row at a
Students' Party.

To the Oldest Living Man and
Woman.

Leather Goods.

Men's 25c Purses

Wrist Bags.

Don't Wear Freckles.

Dean's Freckle Sake Removes Them. 25c and 50c Jars.

Neil Hair Brushes 25c

Good Hair Brushes \$1.00 Each

Harry Hair want to take

Brushes 25c vantage of Hair Brushes

25c Dean sells and bear

mind that these are new

goods one for 25c.

ALL EXCELLENT VALUABLES.

Gry Dean's Violet Ammonia

for Softening and Perfuming the Bath. 25c.

Hot Water Bags.

Mirrors.

Patent Medicines as Lotions.

As Anybody Sells Them.

Mineral Waters.

Adhesive Plaster.

Fleano Chases Fleas. 25c.

Whisks, 10c

Perfumes. We are

making great strides in our

Perfume Department.

Trusses. If you

need a good one—

Trusses. If you

OTHER TIME OUTDID HIM.

Patch Meets His Match at Memphis.

It's to Make a New World's Standard.

xford's Protests not Affecting Football—Summaries from Eastern Tracks.

Hair Brushes vantage of the \$1.00 Each

Hair Brush and bear mind that these are brush

that are \$1.50 and \$1.00 our regular stock.

lot Ammonia

using the Bath. 25c.

Mirrors

Den does the Mirror business

and with him to sell them below what money he has

what money he has</b

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.
HARRY CHANDLER.....Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER.....Secretary.
ALBERT MCFARLAND.....Treasurer.

PUBLISHED OF

The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday,
and Monthly Magazine.Vol. 42, No. 143.
EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.Founded Dec. 4, 1861.
Twenty-first Year.

NEWS SERVICE.—Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 15,000 to 20,000 words transmitted daily over more than 30,000 miles of leased wires.

TELEGRAPH.—Daily and Sunday, including Magazine, 75 cents a month, or \$9.00 a year; for 18 months, \$16.50; for 24 months, \$22.50; for 36 months, \$30.00.

TELEGRAPH.—Daily, not average for 1860, \$15,000; for 1870, \$19,250; for 1880, \$25,750; for 1881, \$30,500.

NEW SUNDAY AVERAGE FOR 1860, \$3,865.

TELEGRAPH.—Counting Room and Subscription Department, first floor, Press 1; City Office, Times Building, 11th and Broadway.

ADVERTISING.—Address, A. Williams & Lawrence, Nos. 14-22 Tribune Building, New York; or Washington street, Chicago; Washington Bureau, 46 Post Building, where the latest copies of The Times may be consulted.

Offices: Times Building First, and Broadway.

Noticed at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as mail matter of the second class.

HOW THE TIMES TREATS LABOR.

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES regularly pays to its skilled, reliable and acceptable workmen wages that average from \$3.75 to \$4.50 per day for time work, and from \$4 to \$6 per day for piece work. These rates are higher than are paid by any competing newspaper; and another advance has recently been agreed upon. The Times pays larger sums weekly, monthly and yearly for labor than any journal in all the Southwest. Its cash disbursements on this account between August, 1860, and the end of September, 1861, aggregated \$6,000,000.00, and its annual expenditures for labor of all classes, both skilled and unskilled, now average more than \$175,000 per year. There never has been any attempt, in any quarter, to deny these specific and telling facts, and the proprietors challenge such denial if made. Not for years has The Times had any trouble with its workmen, who are independent of unions, loyal to their employers and themselves, well satisfied and prosperous. The Times controls its own business in its own way, subject only to the laws of the land; and no interference with that control can be lawfully or justly made. The result of its fixed policy has proven highly beneficial to all concerned, and the justness and correctness of its course have for years past received public approval in most marked and conspicuous ways, the circulation and advertising patronage of the paper steadily and largely outstripping that of all local rivals.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

Since no attempt whatever has ever been made in any quarter to refute, or even dispute, the accuracy of the foregoing authoritative statements, our devoted malignants are estopped; and the public is amply warranted in giving no credence to contemporary hostile assaults upon The Times management in the matter of its relations to its workmen, or vice versa. Falsehood must yield to truth.

BUSINESS.

The credits exchanged at the Los Angeles clearinghouse yesterday were \$617,824.25, as compared with \$445,000 for the corresponding period of last year.

Grains closed lower at Chicago yesterday. Call money in New York was easier, but there was no demand for stocks and prices were easier.

ALL HANDS SHORTEN SAIL.

It is evident, from statements which occasionally crop out in the Eastern dispatches, that the financial situation on Wall street is not quite so satisfactory as might be wished. For instance, a recent dispatch from Washington to The Times stated that the total relief that Secretary Shaw has afforded to the money market since midsummer foots up \$117,000,000, and treasury officials believe that the end is not yet. His decision last week to buy government bonds at a pretty stiff price resulted in getting some \$22,000,000 out of the treasury vaults and into circulation, but this has been followed by indications that presently there must be shipments of gold from New York to London to pay American balances there, and as a result it is said there is every probability that Secretary Shaw will be obliged to buy more bonds or run the risk of allowing a money panic to take place.

In all that the Secretary has done, so far, he has not been able to bring the reserves of the New York banks up to even legal standard, let alone putting them in a position of independence. The thing that most alarms the treasury people just now is the probability that gold will be shipped from New York to London. With the money market in the East in its present condition, gold shipments, it is believed, would result in almost national calamity, for the treasury is not in a position to extend much greater help to the banks than it has already offered.

The United States is at present in a healthy condition—a most remarkably healthy and flourishing condition. There is nothing the matter with our natural resources—our crops, our mines and our manufactured products. The trouble is that the gamblers on Wall street, who play the chips that represent the wealth of the nation, have been "going it blind" for some time past. There has been too much heavy gambling, too much discounting of the future, altogether too much watering of stocks, so that when the time comes to cash in these same checks, there is a heavy and a scurrying to and fro. Uncle Sam may relieve the pressure to some extent, and Uncle Sam may help others, but any such assistance can only be limited and temporary—a tiding over the evil day. It is like keeping a man up on stilts.

Were it only the Wall street gamblers who would be injured by a financial panic, the country could bear the infliction with more or less equanimity, but unfortunately, when these financial Samsons are driven to desperation they almost always pull down the building over their ears, involving all its occupants in the general wreck.

It is a good time, just now, for the people of the United States at large to take a breathing spell, and to shorten sail a little on the ship of state. The wise mariner does not wait until the storm is upon him with full force before he begins to take precautions against the raging blast.

Before we can get on our feet again, the next time we are in the market, we will be in a position of independence. The thing that most alarms the treasury people just now is the probability that gold will be shipped from New York to London. With the money market in the East in its present condition, gold shipments, it is believed, would result in almost national calamity, for the treasury is not in a position to extend much greater help to the banks than it has already offered.

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ward to what will come in the course of another decade or two. Continually Americans are seen who established themselves alongside of these German houses a few years ago withdrawing from the field, while the Germans remain, just because they are satisfied with less profits.

Mr. Barrett might have added that American manufacturers and merchants have not yet taken up, as a serious science, the introduction of their wares among foreign peoples, whose habits and customs are greatly different from ours, as have the British, and French, and Germans, and other commercial nations of Europe. Americans have introduced their wares in foreign lands by sheer force of push and pluck, and through the superior advantages which they enjoy in the possession of better machinery and more intelligent craftsmen. This may do in Great Britain and the British colonies, where the customs of the people are similar to ours, but it will not do in Germany.

Collier reports a thunderstorm. The dash of rain that we have been having is a most welcome visitor. The accumulations of dust have been cleansed from houses and trees to the betterment of the public health and comfort, and all nature in this part of the country will soon have a broad grin on, reaching from ear to ear. We are pleased to see Jupiter Pluvius present, who for us, for the advent of the winter weather, the trimmer will likewise take several hands in the wind so that we will soon be in shape to make the hordes who are coming West as happy as they deserve to be.

There never was an early rainstorm that did not find some rancher with his grapes still on the vine. If the elements are kind, everything will be ready for them we never will have a drop. It is fortunate that when the rain gets good and ready to let loose it comes along without asking for orders or suggestions from the people who grow things.

Collier reports a thunderstorm. Probably the noise was misunderstood. There is little doubt that the elements here to go with the rain will be the Sacramento was Candidate. Lane, however, that he wants to be elected Governor for his little boy's sake. It is probably almost impossible for a novice to distinguish between the roll of thunder and the noise of a windy candidate's resounding periods.

Miss Alice Roosevelt is paying the penalty of being the daughter of the President, and is quite popular with the public. She is a member of a theater company, and is a member of the San Francisco State Constitutional Convention.

With election day only ten days away, political managers are able to make accurate and reliable estimates, and it may be stated that the situation throughout the State absolutely assures a victory for the Republican victory.

Reports have been received at the local Republican headquarters in the Hollenbeck from the length and breadth of California, and the majority of these now place the majority for Dr. Pardee and the entire State ticket at 25,000.

In the country south of the Tehachapi the pliability for the State ticket is placed at about 12,000.

On this afternoon, San Diego is expected to furnish 4,000 and Santa Barbara, 2,000, not less than 15,000.

San Bernardino and Riverside will vote cast four years ago.

President Grant, formerly Democratic, is expected to swing into line this year, the other way, and Sacramento county, that was for a time claimed by the opposition, is now claimed by the Republican.

According to advices from San Francisco, the business interests in that city, the business interests in that city, have decided to make no change for the smallness of the crop. Fullerton wears more than one kind of belt.

The Pardee tidal wave is evidently rising. The man who bets money on elections can see the rise of the tide long before the fellow can who merely goes to the polls and casts his vote. Unless the betting sharpes are all at sea there is victory in the air.

The rotary movement of the earth has been demonstrated again, but we all continue to remain in status quo. The earth is a big revolver, and she never sticks. If she should, what a drop would there be, our countrymen.

One will soon be able to make the trip between Albany and New York on a Hudson River boat in five hours. It is about time. The idea of using an entire night to go down the river is ridiculous in this age of speed.

Los Angeles presents to the world another broken record. It was created by young Mr. Ranach, the horse jockey. Anything else today?

There is a butter mine in the Soudan country that easily outstrips the one they have in Chicago with a bull base. Bull.

Those terrible "Terrofs" of Teddy's are abroad some place in the Sunny South. Hear the wekin ring!

The crude-oil market shows a tendency to stiffen up a bit, but it can stand plenty of starch yet.

Jupiter Pluvius is the only irrigator we know of who runs a horseless sprinkling cart.

Query: Can the Los Angeles baseball club beat a carpet?

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Sousa as Raconteur.

John Philip Sousa is happy enough to combine humor and music—a mixture always palatable. Among the interesting things that have happened to this traveler in many lands may be mentioned the construction of the great work where it would do the most good to the site selected. It is not improbable that Colombia will yet wear out the patience of Uncle Sam and thus lose the canal to its neighbor, a consummation that would be all right in the minds of many of our people. A great many of our citizens are not yet convinced that Nicaragua is the place to be, neither party to the swap starts out with a handicap, he is going to find it difficult to trade on desirable terms. The United States, in this matter, is considerably held-up—so much so that great delay is likely yet to result before the fleets of the world will be seen passing from ocean to ocean on this side of Cape Horn. Had our government had a free rein in the matter, both countries possessing canal sites would have been falling over each other to secure the construction of the great work where it would do the most good to the site selected. It is not improbable that Colombia will yet wear out the patience of Uncle Sam and thus lose the canal to its neighbor, a consummation that would be all right in the minds of many of our people. A great many of our citizens are not yet convinced that Nicaragua is the place to be, neither party to the swap starts out with a handicap, he is going to find it difficult to trade on desirable terms. The United States, in this matter, is considerably held-up—so much so that great delay is likely yet to result before the fleets of the world will be seen passing from ocean to ocean on this side of Cape Horn. 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Had our government had a free rein in the matter, both countries possessing canal sites would have been falling over each other to secure the construction of the great work where it would do the most good to the site selected. It is not improbable that Colombia will yet wear out the

THE WEATHER.

COMPARATIVE TEMPERATURES.*

	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	
Boston	52	45	New York	50	55
Washington	53	42	Buffalo	50	53
Philadelphia	53	42	St. Louis	50	53
Calgary	72	67	St. Paul	50	53
St. Louis	50	44	Kansas City	52	53
Los Angeles	50	42	Jacksonville	70	50

The minimum is for October 25; the maximum, October 24. The latter is the average temperature for the two days.

Yesterday's Report and Forecast.

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU. Los Angeles, Oct. 24.—Reported by George E. Franklin, Local Forecast Office. At 12 o'clock a.m. the barometer stood 30.00. The temperature for the corresponding hour was 56 deg. and 42 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 97 per cent.; 3 p.m., 74 per cent. Wind, 3 a.m., east, 10 miles per hour; 3 p.m., west, 10 miles per hour. Temperature 70 deg.; minimum, 50 deg. Rain past twenty-four hours, .35 of an inch; rainfall for the month, .35 of an inch. Barometer remained to sea level.

WEATHER IN CALIFORNIA. Rain has fallen throughout California, except in the extreme south, where the weather is threatening, but as yet with no rain. Rain has fallen in Northern Calif. on the North Pacific Coast. The rainfall has been in the vicinity of Point Conception. San Luis Obispo reported 1.50 inches for the past twenty-four hours. The storm is over the Northern California. The weather conditions are favorable for continued showers.

Forecasts.—Local forecast: 16. Los Angeles and vicinity: Continued cloudy weather, with showers tonight and Saturday morning; fresh breeze, 10 miles per hour. Sunday, 17. San Francisco. Oct. 24.—The following are the seasonal rainfall to date, as compared with those of same date last season, and rainfall last twelve months.

Los Angeles. This last four hours, .35 of an inch. Rain. .49. 5.12. 4.31
Redwood. .49. 5.12. 3.32
Sacramento. .49. 5.12. 4.32
San Francisco. .28. 1.30. 3.2
Fresno. .28. 1.30. 3.2
Inland. .28. 1.30. 3.2
San Luis Obispo. .24. 1.30. 3.2
Low Angeles. .24. 1.30. 3.2
San Diego. .06. .06. .06

The pressure is rising rapidly along the northern half of the coast, and indications are most favorable for fair weather than that have been for several days past. Clearing-up showers may be expected Saturday. The temperature continues below normal in the San Joaquin Valley, but will probably be above Saturday. Rain has fallen from San Diego to Eureka. High southerly winds are reported in the Islands. Forecast:

For Northern California: Unsettled weather Saturday, with showers; fresh southerly winds. Southern California: Cloudy Saturday, with showers in southeastern portion; fresh south winds.

Sacramento and vicinity: Light showers Saturday, followed by clearing weather; light south wind.

Tide Table.—For San Pedro:

	High	Low
Saturday, Oct. 25.	6:32 a.m. 11:04 p.m.	1:03 p.m. 11:19 p.m.
Sunday.	6:05 p.m. 12:00 m.	1:00 a.m. 12:00 m.
Monday.	6:22 p.m. 1:05 a.m.	1:07 p.m. 12:00 p.m.
Tuesday.	7:28 p.m. 1:03 a.m.	1:08 p.m. 12:00 p.m.
Wednesday.	7:59 a.m. 1:03 a.m.	1:12 p.m. 12:00 p.m.
Thursday.	8:20 a.m. 1:03 a.m.	1:17 p.m. 12:00 p.m.
Friday.	8:41 a.m. 1:03 a.m.	1:21 p.m. 12:00 p.m.

NOTICE TO PATRONS.

Liner Advertisements for The Times left at the following places will receive prompt attention:

F. D. Owen, Drug Store, Belmont Avenue and Temple Street. Boyle Heights Drug Store, 1952 East First Street.

Chicago Pharmacy, F. J. Kruell, Ph.G., prop., Central Avenue and Twelfth Street.

National Pharmacy, corner Sixteenth and Grand Avenue.

Telephone advertisements received at the uniform rate of one cent a word, (minimum charge 25 cents) but The Times cannot be responsible for errors. If there is anything in the wide world you want put a "Liner" in The Times. Tel. Press 1.

LINER RATES.

Rate for classified "Liner" advertising except under headings noted below one cent a word each insertion, Daily or Sunday issues, cash in advance; minimum charge 25 cents, \$1.50 per line per month.

For classified advertisements under headings of "Personals," "Baths and Massage," "Lost and Found," and "Special Notices" the rate is 10 cents per line per insertion; minimum charge 30 cents.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

"DUNBRITTON," BRITISH BANK, Captain, Hudson, from Antwerp. Neither the captain nor the crew of the vessel, nor the above-named vessel, will be responsible for any debts that may be contracted by the crew. RALPHOL, LONDON & CO.

NOTICE OF PUBLIC SALE SOUTHERN California Cooks' Association, selected C. W. de Long as manager, to succeed W. J. W. V. de Long, who has been general manager, Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico paperless copy.

NOTICE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY. AMERICAN BANK & TRUST COMPANY, 1000 Main Street, Los Angeles, to sell to the highest bidder, on Oct. 25, 1924, all personal property of the company, including fixtures, furniture, office equipment, etc., in the amount of \$100,000.

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122 West Third Street. Telephone Black 2551. The school where thorough work is done; where the reason is always given; where exactness is the rule; where the student is taught exactly as books are kept in business; where shorthand is made easy; where permanence is the best; where the student's books, papers and stationery have been educated for success in life; where thousands more will be. Spanish and Mr. Lou V. Capua's lectures free. Catalogues sent on application.



206 E. Spring Street. Phone Green 1141. Old—Well-known—Reliable.

Known to every man. Graduates in all the leading mercantile houses in Southern California. Five complete and separate departments. Day and Evening classes. Send for catalog.

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HOME SCHOOL OF BOOKKEEPING AND BUSINESS SHORT-HAND. 914-915-917 West Seventh Street.

Pleasant study in the midst of the most beautiful surroundings. The school is known by famous "Chalk Talk" by the principal. Machine at home free of charge. Every department of business open to every girl. Capacity in a position. The completion of the largest capacity in the city. The bookkeeping is the famous Budget System.

Los Angeles Military Academy

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE. Boarding and Day School. Ninth year. Represents the best in the University and business. Twelve teachers. Careful attention to individual needs. Phone Main 1556. WALTER J. BAILEY, A. M. Pres.

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Cummock School of Expression.

CUMMING HALL, 1804 PHOENIX ST. (Casa de Rosses)—Adams and Hoover Streets—reopens Thursday, September 21. Miss Parsons, Director. Professors: Mrs. C. C. Cummock, delightful home, thorough school. City Office—241 S. Broadway. Tel. White 7171.

Kindergarten and Intermediate School. Children 4 to 10 years old. The Misses GREENE, 1116 W. 30th St.

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Miss Snow Longley, Instructor, receives girls under fourteen. Individual instruction a specialty. 2129 Norwood St. Telephone Blue 2704.

Dobinson School of Expression and Dramatic Art, 611 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.

For English Classical School Girls

Boarding and day school in Pasadena. City Office—255 Stimson Road. Anna H. Orion, Principal.

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Complete course in French, Spanish, English. Classes now forming. Wright & Calender Higd., 211 So. Hill St. Tel. John 2711.

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DR. SMITH, SPECIALIST FOR WOMEN, treats successfully all chronic, nervous, pelvic and surgical cases of women; first-class sanitary training with special attention to personal and advanced strictly free and confidential 5 years in Los Angeles; can give the best reference in the city; all medicines furnished free of charge. Phone James 8112. 1212 N. Main St. "Phone James 8112."

DR. EADS TREATS ALL FEMALE DISEASES and irregularities, nervous and chronic diseases; special in gynaecology, every form personal and confidential. Home visitors. 4156 S. Spring. "Phone Green 586."

DR. SOMERS TREATS SUCCESSFULLY ALL female diseases and irregularities; all nervous and chronic diseases of either sex; personal and confidential. The Lakes, 2805-2814 CURRIER BLDG., 211 W. Third.

DR. REBECCA LEE DORSET, ROOMS 206 and 207, STIMSON BLOCK. Attention given to abdominal diseases, especially in children. Hours 1 to 4 p.m. Tel. M. 1227.

DR. PRISS TREATS SUCCESSFULLY ALL diseases and irregularities of women, from 16 to 50 years of age. 2116 S. Spring.

THE NEW WAY—NOW TREAT ALL diseases by Julianism. The law of complete regeneration. Dr. Julian, JULIAN MACRAE, Initiate, 90% S. Flower.

LONG AND SUCCESSFUL PRACTICE: EXPERIENCED and COMPETENT LADIES' SPECIALIST; success assured; strictly private. 2116 S. Spring. "Phone James 8781."

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DR. C. EDGAR SMITH—FEMALE, RECTAL and stomach diseases. 618 S. BROADWAY.

DR. J. D. SMITH—FEMALE, RECTAL and stomach diseases. 618 S. BROADWAY.

DR. W. E. PRITCHARD—RECTAL FEMALE and chronic diseases. 2125 S. Spring.

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The Leading Specialist.

Men Only
Distinctive Treatment.

A true specialist isn't an ordinary doctor and doesn't employ ordinary methods of treatment. If you want ordinary treatment, go elsewhere for it. If you want treatment that is radically different from and superior to the ordinary, I am ready to serve you. I have devoted sixteen years to the study and treatment of a few diseases, and ought to be able to offer distinctive, thoroughly scientific and effective service.

Weakness.

The distinguishing characteristics of my treatment for "weakness" and expression in the distinguishing characteristics of the results I obtain. Ordinary treatment cures permanently. Most doctors treat the "weakness" regardless of the real disorder. I treat the disorder, regardless of a symptom. I employ local treatment only to restore normal conditions throughout the organic system, and the result is complete restoration of strength and vigor.

Varicose.

I cure every case of varicose I treat, and my treatment is entirely independent of surgery. My method is my own, and it cures in every instance. My treatment is painless, harmless and prompt in curing. But one week required, and even then the patient need not be detained from his occupation except in severe cases.

By equally advanced methods I cure Hydrocephalus, Contracted Diseases, Specific Brain Poisons, Strictures and all Reflex Aliments. Colored card mailed free.

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PARTY WILLING TO INVEST \$1000 TO BUY CAN DOUBTLY a capital within a year in Al but now: no mine or oil. Highest references given. Address: B. Box 24, TIMES OFFICE, FAVERSTOCK & STAPLES, 322 W. FIRST AVENUE. Properties sampled. No students.

THE TIMES OFFICE here at 10:30 o'clock for San Diego, where they will hold a round-up tomorrow morning, and at noon will leave for the Riverside meeting Saturday night.

OUT OF LOS ANGELES.

BOOMED IN PASADENA.

As the special rolled into Pasadena the cannon in the baggage car boomed a salute. "Terrors" tumbled from the car steps to the station platform to the sharp crack of revolvers and the music of the City Band, which was puffed out by the "busters" who had encircled a band of genuine western outlaws.

EDWARD.

IN PASADENA.

As the special stopped at a siding near the Arroyo Seco, between Los Angeles and Pasadena, the bound overland was to pass. As the heavy train whizzed by it was greeted with a fusillade of shots from the revolvers of the "busters," who had lined up at one side of the track. The train slowed down and car windows flew up. The "Terrors" popped their heads out, and thought for a moment that they had encountered a band of genuine western outlaws.

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IN PASADENA.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE—OFFICIAL DOINGS.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Mayor Snyder's coterie of distinguished visitors included a brace of politicians that proved more than the Mayor's clerk could manage. They wanted to turn the city over to Snyder.

The Board of Public Works yesterday declared in favor of slower speed at street crossings.

The Fire Commission yesterday approved the first pay roll under the new schedule.

Harry Johnson testified in the Boyd case yesterday.

Judge York holds that the cobbler, J. H. Smith, was not guilty of contempt of court.

L. G. Myers was given a heavy sentence. Nusser escaped forgery charge through good graces of his brother.

AT THE CITY HALL.

POLITICIAN STAGGERED
THE MAYOR'S CLERK.

WANTED TO DELIVER A BIG BLOCK
OF VOTES.

Said He Had Just Got His Naturalization Papers, but Proposed to Rip Up the Political Arenas With the Votes Which He Controlled.

They were discussing the comparative merits of politics and football—the college man, the clerk and the reporter. It was late yesterday afternoon, and there was a temporary break in the stream of politicians who had crowded the waiting-room of the Mayor's office all day. The City Hall was gradually cooling off after a day of heated political discussion.

It had been agreed that football might break arms and legs, but that politics destroyed enough faith in human nature to balance the score.

Just then the important personage pushed open the door of the Mayor's outer office.

A slouch hat was placed well to starboard above a bulging brow. He wore a faded suit of clothes, very much bespattered and bedraggled. The man who accompanied him had chin whiskers and a decided stoop.

Squaring his shoulders and assuming an air of importance, the man called an ictis on the steps of Siberia, the important personage asked if the Mayor was anywhere about.

"This is my best friend," he explained, airily, indicating the more difficult air at his side.

Then the sinner, the anti-election hot wind-struck the important personage and his best friend will full force.

Mayor's Clerk Wright tried to "hand over" the glad hand with which he had greeted the thousand and one callers during the day. But the important personage was only too glad to accept. The clerk rapidly ran over the list of important persons who had a penchant for masquerading in boorish dress. He wondered if the visitors could be delegates to the coming state convention.

Finally the great politician and his best friend were plucked into the sanctum sanctorum that has been working overtime of late.

With many salams the clerk explained to the Mayor he had been obliged to step out for a moment to line up a few wild steers in the Eighth and to gather in the range. He told them that the Mayor had only known that they were coming to the city with the President of the United States would not have caused his absence at that moment.

He asked the important personage to place him in his name and mission.

"I have come to see the great politician, with impressive dignity, to see Snyder. I control 320 votes in this city, and my best friend here controls 320. I desire to see the great person Snyder. It must be the great man who gives the entire vote to Snyder. Now, you see, I am a member of the Scandovot Society, and I control the organization, and can do a candidate for Mayor a good service."

"In which section of the city do you reside?" queried the Mayor's clerk, regaining some degree of composure.

"Well, now, that's just it," declared he, "I am a boorish, brown, I haven't quite arrived, but I've got my naturalization papers all right," from Cork.

And the important personage settled back in his chair, and for the best part of half an hour decided to the satisfaction of a clerk what he was going to do to the political situation when he "arrived."

"Won't you call some other day?" pleaded the Mayor's clerk.

"Now, he has votes, and my best friend controls 320, and we both belong to the order Brahmaadachand."

But kind friends came to the rescue of the beleaguered Mayor's clerk.

Then he bowed him tenderly to the sofa, and administered cracked ice to his fevered brow.

"Have they gone?" he feebly murmured.

He was comforted.

"Just as though a day spent in telling drunks, mendicants and beggars near and dear they are to my heart were not enough. Heavens! That last was too much."

Sobered, he sat up, wild-eyed.

"Hurrah! rah! rah!" for Snyder. I'll bet any amount of money from a copper cent to Carnegie's fortune that he is the next."

But kind friends saw that it was only one more hopeless case of political mania, and discreetly retired, as Mayor Snyder and the hot wave blew in."

New Director Now Directs.

A. W. Fisher, the new library director, met with the board for the first time yesterday afternoon. He was appointed a member of the Advertising and Auditing committees to fill the places left vacant by the resignation of Lee A. Phillips, who has gone to Stockton. The report of the librarian for September shows a total circulation of books for the month of August made up of home circulation, 46,758; and reading-room circulation, 12,821. Students in the schools used 10,236 books reading-room circulation, 18,821. During the month of September 30 there were 2,000 new books out of the library. Books added during the month numbered 1,061, making a total of 78,220 in the library. The membership now numbers 21,459. The deposit station at Pico Heights was given a loan of fifty books.

GO SLOW.

PUBLIC WORKS ITEMS.

Yesterday afternoon the Board of Public Works decided to make a favorable report on the petition from the Chamber of Commerce, and the Council to pass an ordinance restricting the speed of bicycles and automobiles at crossings in the downtown district to four miles an hour. The intersections of Main, Spring and

Broadway with First, Second, Third and Fourth streets and the intersection of Ninth and Main street are covered by the recommendation.

The proposed opening of San Pedro street at First and Aliso street was on the dockets, but consideration was postponed two weeks.

Regarding the improvement of Bonita Brae street from First to Temple street, the board decided that the following contracts be awarded: Thirty-eight street, Vermont; Western Avenue, Charles Street, 8th Street, Vermont avenue, Jefferson to Forty-second street, Charles Stansbury.

The board will recommend that all bids for the paving of Main, Spring Avenue from Jefferson to Thirty-second street be rejected and that the following contracts be awarded: Thirty-eighth street, Vermont; Western Avenue, Charles Street, 8th Street, Vermont avenue, Jefferson to Forty-second street, Charles Stansbury.

The board will recommend that all bids for the paving of Main, Spring

avenue, from Jefferson to Thirty-second street be rejected and that the following contracts be awarded: Thirty-eighth street, Vermont; Western Avenue, Charles Street, 8th Street, Vermont avenue, Jefferson to Forty-second street, Charles Stansbury.

Johnson said Boyd then drew a pistol and shot the gambler twice. Yeager nodded twice—that was all. Boyd then threw the smoking revolver under Johnson's chair. Curtain.

McComas leaned back and wiped at his forehead with a handkerchief. "I was not harassed," he said. "Well," he said, "I'll ask you, did you have any arrangement with Yeager about this game?"

But Johnson wasn't embarrassed. He and Yeager had been friends. He knew we would have to give Boyd a little the best of it to make him play."

He then explained that he had a secret arrangement with Yeager that was to give him all the money. Yeager was from Boyd. In the meantime he was pretending to be in partnership with Boyd. They were supposed to share their losses and gains against Yeager.

A minute of examination and contention ran through the crowded courtroom. The attorneys for the defense exchanged glances of holy and virtuous horror, and Boyd sank back in his chair with a smile of triumph, satisfied from the violence of his laugh, the clerk and the M. Matashina, George Cuculiza and John Novakovich, were a restaurant liquor license at "The New Queen" restaurant on North Main street the board drew a long breath and tabled the case.

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A minute of examination and contention ran through the crowded courtroom. The attorneys for the defense exchanged glances of holy and virtuous color.

"You have McComas; he'll tell you," said Rogers, cutting in; but McComas only laughed.

Johnson was excused from the witness stand about 4:30 o'clock and court immediately adjourned. The trial will be resumed today.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

SUED BY HEIRS.

A complaint was filed in the County Court office yesterday against Public Administrator Kellogg and his attorney, Leon F. Moss, Esq., by the heirs of the late John C. Gregory, charging the defendants with misadministration of the deceased's estate.

It is a very serious charge to bring against a public officer. These heirs, Lydia Gregory, Dora, Cuth, Ellen Gregory, Robert, and Helen, allege that the Public Administrator appeared in the Superior Court July 17, 1900, and petitioned the court for an order to sell the Gregory mining claims in the San Fernando mountains, including the mine, Newland. This order was given, and the sale was made to one Thomas E. Clark for the sum of \$500, and was confirmed by the court December 21 of the same year.

The point of the complaint is that the sale was not made in accordance with the orders of the court. It is claimed that Leon F. Moss agreed to "stand good" for the purchase price, and that Clark had no right to deed over one-half of the property to Moss after the Administrator had deeded the whole to Clark. The disgruntled heirs claim that Moss never made good, and further that the Administrator has no right to deed any of the property to Clark, since no payment was ever made, while the order of the court specified that payment should be made before the sale was made. The plaintiffs are petitioning the court to cancel, and set aside the deed. One F. LaStrong is also named as a defendant, as he had put a lien against the property for work performed.

Permits were granted upon a favorable report of the Chief, as follows: C. H. Sessions, holler, Eighth and San Pedro streets; American Type Founders Company, factory, 12th and Spring Street; Equitable Building Company, holler, Santa Fe right of way and Broadway; Equitable Building Company, holler, Santa Fe right of way and Commercial streets.

There were seven alarms of fire during the week, of which three were false, three occasioned by fire, one by smoke, one by lightning, and one by crooked wires.

Johnson was referred to the Chief for investigation and report.

NEW PAY ROLL.

FIRE COMMISSION.

A seraphic smile illumined the face of Chief Strohman when the Fire Commission approved the October pay roll yesterday morning. The new salary schedule, placing a majority of men on a graduated scale, is now in effect. The Chief receives \$350 a month under the new schedule, as compared with \$200 formerly. All the men in the department now draw higher salaries.

The total of the October pay roll is \$16,271.80, as compared with the September pay roll of \$16,416.65, an increase of \$130.15.

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AT THE COURT HOUSE.

ONE OF THESE TWO

IS A MURDERER.

SENSATIONAL SCENES IN THE BOYD MURDER TRIAL.

JOHNSON, Whom Boyd Accuses of Doing the Killing, Tells His Story to the Witness Stand—Confesses That He and Yeager Had Conspired to Cheat Boyd.

As he was swearing this boy Boyd into the very shadow of the gallows, swearing his life away—young Harry Johnson stopped in one of the deathly pauses and surveyed one of his own stylish little feet with critical admiration. The garter buttons seemed to be particularly fascinating.

Judge Smith's court was crowded to suffocation yesterday to hear young Johnson tell the story of the killing of W. T. Yeager at Catalina. People knew it must be a story quivering with dramatic strength. Here was Boyd calling Johnson the murderer, and Johnson charging Boyd with the murder. Only the two of them know; there was quite an oil boom, and the prospect was that considerable could be made from this piece of news, even so much money.

When the witness was turned over, Rogers advanced upon him with that modern engine of torture—a typewriter transcript of evidence previously given.

"Oh, I don't know," said Rogers, taken aback for a minute, and the subject changed.

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BUSINESS.

SOCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

Los Angeles, Oct. 24, 1902.

FINANCIAL.

AUSTRALIA'S FINANCE. Says

that wide interest is being

shown in the financial

difficulties which confront

the new Australian

government, the substitution

of a new currency for the earlier

issue of the Australian colon-

ial banknotes has involved the

increase of a great

burden already considerable,

to the amount under which the

Australian government took the

administration of important business undertak-

ings, until the thoughtful

man is tempted to pause and

reconsider what the practice of placing

apples in cold storage can be recom-

mended.

LOCAL PRODUCE MARKETS

End-of-the-month lethargy begins to

prevail among the wholesale houses;

consequently prices and conditions in

the local produce market do not

change much from day to day.

The price of fresh ranch eggs continues,

with the rising price to retailers 37

cents for prime stock, while some

purchasers are willing to pay 35 cents

for extra prime.

Other produce is in good demand,

with prices firm.

It remains to be seen what effect

the early rains of the last day or two

will have on the markets. Experts

look for higher prices in beans, while

eggs and butter may come down

a peg or two.

Butter, Eggs and Cheese.

BUTTER—Fancy Board of Trade creamery

per square, 65¢; southern creamery

per square, 55¢; cold storage, 56¢; fresh eastern,

CHEESE—California, Anchor, per lb., 15¢;

Cheese, Young American, per lb., 10¢;

Domestic, per lb., 15¢; domestic Swiss, per

lb., 20¢; Edam, per lb., 12¢; Edam fancy, per lb., 15¢; Edam, New Zealand, per

lb., 15¢; Gouda, 16¢; Gouda, per lb., 15¢; Gouda

cream, per lb., 15¢; Manch., 15¢; Manch.,

per lb., 15¢; Manch., 15¢; Manch., 15¢; Manch.,

Manch., 15¢; Manch., 15¢; Manch., 15¢; Manch.,

Orange, San Bernardino and Riverside Counties.

[NEWS REPORTS FROM TIMES CORRESPONDENCE.]

EVENT IN MASONRY
AT SAN BERNARDINO.LODGE INSTITUTED BY THE MOST
WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

Several hours' adjournment taken to attend Littlefield meeting—Elaborate banquets served with Phoenix Lodge as host, and Minister Toastmaster.

SAN BERNARDINO.

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THE STORM.

The predicted storm, the first of the season, arrived early this morning. Rain set in about 3 o'clock, and for several hours the shower was quite heavy. Showers fell at intervals during the morning, and this afternoon, the weather continues threatening, and the wind still blows from the rainy quarter.

SAN BERNARDINO BREVIETIES.

The Executive Committee of the Anti-Saloon League met in secret session yesterday afternoon, at the Presbyterian Church, and selected the ticket which the league will support on election day. The identity and number of the candidates selected is so far a close secret.

Clark Hoyt has returned home, after five years of active service in the Philippines. He brings with him a gold medal awarded him by Congress for extreme bravery.

Rev. W. W. Cookman, formerly of Upland, the new pastor of the First Methodist Church of this city, was tenanted a reception at the church this evening.

Eugene Lovell was committed to the Highland Asylum yesterday in Judge Bledsoe's court.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Reed left yesterday for Portland, Or., where they will reside.

C. H. Manker has brought suit for damages against Castle Manker.

Mr. F. M. Clegg of Otay is visiting Mrs. M. N. Hewlett.

Miss B. Crippen is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Raymond Hughes left yesterday on an eastern trip.

SANTA ANA.

PULLET KILLS LITTLE GIRL.

SANTA ANA, Oct. 24.—Little Edith M. Watson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Watson of Westminster, died late last night, from the effects of an accidental gunshot wound, received yes-

VENTURA COUNTY.

TREASURE LOST AND FOUND.

OXNARD, Oct. 24.—A. Lopez, employed at the sugar factory, prepared to leave work as usual last evening, and could not find his overcoat. Diligent search was instituted for the garment by all who could possibly assist. The reason every one was so deeply interested was that the overcoat pockets contained \$385 in coin and \$100 in checks. The hunt proved futile, and the man went disconsolate. The wonderful part of the circumstance was that when Lopez returned to his work later in the evening, his outer garment was found reposing peacefully in the exact spot where he had placed it, the treasure being intact. It may be that the wearer of the coat did not know of the existence of the valuable articles, or else he was honest, or playing a trick.

ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

Word has been received by Capt. M. P. Thatcher, from H. M. Russell, that twenty miles of iron for the Hueneme-Oxnard line is expected at any time. The company has had trouble in getting iron and ties.

OXNARD BREVIETIES.

Several good showers fell from 5 to 10 o'clock last night, the precipitation yesterday being 1.69 inches; for the season, 1.15 inches.

One day recently the great sugar-mill ground 207½ tons of beets in twenty-four hours. The sugar content on that day was 15.6 per cent. The total tonnage for the campaign has been 120,650.

C. D. Luedke and bride arrived at Hotel Oxnard last night from San Francisco. They will make their home at the hotel until their new cottage on E street is completed.

SHARY AND WET.

WOES OF LOS ALAMOS.

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

LOS ALAMOS, Oct. 24.—Five earthquake shocks were felt yesterday between 4 and 11 o'clock p.m. The damage to the bear trap by rain is estimated at \$1000.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

FRIDAY, Oct. 24, 1902.

Philip C. Meyers and Lily E. Meyers to Lillian F. Gilbert, lot 12, block 1, Angelino Heights, \$1000.

Margaret Ann Kenworthy and Fred Kenworthy to Henry Timmerman, lots 1 to 12 and 24 to 26, block 1, Angelino Heights, \$1000.

Sam E. Raynor and Mrs. Jean L. More, lot 1, estate of Mary Newman, \$100.

Alfred Hoffman to the Goldwater Company, lots 5 and 6, block 1, and lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, block 5, Kinney Heights tract, \$10.

D. Wright and C. Wright to Mable Dutton Wright, lot 4, Hunt Heights, \$10.

Alma L. Holmes, W. H. Holmes and E. E. Powers to J. G. Keeney, lot 4, block 4, Los Angeles Improvement Company's subdivision, \$200.

This Insurance and Trust Company to S. M. Allen, receiver of trust property, to Samuel M. Allen and Hannah Y. Allen to Mary Breelin, lot 48, Gridley & Dow's Orange Grove tract, \$1000.

Mary V. Hastings to D. Irem Oakley, lot 24, block 1, Hunt Heights tract, \$10.

M. T. Tamm and Lydia E. Taylor to Emma B. Hovis, lot 10, Tyler tract, \$10.

Emma B. Hovis and J. C. Hovis to M. S. Tyler, part lot 1, block 5, Greenwell tract, \$10.

Mary M. Lugo to William H. Hart, part lot 5, block 5, subdivision of lot 3, block 6, lot 8, \$1000.

Union Trust and Realty Company to West

terday at the hands of her older brother. The result of the lad's carelessness has made him almost frantic with grief. The funeral services will be held Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at the family residence.

MARCHING CLUB'S TRIP.

The Columbia Marching Club is preparing to go to Riverside tomorrow evening with Teddy's Terrors, for the Republican rally, at which Congressman Littlefield of Maine will speak.

The Republican meeting, which was to have been held here the 31st inst., has been postponed till the evening of November 1.

A light rain, .30 of an inch, fell last night.

The Republicans held a very successful rally at La Habra schoolhouse last night, county candidates being present. The meeting was well attended by both Republicans and Democrats.

If you have anything to sell, to exchange, or want anything in the wide world, put a "Liner" in The Times. Rate, 1 cent a word each insertion; minimum charge, 25 cents.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY.

RECORD-BREAKING SHOT.

RIVERSIDE, Oct. 24.—On Monday itself with glory yesterday at the start of a series of State practice shoots on the range west of town. Thirty-three members of the company participated in the shoot and piled up a splendid average of \$23.25-33, out of a possible which is a record breaker for the, the 4th Regiment, if not for the State, with the exception of the 1st Cavalry.

Mrs. A. L. Baker and Miss Clara Thompson of Pasadena are guests of Col. and Mrs. J. R. Bowler.

L. D. Reynolds and family are visiting Miss Clara Nickell who is gone to Phoenix, Ariz., for an extended stay.

There will be a game of football here Saturday afternoon, between the local team and the aggregation of kickers from the University of Southern California.

REPUBLICANS TONIGHT.

Preparations are completed for the big Republican rally to be held here tomorrow night on the occasion of a visit of the Congressmen Littlefield, Teddy's Terrors of Los Angeles, and the Columbia Marching Club of Santa Anna. Congressmen Littlefield will arrive early in the afternoon and will speak at a rally over the valley by former residents of Santa Anna. The Terrors and the Columbia Club will arrive in a special train over the Santa Fe. They will be met at the station by the Army and Navy bands. Refreshments have been served the town will be shoo up until the meeting opens at Lorring Theater. W. A. Purton, Esq., will preside, and the address of the evening will be made by Congressman Littlefield.

LITTLE SMYTHE MEETING.

A small audience was at Lorring Theater last evening to hear William E. Smythe, Democratic candidate for Congress from the 11th district, tell of his original ideas relating to the proposed improvements of the water system, and the proposed developments in the upper river; also the results of the measurements taken to determine the loss of water in the main canal from the diversion gate down to the reservoir. C. W. Lessingwell, of the Whittier, and Charles of Placentia, who was the water board president, and his company would not present his claim against him for domestic water used on his Placentia place since 1889, and other stockholders had used water without paying for it. It was decided he had prepared a speech, but thought best not to use it. Mr. Smythe spoke for two hours. He can talk well, but his speeches are not of the sort that make a lasting impression, and cannot be classified as vote winners. He predicted that he will be a sure-thing winner on election day.

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ANAHEIM.

WATERFALL.

ANAHEIM, Oct. 24.—Consulting Engineer Eaton of Los Angeles of the Anaheim Union Water Company, has made a preliminary report concerning the proposed improvements of the water system, and the proposed developments in the upper river; also the

results of the measurements taken to determine the loss of water in the main

canal from the diversion gate down to the reservoir. C. W. Lessingwell, of the Whittier, and Charles of Placentia, who was the water board president, and his company would not present his claim against him for domestic water used on his Placentia place since 1889, and other stockholders had used water without paying for it. It was decided he had prepared a speech, but thought best not to use it. Mr. Smythe spoke for two hours. He can talk well, but his speeches are not of the sort that make a lasting impression, and cannot be classified as vote winners. He predicted that he will be a sure-thing winner on election day.

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Hamburger's

HAMBURGER'S
SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE
127 to 147 N. Spring St., Los Angeles.

Concert by Arend's Orchestra, 8 to 10 O'clock Tonight.

Hamburger's Millinery Leaders

No store on the Pacific Coast can present to its public so many new styles and in such variety of materials and trimmings as possible to find here. We not alone have a general collection of imported patterns, but also the skillful milliners in our various houses make a number of copies of each good pattern and also original styles which possess equally as much merit as those in any of the Eastern fashion centers. There is a peculiar charm and elegance about our millinery which has won the approval of Los Angeles women, for they are satisfied that in the hats purchased at Hamburger's they are getting all that is desirable and at reasonable prices.

Men's School Hats—roll brim sailor shapes of Mohair felt; stitched brim and trimmed with silk ribbons; two colored hats silk cord and tassel, stitched felt sailors with fancy felt quills; also sailor shapes in plain felt with black velvet straps, band and edge. These are in all colors and are exceptionally low priced at.....

Ladies' Outing Hats—assortment of colors; also white, including new style roll brim Turbans of plain felt; new French sailor, wide and flat crown style; generally trimmed with braids, ornaments, valents or wings. Every one in the lot worth 85. Priced at choice.....

Ladies' Dress Hats—including turbans of velvet and felt; shepherd shapes of plain French felt; sailor shapes of plain felt; also dress turbans of white Mohair felt. The materials used are good quality; the workmanship the best. Many are worth \$10.00. None worth less than \$5.00. All priced at choice.....

Finer Dress Hats—including Turban styles of silk Paon velvet, trimmed with large black bird, satin ribbon rosettes and jet cabochons. Another Turban of cut felt; wide with feathers; fancy Chenille, trimmed with wings and ribbons. These hats represent styles from \$10 and \$15.00. No hats imports. No two alike. About 50 in the lot. Besides turbans there are a number of Guineabourgh and shepherd shapes and toques,.....

Finer Dress Hats—including Shaded velvet, dress hats of fine quality, silk velvet, trimmed with fancy wing, liberty, ribbon, and ornaments; also French felt hats; black Paon dress turbans, all handsomely trimmed with lace, ornaments and other high class garnitures. A good assortment of colors and plenty of blacks; values up to \$15.00 at choice.....

Fine Perfumes.

Starr's 35c Perfumes—in a variety of odors, including arbutus, apple blossom, carnation, rose, heliotrope, jockey club and others. Starr's perfumes sell at all stores at 35c. We bought an immense quantity of them which enables us to price them lower than ever attempted in Los Angeles as we make them a leader; per oz.

51c Piver's La Trefle, per oz, 85c. 75c Pinaud's French Extracts, per oz, 50c. 51c Guerlain's Jockey, per oz, 85c. 50c Mission Perfumes, per oz, 29c.

35c Savon de Granada Toilet Soap—rose, violet, jockey club odors; 2 cakes in box. Saturday, 12c per box.....

15c

12c

Ladies' \$1.50 Kid Gloves, \$1.15.

Ladies' 3 clasp Kid Gloves—black, white and all the popular colors; prettily made with embroidered backs; are in all finger lengths and are regularly worth \$1.50; a special leader, per pair.....

\$1.15

Ladies' 50c Hose 25c.

An assortment of Ladies' All-black Cotton Hose—also allover lace lisle and plain lisle hose; together with a line of black cotton hose with white feet; not a pair in the lot worth less than 35c, and most of them 50c; choice Saturday.....

25c

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Concert by Arend's Orchestra, 8 to 10 O'clock Tonight.



Well Groomed Without a Valet.

The great majority of Americans are attentive to their own mode of dressing and need no assistance. It is "kind of in-born" in the American nature to have the correct idea of dress as well as all other points of culture. While men of unlimited means can afford to have expensive suits made at tailors and as often as they please, the great army of wage earners consider the value of a dollar and are looking for clothing which is finely tailored, new in style, best in quality and yet at moderate prices. Hamburger's is the one store in Los Angeles where you can safely trade with the assurance that no exclusive clothing store gives as good values and also that every suit we sell is of expert workmanship for it is union made and bears the union label. It is now time to purchase your fall and winter toggiery so do a little investigating of our claims and we are assured that we will get your patronage.

Men's 56-inch Fancy Cheviot Ulsters—The proper thing for rainy weather which we may soon expect; for while they afford the protection they are also very dresy and exceptionally durable. They are in novelty weaves with the new style broad shoulders; full back and very best of Italian Cloth lining; also silk velvet collar. They are in the five-button fly front style and are priced at.....

\$20.00

Men's All Wool "Reliance" Suits—The most famous line of men's clothing in Southern California and for which we are exclusive Los Angeles agents. They are superior to any \$12.50 value elsewhere and equal to most at \$15.00. They are in new line of patterns and colorings; are strictly all wool textiles and are in single and double breasted styles and broad shoulder effect; well lined; well tailored; per fit. Priced.....

\$11.50

Men's All Wool Blue Seersucker Suits—Wide or narrow Waist; fine quality; the coat in single breasted style and finish to any your tailor would make. \$1.75. Our price.....

Men's All Wool Pantaloons—Small check and hairline stripes; medium and dark colorings; well made and actually worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50. A special discount for Saturday as above. \$2.50

Youth's All Wool Blue Seersucker Suits—Strictly high grade textiles in Cashmere Cheviot and Worsted; light and dark colorings; the coat made in the popular "garbance" style with long lapels; also the two \$8.50

Black Tributary Overcoats—an elegant article; silk per fit. \$15.00

Men's All Wool Overcoats—in the new popular coat lengths. The coats have good quality silk and wool collar and are equal to any \$12.50 value elsewhere. They are our leader at.....

Men's All Wool Blue Seersucker Suits—Wide or narrow Waist; fine quality; the coat in single breasted style and finish to any your tailor would make. \$10.00. Our price.....

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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Los Angeles Sunday Times

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OCTOBER 26, 1902.

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AFTER THE STRIKE.



The Operator and Miner, After Counting the Cost: Let's settle our future differences in some other way.

Among the Silk Workers. By F. G. Carpenter.

AMONG THE SILK WORKERS.

THE CITY OF LYONS THE VELVET METROPOLIS. ITS FOUR HUNDRED SILK FACTORIES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

AM in the silk center of the world, where for more than four centuries the finest gowns of the belles of all nations have been turned out on common hand looms. Lyons makes about \$90,000,000 worth of silks and silk goods every year. Its satins and velvets go all over the world, and within the past few months it has been busy making the rich red velvets which were worn at the coronation of King Edward VII.

The city is the commercial center of Middle France and, next to Paris, the chief city of this republic. It took me eight hours on the railroad to cover the 200 miles between here and Paris, and I now find myself in the rich valley of the Rhone, in one of the most beautifully located of cities.

Lyons is surrounded by hills. It lies on the lowlands, under the mountains, at the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone. On the other side of the Saone are the heights of Fourviere, with a great tower upon them, up which we shall climb for the view. We walk through the town, passing the site of a Roman palace in which the most cruel of the Roman Emperors, Claudius and Caligula, were born; we go over one of the Saone bridges and by a cable railroad are elevated to the foot of the tower. Another elevator takes us to the top, and we are 600 feet above the river, hanging, as it were, high over the city. Behind us are the Golden Mountains of Lyons, and beyond them, over a valley of gardens and trees, are the mighty Alps, their snowy peaks forming a ragged silver mass against the clouds. The day is clear and we can see the snowy cap of Mont Blanc a hundred miles away. Turn about now and look down into the valley. There is the Rhone, fresh from its glacial cradle in Mont St. Gothard, and nearer still, flowing almost at our feet, is the Saone, winding about through the town side by side with its twin sister, the Rhone. Between the two is the greater part of Lyons, and as we look we see the silvery streams embracing the municipal maiden in her silken clothes and going along together to the sea.

The Second City of France.

Stop a minute and think where we are. We are in the heart of one of the oldest parts of Europe and on the site of one of the most famous cities of France. The Rhone Valley was a trade route in the days of Julius Caesar and great fairs were held here in the

Middle Ages, to which merchants from Amsterdam to Venice and from other parts of Europe came to buy and sell. The Gauls had a town on this site 600 years before Christ was born, and at the time Christ lived here was a Roman city. On this very hill one Roman Emperor caused 20,000 Christians to be massacred, and in the days of the French revolution the Tribunal, finding that the guillotine would not kill the Lyons aristocrats fast enough, tied them together with ropes, in rows of sixty, and executed them by wholesale with cannon loaded with grape shot.

The Lyons of today, however, devotes itself more to business than to politics or religion. It is a great manufacturing center. It contains 500,000 people, and with its suburbs has about three-quarters of a million. Standing here on the tower you can see the smokestacks of car shops, tanneries and chemical works, and there across the valley, on the other side, is the famous Croix Rousse (Red Cross,) the hill where the silkmakers live, where the fashions of generations have been woven and where today some of the most beautiful cloths of the world are produced. The hill looks but little like a manufacturing center. It has no vast brick buildings, walled with windows, such as you see in the factory towns of our country; it has no smokestacks pouring volumes of black into the clouds, and it looks more like a residence section than an industrial one. Still Lyons has hundreds of silk factories and the most of them are situated upon that hill.

On the Croix Rousse.

Suppose we visit it. We descend to the Saone, cross the bridge and take the trolley car through the city to the cable station at the foot of Croix Rousse. We go into the car dropping a sou, or 1 cent, at the turnstile, for that is what is charged for the ride. We enter a box car where a score of silk workers are standing, and in a moment find ourselves riding to the top of the hill. A few steps from the station above takes you into the heart of the silk industry of Lyons. We can tell it by the click! click! click! which is heard on every street and in every hallway. The houses are lean five-story structures, built along alley-like streets, with narrow entrance doors. They look like tenement buildings and they are indeed little more than tenements, great beehives filled with laborers, every cell of which is a little factory. Most of the work in the great silk department of the Rhone is done on hand looms, and there are 400,000 men thus employed in this department. Even where power looms are used the work is largely that of house industry, several weavers having, in a single

room, looms worked by electricity, paying therefor a few cents per day per loom.

Among the Silk Workers.

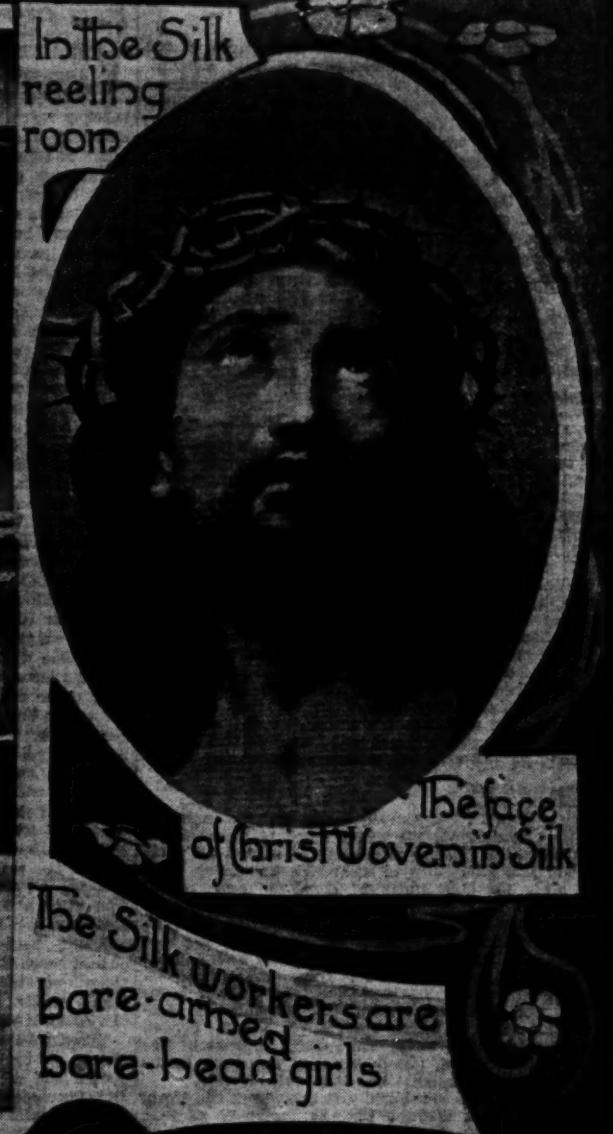
We enter one of the buildings and walk up the narrow stone stairs. We hear the clicking going on as we mount from story to story. The building is rudely constructed and without modern conveniences. We knock at a door, pounding loudly in order that we may overcome the noise of the weaving. A Frenchman in his shirt sleeves, with a cap on his head, opens the door and asks us to enter. He has just left his loom and at our request he again goes to work. The loom is old-fashioned, and he works it with his feet, throwing the shuttle by hand from one side to the other through the silk threads. He is making a pattern of dress goods which may eventually be worn by some of the Four Hundred, or may shine perhaps on a Virginia belle at a White House reception. I ask him his wages. He replies that he earns three francs and a half, or 70 American cents, a day of eleven hours. He has been working at his trade ten years, and is one of the best-paid men in the building.

Going on, we enter room after room. Each has one or more looms, with bare-armed, bare-headed men and women weaving away. All kinds of silks are turned out, and the wages in all cases are low. The men earn on an average 60 cents a day and the women 48 cents. The best workmen sometimes earn from \$1 to \$1.25, and a few as much as \$2.40, or 12 francs, per day.

In some buildings we find the looms worked by electricity, the lightning having been called to make brocades and silks for our ladies' dresses. The electricity is furnished by a society at such a rate that a man gets electrical power for 5 cents a day and pays for his loom on installments. With such looms the men can make better wages, working in the same room in which their families have been living and working for generations.

Silk Mills.

I have talked with many of the silk men of Lyons, both factors and laborers. I find a general belief that the days of such house industry are numbered. Lyons has been gradually losing its standing as the chief silk-making center of the world. Other countries are coming into competition with it, and its trade is slowly but steadily failing. Germany is making beautiful silks with the best of modern machinery at Krefeld, not far from the left bank of the Rhine; the English have long been known as makers of fine silks, the Russians are doing some wonderful weaving near Moscow and the Italians are rapidly regaining the place they held in the Middle Ages as one of the chief silk-manufacturing



peoples of the world. It used to be that the most of the raw silk brought from China came to Marseilles; a large part of it now goes to Genoa on the North German Lloyd Asiatic lines, and the output of Italian silk goods steadily grows.

American Silk Invasion.

The United States, however, is injuring the trade of Lyons more than any of the European countries. Before our Civil War we annually contributed about \$30,000,000 to the Lyons silk weavers. Now we make 90 per cent. of the silk we consume, and, notwithstanding our enormous increase in wealth and population, our Lyons purchases do not amount to more than \$10,000,000 a year. The French writers claim that the falling off in their trade is due to our protective tariff, which has built up the silk industry of Paterson and other American cities. In these places the silk is made in large mills, and the cost is so reduced that American commercial travelers are now selling American silks in Europe. We already weave two-thirds as much silk as France and our silk exports may yet become one of the features of the American commercial invasion of Europe. I am told that a number of the French factors have already removed their plants to the United States, and that others are remodeling their mills on the American plan.

In a Big Lyons Mill.

I visited this afternoon the biggest silk mill of this country. It has 420 looms and two or three times that many employees. The hands are bare-armed, bare-headed girls, well dressed and in many cases good looking. They are the daughters of the men who work on the house looms and are the descendants of many generations of silk weavers. The mill is somewhat like a great cotton factory, save that more bright colors are used. In the reeling-room the threads are of all the hues of the rainbow, and the thousands of spools make a maze of brilliant tints and shades. The factory is well lighted, and is equipped with all the modern conveniences of our factories. The wages are very low and there is no trouble in getting employees.

Making Velvet.

I was interested in the velvet works. The finer of such goods are made by house industry, although power looms are generally used. The weavers have found they cannot make wages by using their old hand looms and they have had them remodeled so that they can now earn 75 cents and upward per day. Much of the velvet woven in Lyons is brocade, and that in most beautiful patterns. Silk and velvet curtains are made, some of which cost as much as \$800 a pair. I saw velvets today which sell for \$70 a yard, and was shown curtains which require four months to weave. The finest of the velvets are made in these little rooms.

The velvet is woven about wires, the threads being cut through to the wires with a knife and the wires taken out. The velvet has to be made thread by thread, each line being cut separately, so that a slip of the knife would ruin the cloth.

Velvet for the Vanderbilts.

I visited one factory which made 8000 yards of red velvet to be worn at the coronation of King Edward, and another where I was shown specimens of furniture coverings made for one of the Vanderbilt families at a cost of \$21 a yard. Think of paying \$21 for a chair seat! And this is what the stuff cost in France. The price will be doubled by the time it gets into one of the Vanderbilt palaces and is fitted on to its luxurious sofas. Every time one sits down upon it he or she will cover a yard of it. It would make me uncomfortable to sit down on \$42 at one time.

The very best of the French silks seldom get to the United States, as our duties make them almost prohibitory. Velvets which will sell for \$4 a yard in Lyons would cost \$10 a yard in New York, and silk brocades at \$5 a yard would be doubled in price after they had passed through our customhouse and paid the charges of the middle men.

How They Sell Silk in Lyons.

I have gone through some of the largest of the Lyons silk stores. They are to be found in the buildings not unlike the factories. You enter an unpretentious stairway and on the second or third floor may find a door with little brass sign marked with the name of the merchant. Entering you come into large rooms with long counters running through them. There is no silk on view, for the goods are stored away in cases or drawers until brought out for the customers. The rooms are well lighted and parts of them are walled with mirrors in order that the colors may be shown by reflected as well as by direct light. Some of the oldest styles are the most beautiful, and these are repeated from age to age, new designs are continually being invented and the greatest artists of France are engaged in designing. The French are noted as designers, and they have schools here which teach designing. Some of the factories make pictures in silk both for decoration and wall covering. The faces of the most noted men of France are thus woven as well as fancy pictures of all sorts.

Silk Weaving Schools.

Lyons is doing all it can to foster its silk industry. It has its technical schools which teach all branches of silk manufacture. Young men come here from all parts of the world to study how to make silk, and many work in the mills for that purpose. There is one school which charges from 800 to 1200 francs a year as tuition. The 800 francs is the charge for Frenchmen and the 1200 francs for foreigners. In this school the best of modern silk weaving machinery is used and a great part of it bears the mark of American manufacturers. An American sewing machine sews the pattern cards together, and American methods of weaving are employed. All kinds of silks, velvets, plain and figured goods are made here, under the superintendence of the most skilled workmen, the boys doing the work themselves with the professional silk men as overseers.

I visited the Lyons municipal silk school, on the Croix Rousse, after going through the silk factories of that neighborhood. This school is sustained by the city, and is open only to Lyonnais youths. Any Lyons boy who has reached the age of fifteen can enter upon the pay-

ment of \$1.73 and learn all about silk weaving, designing and pattern making. The course of day study is ten months, and there is in addition a night school, in which a course of three years is required.

There are about 300 pupils in this school. They belong to the rich and the poor, many of them being the sons of common laborers. Every boy has to keep a diary of his work, with the patterns of the silks he has made, and also copies of his designs. The school teaches all matters about the breeding of silk worms as well as all kinds of weaving and designing. The professor in charge, a kind looking old Frenchman, wearing a skull cap and rough clothes, took me through one department after another. He introduced me to some of the students, and had them work at the looms before my eyes. The boys were as intelligent as those of the average college of the United States.

How Lyons Built Up Its Silk Trade.

These technical schools of Lyons show that the people are trying to regain their supremacy as the silk-weaving center of the world. Similar schools should be established at Paterson, and otherwheres in our country, and the silk-worm industry of the South, now in its infancy, should be encouraged.

The wonderful silk manufactures of France originated through the encouragement of the silk trade by the French monarchs of the past. It was not until the fifteenth century that much silk weaving was done. Before that time the best of the silks came from Italy, the finest of silks, satins, velvets and other cloths being woven near Venice. Lyons, however, was a great fair city, and many Italian silks were brought there for sale. Then Louis XI imported Italian weavers, and along about forty years after the discovery of America Francis I induced many of the Italian weavers to settle at Lyons by guaranteeing them exemption from taxation, free lodgings and the right to carry swords as well as immunity from imprisonment for debt. In one way or another he brought silk weavers from Genoa, Florence, Lucca and Venice, and thus founded this business, which has done much to make France rich. The industry thrived until the persecution of the Huguenots drove more than 300,000 of the most skilled of the French artisans out of the country and in a few years reduced the number of looms from 40,000 to less than 10,000. The Protestant weavers escaped to England, Germany and Switzerland and thus started the silk manufactures of those countries.

Since then Lyons has at times held the silk manufacturing supremacy of Europe. It probably holds it today, but the industries of Switzerland, Germany and England are steadily growing, and comparatively speaking Lyons is on the decline. Its greatest danger today is from the United States, which is increasing its silk product from year to year.

Lyons, France.

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TWO AMERICAN GIRLS. THEIR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY IN THE LAND OF DICKENS.

From the London Daily Mail.

IRGINIA and I were dreadfully tired of tramping London's dusty sidewalks, so we decided to take a day out of the city. We fixed on Dickens's country because we're both clean crazed on his works; and, besides, it was possible to see a great deal in a short space of time.

But my! what cars those are on your Southeastern! If it hadn't been for the sweet hop meadows—which provided us with plenty to look at as we snailed along—we'd have been real miserable. Still, the names of the stations gave us fun, they were so intensely English. It was like living in a three-volume novel to see "St. Mary Cray" and "Sutton-at-Home."

At last the train wandered into Strood, and we escaped from the cars. To my surprise Virginia lagged behind on the platform, and I discovered that she was trying to kodak the station-master-cum-ticket-taker. He truly was worth snapping—the prettiest white-whiskered old fellow, in an antique silk stovepipe and an alpaca frock coat; and I could not think whether he reminded me more of Nell's grandfather or Philip Swidger or Mr. Meagles. But I reckon he was good Mr. Meagles come to life again.

We walked quickly across the Medway bridge to Rochester, though I must whisper I should have liked to pause quite a while to think about the day when Admiral de Ruyter sailed up here and caught Charles II's fleet at Chatham. However, we could not stop for sentimentalizing, so we flew on till we found ourselves in Rochester High street.

How we gazed! Every stone of the houses, with their cute little diamond-paned windows, seemed familiar to us from our reading of the master. It sounded too beautiful to be true, to think that we positively saw, right there, the Corn Exchange "with its queer old clock that projects over the pavement out of a grave red-brick building, as if Time carried on business and hung out a sign." And here, as well, was the immortal Bull Hotel, of which Jingle remarked, "Dear, very dear—half a crown if you look at a waiter—charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee-room—rum fellows, very."

I believe we were both astonished that the inn really existed. Of course we had to go inside and look around. The atmosphere of Dickens was in the courtyard, the stairway, the lovely ballroom, and, indeed, everywhere. Virginia insisted on our eating a bread and Cheddar cheese luncheon in the aforementioned coffee-room; and though we stared most shamefully at the waiter (a beautifully polite being in swallowtail), he did not verify Mr. Jingle's statement.

When we'd seen all that was seeable, and finished our cheese, we took a carriage to Gad's Hill. The driver had gotten out of the pages of "Pickwick." He was what Dickens would have called a pippin-faced man. I'm afraid Virginia's splendid Stanhope figure, and our combined accents must have shown we were from the States, for he told the most extraordinary tales as we clattered along. He said he might himself claim relationship

with Dickens; but on being pressed for an explanation he solemnly closed one of his shiny, light-blue eyes and whispered mysteriously that he must not say that.

"I could tell you a few things about Mr. Dickens—if well, there's some people who wouldn't like to hear."

Of course we were simply wild to know what he meant, and when he pocketed a crown he explained in a whisper. "When I said I was related to Mr. Dickens, I did not really mean related. I meant to say I was connected with him."

"I guess he means to say 'collaborated,'" said Virginia. "Go on."

"Well," said the pippin-faced man, "it was like this. Mr. Dickens he always took my fly—said I was the one who could make him comfortable."

"One day he gets in, and I could see he was not well. 'Wopling,' says Mr. Dickens (that's me), 'Wopling, I'm in trouble. I'm writing about a man called David Copperfield, and I have got him rather a mess. You are the only one who can help me.' Wopling, and if you will I'll give you a sovereign."

"I've married David to a very nice girl named Agnes, who also loves David. Public will have two nice characters, and they will have a happy ending," said right, Mr. Dickens," says I. "How can Agnes be married to Dora?" says I. "You must kill Dora."

"Oh, don't say that," Mr. Dickens, "she is the one of the story."

"You need not kill her till near the end of the story, but she'll have to die," says I. "You can kill her for me like; but it's only fair to give Agnes a turn."

"Well, thank you very much. Wopling," says Dickens, "I suppose I must, you are always right. Put your name beside mine on the title page, and let him go away."

"And did he?" I asked quite excited.

The pippin-faced man's only answer was a very slight one, as might have been winked by Sam Weller.

We looked up dates when we had a chance, and found that "David Copperfield" was written in 1850. We made the pippin-faced man to be at least seventy, old, and he could not have thirty. I did feel just a little taken in for the time being.

He was a real polite man, though, and when we reached the wall-encircled Gad's Hill he insisted on climbing down from his perch and ringing the bell us, as if we weren't equal to doing it ourselves.

I reckon the pippin-faced man had pulled the bell enough, for a servant in a trim black dress and apron at once came and opened a sort of panel door in us.

She was so nice-mannered, and at once said my master would have no objection to us looking around. So we stepped through and found ourselves in a perfectly heavenly garden, with a lawn so green and smooth you could have eaten off it. Facing us was a novelist's home, a house which looked very proper, yet gave the intensest idea of sheer nonsense. Its brick walls were mellow with time and with sheeny ivy. All about it were great trees and calm and beautiful, and I felt somehow I could cry with the pleasure of simply watching them in the glorious cedar gardens across the road. Dickens wrote, Virginia had brought a whole shelf of his books and biographies, and from one of them she read out aloud the description of his composition.

"I have five mirrors, and they reflect and reflect kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows. The birds and the butterflies fly in and out, the green branches shoot in at the open windows, the lights and the shadows of the clouds come with the rest of the company."

We explored all over the mansion house and the tunnel to the cedar garden, and then went back to the steamer. The Germans are now being held after the Albatross, for submarine navigation. She cost about \$185,000, is 234 1/2 tons displacement, with a brigantine rig, and is five miles and 4500 feet deep, and did not quite reach there.

The Albatross is strictly a scientific vessel. Alexander Agassiz, of the United States Fish Commission, gave much valuable suggestion to the steamer. The Germans are now being held after the Albatross, for submarine navigation. She cost about \$185,000, is 234 1/2 tons displacement, with a brigantine rig, and is five miles and 4500 feet deep, and did not quite reach there.

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IN OCEAN'S DEPTHS STRANGE DISCOVERIES BY ABOARD THE ALBATROSS

By a Special Contributor

THE return of the United States steamer Albatross to San Francisco after a month's cruise among the lesser islands of the South Pacific Ocean, marks one of the most remarkable explorations ever made. The German sea expeditions have made notable

the world's knowledge concerning the mysterious vast deep, but previous to this Albatross' expedition, no investigation

had been made below 17,000 feet.

American scientists have now

discovered the mighty ocean at a depth of nearly

revealed a vast quantity of facts

and commercial information.

The greatest and most fascinating of

been opened further to the human

who has ever seen a lake, a

bed laid dry that has not

the aspect of a part of the earth's

curiosity obtained

the unknown and to look where

looked. If this curiosity obtains

the ocean's

the most interesting feature of the Albatross in the South Seas has been the work

deep-sea dredge, or trawl. It has

the largest trawl ever

operating ten feet wide and two and

one net for the reception of the catch.

the deep sea proportionally

the Albatross has a mouth

ten inches high and a net thirty

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IN OCEAN'S DEPTHS. STRANGE DISCOVERIES BY SCIENTISTS ABOARD THE ALBATROSS.

By a Special Contributor.

pressed for an explanation of his shiny, light-blue eyes, and he must not speak ofings about Mr. Dickens, who wouldn't like me. Wild to know what he meant, he explained in a letter related to Mr. Dickens. I meant to say I collaborated," said Virginia. "I could see he was worried in writing about a young man, and I have got him back only one who can help me give you a sovereign. A very nice girl named Dora, another nice girl called Agnes, will have two nice friends a happy ending." "You're right," says he. "You must be Dicks, she is the success near the end of the story. You can kill her kind Agnes a turn." "Wopling," says you are always right. In the title page, and we excited. My answer was a wink, and Sam Weller. We had a chance, and have been written in 1850. The be at least seventy years old. I did feel just now. though, and when we finally Hill he insisted on and ringing the bell for doing it ourselves. man had pulled the bell from black dress and a white a sort of panel and at once said that in to us looking around ourselves in a with a lawn so green off it. Facing us we looked very prim idea of sheer comfort follow with time and deep were great trees, still felt something I could be simply watching them. A lens across the road he brought a whole catch, and from one of the of his composing box reflect and refract it are quivering at the butterflies fly in and out, at the open window, as the clouds come and go.

Remarkable Trawl.

The most interesting feature of the Albatross' expedition in the South Seas has been the working of the wonder deep-sea dredge, or trawl. It has no counterpart, the largest trawl ever operated had a mouth opening ten feet wide and two and one-half feet high, a net for the reception of the catch from off the rim of the deep seas proportionally small. The great trawl on the Albatross has a mouth twenty-two feet wide, ten inches high and a net thirty feet long. This trawl has done more to reveal the character of the creatures that lie away down in the vasty deep of the sea than anything else. The deepest spot in the man's bed so far sounded, lies about eight hundred miles northwest from New Zealand. The British ocean liner steamer Penguin found that the bed of the sea here is five miles and 4500 feet deep. The big trawl would not quite reach there.

The Albatross is strictly a scientific fishing craft. Prof. Alexander Agassiz, of the United States Fish Commission, gave much valuable suggestion to the equipment of the steamer. The Germans are now building a craft modeled after the Albatross, for submarine scientific exploration. She cost about \$185,000, is 234 feet long, and 1000 tons displacement, with a brigantine rig. Her purpose is to follow ocean fish as they migrate from summer to their winter habitat and observe their manner of life. This work includes the collection of fish, and shells from a depth of 24,000 feet to the surface.

Lights for Diversions of the Deep.

The tremendous scope of this work is hardly apprehended by minds not conversant with the details of it. It involves not only the exercise of a rare scientific skill, but also the exercise of a masterly seamanship in meeting the demands of science in securing "fish specimens." For instance, the ingenuity of the scientists and navigators has resorted to the employment of the electric light at great depths in order to attract here hitherto unknown and otherwise unobtainable fish into the light which is let down from the ship's side. In this way fish are usually caught. Sometimes when the electric light is near the surface of the ocean large fish are attracted by the illumination. The light seems to make the fish angry. Sharks, for instance, will dart at the light as if it was a deadly foe.

The light is sometimes lowered 800 feet from the ship. At a depth of seventy feet the illumination becomes visible. When the light is twenty or thirty feet high and huge fish congregate about it their shadows are cast upward on the surface of the sea and from the ship the scene is weird, indeed. It is a congress of monsters of the deep that sometimes gathers about what is to them a wonderful sight to a tough, old shark. Occasionally a man-eater is curious enough to "monkey" with this electric light and tries to swallow it. If the electric current supplied by the modern invention. It does. The bodies of the mounting steel, and several such shocked fish have floated to the surface.

"Chigwell," wrote the verdict.

It has been noted that the effect of the electric light

upon big fish has been such that, as deadly enemies as are the shark and swordfish, will swim up to the light side by side, and so amazed are they by the wonderful shining bulb that they appear to forget the deadly feud existing between these piscatorial families and they do not rush at each other in mortal combat. Other fish that usually fight on sight lie down together, as it were, in this shining presence, as might a lion and a lamb.

The operation of sounding, or of fishing at a depth of thousands of feet, requires much skill in both management of the ship and of the sounding apparatus. In ordinary deep-sea sounding a three-eighth-inch steel wire is used. The tension on this wire must be constant, else it will kink, thus reducing its tensile strength 50 per cent. Ocean currents complicate deep-sea exploration. A surface current is quickly detected and guarded against, but when the rope or sounding line is swept under the bottom of the ship by a submarine current, with perhaps thousands of fathoms of line out, it requires great skill and patience to clear the line without kinking and thereby possibly losing a portion of it. When a deep-sea sounding is to be taken the sinker is lowered to the water's edge. A thermometer and water specimen cup are clamped onto the line of three-eighths-inch wire. An officer takes his position beside the sounding machine. Seamen are at hand attending to the guide pulleys. A fireman stands with his hand on the throttle of the sounding engine awaiting the officer's command. The record-keeper takes his position beside the register, where he can read it readily. This register shows the number of fathoms paid out. At the order "Let go!" the sinker shoots down into the ocean at a speed of ten to fifteen feet per second. The record-keeper makes a note of every 100 fathoms of line paid out. The officer of the deck maneuvers the ship in a way that will keep the wire vertical. The instant the sinker strikes the bottom of the sea, miles below the ship, the sounding engine is stopped. The record-keeper notes the number of fathoms indicated on the register, the slack line is hove in by hand until it clears the bottom. Then the sounding engine is reversed and the line is hauled aboard about as fast as it was paid out.

Caring for the Specimens.

The trawl was hauled with uncommon success on the voyage among the Marquesas, where priceless biological specimens were brought up from watery depths. While the trawl was being drawn, Prof. David would divide the captured submarine creatures into two groups, one comprising the very perishable specimens, and the other embracing the less delicate ones. The former were put into glass jars, while the latter (such as the fish and larger crustaceans) were consigned to large tanks. Next, the colors of the fishes and other creatures whose tints are likely to fade were sketched, because otherwise this point of knowledge in respect to their appearance would be forever lost.

Very little scientific study of the specimens was made on board of the Albatross, however, the work of the expedition consisting almost wholly of collecting. There are two laboratories on the ship, which are used for sorting the animals and caring for them. Some of them can only be kept in alcohol and on ice—for example, certain large cuttiefishes, which in the tropics will decay before the alcohol penetrates their tissues, unless they are kept nearly frozen at the same time. Little fishes were put into vials of alcohol, and sometimes they were wrapped in tissue paper to preserve them from injury. Big abyssal fishes were cut open and injected with preservatives, and it was a curious thing to see the air bubble out of their flesh while this process was being performed, showing how spongy is their make-up. It is owing to this looseness of texture that they are able to resist the enormous pressure of the depths, which three miles down, amounts to two tons to the square inch. Sometimes they burst when brought to the surface.

Hauls at Different Depths.

Daily hauls were also made at various depths, from 600 feet to 2100 feet, with tow nets of another kind, which are so constructed as to be opened when they have been let down to a certain point, and to be closed again by an automatic device before being drawn up. Thanks to this contrivance, the animals they catch are all from one level in the ocean—a matter of the utmost importance when it is desired to study the fauna of the different strata of the sea. Prof. Agassiz says that the study of below 1300 feet there is comparatively little marine life. Near the surface, of course, animal life is extremely dense and varied, but below the level mentioned it rapidly thins out, though it is likely there is no stratum entirely devoid of living forms.

Perhaps the most fascinating feature of this investigation of the floor of the South Pacific Ocean, is that there is always at least a probability of the discovery of something entirely new and very extraordinary. Unquestionably there are many kinds of monsters and chimeras dire in the depths of the ocean which no mortal eye has ever seen or imagination pictured. Prof. Agassiz has gone so far as to say that he believes there is such a thing as the sea serpent—at all events, an animal corresponding more or less to the descriptions given of that marine horror. It certainly seems likely that some prodigious creature has, by its occasional appearance, afforded a basis of truth for what is so generally supposed to be a myth, observations concerning the beast having been a matter of written history for at least 3000 years.

Remarkable Discoveries.

The Albatross' scientific exploration expedition in the South Seas has especially investigated cephalopods—that is, cuttlefish-like animals—which exist in amazing numbers and in great variety of species in the depth of the ocean. One reason why they are so interesting is that they represent an extremely ancient form of life, the rocks of today being often found filled with their fossils. Some of them, too, are very remarkable. It would seem that they furnish food to many of the ferocious deep-sea fishes, which are so much more predatory and fierce than the worst of sharks familiarly known. On one occasion the Albatross steamed 100 miles over a space of sea so thickly covered with cephalopods of a species previously regarded as rare, that there was no time

when dozens of them were not in sight, every one of them dead and all more or less mutilated. These creatures were about large enough to fill a water bucket, including their tentacles.

The deep-sea shrimps and other crustaceans brought up by the trawl are most of them a brilliant scarlet in color, and some of them are highly phosphorescent. Others have their hind legs modified for climbing up on the sea-pens and sea-lillies at the bottom, under which circumstances their young climb out on the ends of the mother's enormously-long antennae to reach for food. The sea-lillies, like the sea-pens, are not plants, but animals; but the sea-lillies counterfeit exquisite flowers, while the sea-pens, of a beautiful deep red, are likewise imitative of the vegetable world. Some of the sea-pens are very phosphorescent, and doubtless the inky caves of the ocean are continually and most beautifully illuminated by forests of these curious creatures, through which the finny inhabitants of those mysterious regions pass in endless torchlight processions, some bearing brilliant flambeaux on their heads, others with rows of gleaming spots on their sides, and others yet with their fins or their whole bodies luminous, as in the case of certain abyssal sharks.

Among the bottom animals are queer-looking worm-like relatives of the sea urchins, called "holothurians." Their method of living is very simple, inasmuch as they absorb their nourishment by eating the ooze, which is filled with organic slime. Some of them have suckers by which they hold on. The sailors of the Albatross have named one species of them "boxing gloves," and another species "overshoes," by reason of the grotesque resemblance they bear to those articles. In the great hollow of the sea floor, to which he gave the name of Moser Basin, Prof. Agassiz gathered a great many sharks' teeth and the ear bones of whales. It is wonderful what numbers of these objects are scattered about on the bottom of the ocean, the imperishable quality of their material being accountable, of course, for their preservation.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the abyssal fishes are the sharks, some of which are eel-like in form and reach a length of at least sixty feet. Another freak is the oar-fish, which is a very rapid swimmer and shaped like a huge snake. Occasionally specimens have been stranded. Then there is the electric snake, which has given severe shocks to some of the officers of the Albatross. Beyond a depth of half a mile the fishes begin to have enormous eyes; their bodies become slender and their skeletons soft. No appliance has ever been invented suitable for taking the bottom fishes, which are probably too swift and too wary to be captured by the slow-moving trawl. The number of species so far collected by science from below 1000 feet is not over 600, seven-eighths of which are represented by a single specimen. Scientists are embarrassed to classify them, because it would never do to dissect an only and unique example of an animal.

M. M. PETERS, Ph.D.

IT WAS FORCE OF HABIT.

YOUNG MAN INVITED OUT TO DINNER ASKED FOR THE CHECK—HE FORGOT.

[New York Times:] Take a young man who has been living civilized all through his youth and compel him to subsist on restaurant fare for two or three years and you make him a dyspeptic, a hopeless martyr, or a married man.

He becomes so accustomed to reading the column beginning "small steak, sirloin, extra sirloin," etc., and ending with some thing that is always out, that when he gets into a place where he doesn't have to order his food and wait for it he becomes wholly irresponsible.

One of these young men was recently invited to take dinner with a friend who lives in a suburban town. He accepted with an alacrity that was not understood until he began on the dinner.

The old passion for "home cooking" was so strong that he ate voraciously and long, to the amazement and delight of the hostess.

He complimented everything that was served and asked himself the question, which had never yet been answered, "Why can't they do things this way in a restaurant?"

As he and his friend were chatting over the coffee he began to fumble around his saucer as if in search of something.

"What are you looking for?" asked the friend.

"The check."

Then he remembered where he was and wished he could disappear through the floor. He says he will rehearse before invading another private family.

HOW YOUR WATCH GOES WRONG.

It is strange how little the average person can account for what seems the whims and caprices of his watch, said a watchmaker to the writer the other day, and yet in the majority of cases they are due to very simple causes.

For instance, the going of most watches varies according to the temperature at which they are kept. Consequently, if you wear a watch next to your body during the day, and at night put it on a cold marble mantelpiece, or, in fact, anywhere in a cold room, the watch is sure either to gain or lose. Cold causes contraction of the metals composing the balance wheel and its parts, and the watch consequently gains. When the parts expand under the heat of the body, the pivots, bearings, etc., tighten up and the watch loses.

Of course, this is not the case with watches having a compensating balance—that is, one made of different metals that both expand and contract under the influence of cold, so that the expansion of the one counteracts the contraction of the other.

Getting the steel parts of one's watch magnetized is another frequent cause of trouble, while changing the position of a watch, such as putting it down horizontally, is also apt to affect its action.

It is well known that a watch will stop for some unexplained reason and go on again if it is given a slight jolt. The same trouble may not recur for years. This is due to the delicate hairspring catching either in the hairspring stud or in the regulator pins. The cause is a sudden jump or quick movement, which gives a jolt to the balance wheel and hairspring, and thus renders the catching possible. The jolt must come at a particular fraction of a second, during the revolution of the balance wheel, otherwise the spring will not catch, and the odds against this happening are very great.—[Tribute.]

[October 26, 1902.]

NEW COAST LIGHTS.

LENSES THAT CAN SEND A BLINDING
LIGHT TWENTY MILES.

By a Special Contributor.

WITH the beginning of November, there begins a hard fight all along the coast of the United States—a fight rarely chronicled, yet incessant and fierce. It is the fight of the coast lights and signals against storm and fog.

From March to November the men caged in the slender steel and stone cylinders that stand on hidden ledges, with the nearest land lying along the horizon like a dim cloud, need not fear even if storm-beset; for the summer storm does not last long and they are sure that the relief and supply vessels will make their way to them within a few days. But when the gales of the late autumn and of the winter begin, there may be a

There is another battle as great. It is worry and anxiety.

The light keepers of the United States have been trained to look on their lights as the American soldier and sailor look on their flag. So well have they been disciplined and so well do they guard the trust that there rarely is a case of a light having failed when human energy and pluck could keep it burning.

When sleet and snow drive over the towers, these men are stricken with the fear that despite all their care, the light, burn it ever so brightly, may not be able to pierce the thick air. Only one who has been in the lighthouse through a great winter night's storm, can realize how keen and wearing an anxiety this is to them. Like all men who have to do with the powers of nature, they know not that, though they do their best, that best is not good enough, if it is not successful.

So, blow the gales as they may, the keepers climb out on the narrow platform around the outside of the big windows that protect the precious lens, and with the weather beating them and the wind threatening to blow them into the black sea below, with waves reaching up to them, they scrape the drifted snow and the frozen

Although not a first-order light, one of the most powerful in the world.

every five seconds and the Lighthouse Board report from a sea captain who describes the flash seventy-five miles at sea. If he saw at that distance must have been of the flash on the sky; for the Navy feet above the sea and consequently at which the eye could see the light twenty-two and one-fourth miles, the earth precluding any greater reach.

so powerful that it is certain that its

sky and sea can be seen from a distance beyond the direct reach of its rays. When away from it, its glare is so blinding that the eye is dazzled and pained by it.

Wonderful Bearings.

The bi-valve light, of course, must be more quickly than any cylindrical lens, and weighs from two to three tons, according to the problem was a difficult one in practice, since all the lights of the country are now work. A system of chariot wheels mounted on steel ball bearings have been perfected so that these great masses of ground glass as smooth as a touch of a finger is sufficient to set them.

Once, as an experiment, a mighty light actually was set to revolving in the light quarters at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, by powerful lungs who blew at it until it turned.

Another big improvement in the efficiency of house service is the final construction of a light that will burn acetylene gas perfectly.

have been tried only to be rejected, but now

ment feels fairly certain that it has suc-

The value of acetylene gas for coast lights in its illuminating power. Kerosene is found to be the most satisfactory in all kinds of lights in that respect. But it has great value with the hundreds of lights in the care of keepers, but are simply lights burning day and night. Small lights on reefs, range lights set along shore and on many lesser lights in harbors and estuaries this way.

The trouble with kerosene is that it will carbonize and the light fails before the reservoir is exhausted. With the gas for making and burning acetylene gas, no trouble and the burners will last at least as gas holds out. Lights have been kept burning day and night without needing attention.

The method cannot be applied to light floating lights as the proper production of the supply of gas demand that water and chemicals only in strictly regulated quantities still must continue to do the gas and kerosene for fuel. For this purpose iron tanks are used. On their tops the lens is set. Immense chains are then taken and a queer cast-iron mushroom anchor is in position. These mushroom anchors are shaped so that they work themselves deep in sand and after a few weeks they cannot even by the huge derricks of the light. When it is desired to take up buoys in the winter when the ice threatens they are shackled from the chains and dragged on wooden spars are fastened to the chain marks until the danger is past.

Diamond Shoals Still Defiant.

While every year sees more or less houses and beacons, there is only spot that has defied the lighthouse builders and that is Diamond Shoals off Cape Hatteras, a dangerous place in the lighthouse service. An engineer will get "hot in the collar" if he says that this spot has defeated the department. They say that a lighthouse can be built there. He will point to the lighthouse that has been constructed and has remained on the most dangerous spot than even Diamond Shoals. Money prevents. A lighthouse on Diamond Shoals would cost too much.

So this year, as in previous years, it hangs on to the bottom there with its crew, death with all on board praying that it will hang on. A somewhat alarming comment of the station is to be observed in the directions for the year: "Light vessel will be used on this station alternately." The ship is fitted so that she can move under her so she will not be an absolutely helpless vessel when she breaks away from her mooring in a暴风雨. She will more than once in this coming winter.

Light ship, number 69, also built to go to steam, was driven from her anchorage six months, but managed to steam back to each time. The seventh time she sailed against the hurricane for three days and on the North Carolina beach near the Cape Station. The life savers got her crew off.

The value of the Diamond Shoals light is by the fact that during this vessel's last station, 2570 steam vessels and 2576 sailing her.

Light Ship's Extraordinary Voyage.

The United States light vessel that probably is the most extraordinary vessel is the Columbia River light vessel, number 53, at the mouth of the Columbia River, eight miles from the shore. It is one of high rocks and fast currents, wherefore there are such threatening miles as Cape Disappointment, Cape Horn, and Destruction Island. One day a gale began to blow from the sea. It was seventy-four miles an hour. The heavy waves of the light ship snapped. She drove on that were so bad that even the old men called them as "frightful" in his short, dry, hoarse voice.

Ball was made and the men worked

five miles off shore. The next day out and tried to tow her in. Both big high-sided lightship was in the

Now there was only one chance south lay rocks, promising a sure destruction. She was headed for it spot before dark. Her crew was

When she struck, her men by chance handled her sails that she turned and thus presented her high bow

result of saving her. When the ship was high and dry on the sand. Then a contract was made by the government. Each contractor failed. Finally it was the ship into the woods behind the half a mile of country to Baker's Bar on the Columbia River. This ship made the pine trees without accident and launched and anchored in front of the port's wharf.

LISTENING FOR A

CURIOUS BUT PROFITABLE OCCUPATION FOLLOWED IN LONDON AND

[Answers:] To simply make a to metropolitan music halls and variety to the innumerable songs rendered

in a substantial salary for so doing, and easy way of earning a living.

Most of the big firms of comic-songs someone for this purpose, and it is the singer to report to his principals who would repay the cost and trouble.

Naturally, every vocalist thinks his

songs would be sure to make a "hit" popular; but until the listener has seen the way in which the audience has seen and observed other signs of popularity

and ear and eye detect, no effusion

print—unless, of course, the vocalist

will at his own expense.

If the listener likes a song, he straight singer, and offers to purchase it on this offer usually takes the form of varying from £3 to £30. The latter only offered in the case of an almost com- popular singer. Most of the first-cla

ra, however, prefer to have their so- quality," receiving no fixed sum, but usually £1 to £1 5s per hundred on the

old. A comic song is usually cleared itself" by the time a thousand disposed of; so that, should it turn out success, the singer, not the author.

10. The luckless author, it should be previously sold the song right out to the Guinea—or even less—and there his the transaction usually ends.

Although the listener's judgment of the best that is to be procured, it is difficult. Out of all the comic songs paid three does more than pay for the com- as much—and only one in ten can really financial success. For some in the sickle public, although they will rec- words of a chorus, or go into screams patter" of a comedian, steadily refuse same ditty when published, although some have indicated to the listener to

it is this fact that keeps the price of a current high standard. The lowest price of a current comic song can be procured

as a success, they could be sold with profit to the publisher, at sixpence; but himself for the failures out of the success.

Like Caesar's wife, the listener shuns the roach. In his professional capacity, offered bribes to induce him to recom- on the songs of an unknown or com-edian. A good listener is aware,

of course, to such a proposal is fraught with not matter once or twice, perhaps principals find that he is recommending what turns out to be a "frost," his service to be dispensed with.

Listening is not a business that can re- requires a great amount of natural, good listener will not be content to re-ler once hearing it. He will journey to London, watching the reception of

very different classes of people who com- the of the East End and West End will will "go like steam" at the Tivoli in ditch water at, say, the Queen's, Pop- monsey.

"It is a huge mistake to imagine the popularize a song," London's leading

writer. "On the other hand, nothing here is a run on it for a week or two, per- dies. People have had too much of it.

THE MILKY WAY.

'Twas a warm October night and the shimmering shadows about the woodsy which the rippling brook tumbled on to the

He was a freshman, and she—his

young daughter of a tiller of the soil. "harvest home.

"Chasuney," she lisped, with the sweet- est, "why do they call that the Milky Way?" And she turned her light green eyes.

"Lizzie," he cried in ardent tones, as his boyish breast, "it is because the

Just then the moon went behind a cloud.



month and even more when no ship can dare approach those foam-bordered ocean perches.

Then the keepers are as besieged men. They must save every drop of oil, that their lights may be kept burning even should a new supply fail to arrive when due. They must watch their machinery every minute, for no help could reach them to repair it should it break down.

On such lighthouses as famous Minot's Ledge off Boston Harbor, rising sheer out of the sea, they are imprisoned, unable to move an inch out of their narrow tower.

Minot's Ledge light stands eighty-five feet high from the level of the sea. The reef on which it is set is far below the surface in any except low tides even in ordinary weather. When the ocean roars around it in a winter storm, the mariner, looking at it from the sea, often can discern only its brave lantern above the spray. The entrance to this lighthouse is half way up the tower and an iron ladder reaches from it to sea level. In the winter there are days after days, and sometimes weeks, when no man can venture into that doorway. He would be carried away by the rollers that break against the base and sweep the little balcony.

Fighting for Their Lights.

But this merely physical fight is only one part of the battle that goes on in the lighthouses during the winter.

sleet from the panes throughout the night that the light may shine out freely.

The dimming of an ordinary sufficient light in thick weather has troubled the Lighthouse Department seriously for years, during which time the engineer and naval officers on the board have experimented constantly. The result of their efforts has been the recent adoption of a lantern lens entirely different from the cylindrical one used to this time.

New Bi-Valve Lens.

The new lens is known as the "bi-valve," which is expressive of its appearance. Instead of a cylinder of glass revolving around the light, it consists of two immense convex disks joined at the edges by thick brass bands. The value of the bi-valve lens is that each face throws an immense beam, concentrating the light rays that in the ordinary lens are dissipated by being shot to many angles.

A bi-valve light of the fourth order will throw a flash of 5000-candle power from a light of only 250-candle power.

Only a few of them have been installed as yet. Their cost is heavy, a third order lens costing \$12,000.

One of these bi-valve lights has been installed in the famous Navesink lighthouse overlooking Sandy Hook.

It is possible for man to enter the King's presence and to share His feast. It is

Regular men's meeting. Dress by Rev. Robert B. Phelan.

When I read Homer, I see what I desire or desire.

When I read Achilles, when I meet Jesus, I, too, see what I desire or desire.

[October 26, 1902.]

light, the new lighthouse was not able to tow her in. Both failed. By dusk the Lighthouse Department had given up the search. A man who declares that he was on board the ship says that he must have been the cause of the Navesink lighthouse being destroyed. She was headed for it and struck the right rock before dark. Her crew was taken off in the launch.

When she struck, her men by consummate skill had handled her masts so that she turned head to the sea and thus presented her high bow to the surf with the result of saving her. When the storm ended, she was high and dry on the sand. Then contract after contract was made by the government to launch her again. Each contractor failed. Finally it was decided to haul the ship into the woods behind the beach and across half a mile of country to Baker's Bay in the mouth of the Columbia River. This ship made the journey among the pine trees without accident and within a month was launched and anchored in front of the lighthouse department's wharf.

J. F. B.

LISTENING FOR A LIVING.

CURIOS BUT PROFITABLE OCCUPATION WHICH IS FOLLOWED IN LONDON AND ELSEWHERE.

[Answers.] To simply make a tour of the different metropolis music halls and variety theaters, listening to the innumerable songs rendered therein, and receiving a substantial salary for so doing, seems a very pleasant and easy way of earning a living.

Most of the big firms of comic-song publishers employ someone for this purpose, and it is the duty of the "listener" to report to his principals which songs he thinks would repay the cost and trouble of publication. Naturally, every vocalist thinks his or her particular songs would be sure to make a "hit" if procurable by the public; but until the listener has seen the "turn," noted the way in which the audience has taken up the chorus, and observed other signs of popularity which his practical ear and eye detect, no effusion will ever get into print—unless, of course, the vocalist chooses to publish at his own expense.

If the listener likes a song, he straightway seeks out the singer, and offers to purchase it on behalf of his firm. This offer usually takes the form of a small lump-sum, varying from £2 to £30. The latter figure, though, is only offered in the case of an almost certain "success" by a popular singer. Most of the first-class music-hall singers, however, prefer to have their songs published "on popularity," receiving no fixed sum, but a percentage—£1 to £1 5s per hundred on the number of copies sold. A comic song is usually calculated to have "lured itself" by the time a thousand copies have been issued; so that, should it turn out to be a moderate success, the singer, not the author, will receive about £1. The luckless author, it should be remembered, has previously sold the song right out to the singer for about £1— or even less—and there his monetary gain on the transaction usually ends.

Although the listener's judgment of a likely song is not that that is to be procured, it is by no means impossible. Out of all the comic songs published, only one in three does more than pay for the cost of production—so much—and only one in ten can be regarded as a real financial success. For some inexplicable reason, the public, although they will roar out lustily the words of a chorus, or go into screams of laughter at the "patter" of a comedian, steadily refuse to purchase the off-color ditty when published, although all the symptoms have indicated to the listener that it will "catch on."

It is this fact that keeps the price of music up to its present high standard. The lowest price at which a copy of a current comic song can be procured in the ordinary way is £1 4s. If every different song could be guaranteed a success, they could be sold with just as much profit to the publisher, at sixteenpence; but he has to recoup himself for the failures out of the successes.

Like Caesar's wife, the listener should be beyond reproach. In his professional capacity, he is frequently offered bribes to induce him to recommend for publication the songs of an unknown or comparatively new media. A good listener is aware, however, that to be fair to such a proposal is fraught with danger. It may not matter once or twice, perhaps, but when his principals find that he is recommending song after song that turns out to be a "frost," his services are extremely liable to be dispensed with.

Listening is not a business that can readily be taught; it requires a great amount of natural aptitude, and a good listener will not be content to recommend a song after once hearing it. He will journey from end to end of London, watching the reception of the song by the different classes of people who comprise the audience of the East End and West End halls, for a song that will "go like steam" at the Tivoli might fall as flat as a rock at, say, the Queen's, Poplar, or the Star.

Flesh Top as Food.

The flesh top of the palm is used for food and is relished by Europeans and Americans as a salad. The removal of the top for food, however, destroys the tree; it is estimated that 50 per cent. of the young trees are thus destroyed annually. The raffia palm belongs to a long-lived family. After it once fruits, between the twentieth and twenty-fifth year, the long leaf spears are no longer good for the production of raffia fiber, nor is the flesh top good for food. Raffia is one of the most staple of Madagascan products, for practically everyone doing business in Madagascan buys raffia either for speculation or barter. In Tamatave, an important city of the inland, there are several Americans who buy and sell raffia on commission. It is imported free into the United States in its fibrous condition and is sold by the French pound. Seafarers have kept raffia for years for gardening purposes, but basketry has so increased the demand that it is found at many dry goods houses. There are also to be found the rattans used for foundations. They are imported from Japan, and the tapestry needles used for sewing or weaving. This completes the outfit for basket making.

The fad for basket making really began with work in the public schools, with Sloyd, rug weaving and the other crafts. With the beautiful Indian baskets as models it was easy to do, in the way of decoration, much showy work. The pretty results soon attracted the attention of older people and basket making sprang suddenly into favor. The masses of the workers like the flaming colors and combine them into work baskets and waste baskets of varied styles and shapes. But sometimes the artistic spirit prevails and native genius reaches out toward surface embellishment and does not fail to give it charming expression.

No Two Alike.

Basket making has originality, for one seldom sees duplicates; indeed, so original is the work that no two

RAFFIA BASKET MAKING. THE INDUSTRY WITH WHICH SOCIETY IS MUCH ENGAGED.

By a Special Contributor.

THE passion for raffia basket making has grown so rapidly that it has become almost a cult. The society woman is studying basket lore most feverishly, and tries in vain to reproduce all the esthetic outlines of old Indian baskets, those beautiful creations whose decorative elaborations show the beginning of what ethnologists term "racial imagination." It is not easy to counterfeit the technicalities of savage art, the intricate weavings and artistic designs which it has taken centuries to develop; therefore the raffia baskets of today are simple in construction, and, alas, many of them are almost caricatures, for the hideous aniline dyes used produce colors which are a libel on the old Indian art.

The demand for raffia is almost greater than the supply, for the basket fever became suddenly epidemic, before the mercantile houses keeping the grass had any idea of the society craze, and at first they could not understand the large orders that rushed in upon them. Old, young, middle-aged, suddenly began to work feverishly on raffia baskets; there also was a great demand for color. This made a necessity for a great deal of dye work. When the grass comes to this country it is in its natural color, but here it is sent to the dyer, who returns it in the hideous reds, blues, greens, yellows and purples which we see everywhere today. Many workers show no taste in selecting either colors or designs, and so far, very little handiwork has evolved any results that may compare with that of the untutored savage, whose beautifully-wrought baskets show esthetic qualities of mind not often associated with one's ideas of the women of a savage race.

What Raffia Is.

Raffia is the fiber of the palm, Raphia-ruffia, a native of Madagascar, that continental island which is the most prominent feature of the East African Archipelago. This palm grows to a great height along the shores of the rivers, lagoons and marshes, much of it, in fact, the best of it, growing under the water. After the palm reaches the height of seven feet it begins to spread; the natives then cut it, trimming off the spears from the large center rib; from this is made the raffia of commerce.

The fiber is a sort of vegetable covering on the under side of the leaf spear. It is stripped off with a knife; the process is easy and is done by women. The first cutting from the tree proper is done by men. The women do all the stripping and curing. They do about two pounds a day, as the curing is part of the day's work.

The fiber strips are from two to four feet in length. They are spread loosely on mats to dry in the sun. When partly dry they are knotted in one-pound bundles and again hung in the sun for further curing. The bundles must be carefully guarded from dew or rain. Three days are required for curing, but as the fiber is much heavier when wet or green, it is often marketed when cured but one day, the temptation of added weight being too much for the buyer. The fiber turns red if wet in the process of curing, often fermenting in the bulk if not sufficiently dry; each lot must therefore be carefully examined when baled. The preparations for shipment consist of twisting from two to four bundles of the cured fiber into a switch or hank. These are again tied into larger bundles and sold to the traders, natives, Malabars, Creoles, Europeans, Americans. The traders sort the bundles, grade them and bale them into hundred-pound bales. At the seaport these bales are compressed by machinery and bagged. Even then it must be carefully guarded from dampness. The crop of raffia is a continuous one, and is received at the seaports at all times and seasons. It is shipped as soon after its receipt as possible. The natives use the fiber for fish nets, rice winnowers and fine mats.

Flesh Top as Food.

The flesh top of the palm is used for food and is relished by Europeans and Americans as a salad. The removal of the top for food, however, destroys the tree; it is estimated that 50 per cent. of the young trees are thus destroyed annually. The raffia palm belongs to a long-lived family. After it once fruits, between the twentieth and twenty-fifth year, the long leaf spears are no longer good for the production of raffia fiber, nor is the flesh top good for food. Raffia is one of the most staple of Madagascan products, for practically everyone doing business in Madagascan buys raffia either for speculation or barter. In Tamatave, an important city of the inland, there are several Americans who buy and sell raffia on commission. It is imported free into the United States in its fibrous condition and is sold by the French pound. Seafarers have kept raffia for years for gardening purposes, but basketry has so increased the demand that it is found at many dry goods houses. There are also to be found the rattans used for foundations. They are imported from Japan, and the tapestry needles used for sewing or weaving. This completes the outfit for basket making.

The fad for basket making really began with work in the public schools, with Sloyd, rug weaving and the other crafts. With the beautiful Indian baskets as models it was easy to do, in the way of decoration, much showy work. The pretty results soon attracted the attention of older people and basket making sprang suddenly into favor. The masses of the workers like the flaming colors and combine them into work baskets and waste baskets of varied styles and shapes. But sometimes the artistic spirit prevails and native genius reaches out toward surface embellishment and does not fail to give it charming expression.

No Two Alike.

Basket making has originality, for one seldom sees duplicates; indeed, so original is the work that no two

people can make baskets alike, even if they try, and no one duplicates his own work. The rattans used for stuffing give very smooth results, but sometimes other grasses are used which produce artistic effects very dear to the feminine heart. "True feeling" only comes with the making of many baskets, but occasionally "genius burns," and then some gifted creature reaches great heights in originality of design and beautiful workmanship.

After one learns to be a skillful basket maker it is quite easy to make a raffia hat. The raffia hat is very popular and is worn everywhere. During the summer the large millinery houses sold raffia hats in large quantities, the prices running from ten to twenty dollars. But the skillful basket maker may evolve a charming hat out of her inner consciousness and raffia, for about 50 cents. Of course the trimmings may be expensive, but that depends entirely upon the taste of the maker, the fair amateur milliner who may be as skillful with a bit of chiffon and ribbon as she is with the fashioning of the hat itself. The expense, then, is a mere bagatelle compared with the milliner's prices quoted.

Raffia hats are really quite esthetic; they lend themselves readily to coquettish shapes and piquant styles; they are light, will stand any amount of careless handling and do not lose their beauty as the season wanes. In the School of Domestic Science, at the Normal, some very beautiful baskets are being made. Here raffia is not the only material used, but also many native grasses and willows and the long stems of ferns, such as the Indians often use. Here harmony of color is taught and ornamentation in zigzag lines, in diagonal borders and other simple Indian designs.

Realistic Art.

The most realistic designs in savage art, that is, the most common, are the fish teeth, the earth worm, the duck's wing, the lightning, a flock of wild geese and other designs which show reasonable representation. Many are taken from nature and they form a most interesting study to even the most flippant makers of raffia baskets. But to one interested in art, the beginning of a raffia basket is the beginning of a study of a delightful phase of aboriginal art, the development of centuries. One soon begins to study the technicalities of each specimen basket, the weaving, the frame, the methods of coiling and sewing, the decoration and the use. It does not take very long to find in the cunningly-wrought and elaborately-ornamented Indian baskets the strivings after an ideal and an intelligent study of nature. At the same time one is filled with wonderment at the ingenuity and invention which have been taxed to the utmost in discovering the properties of the crude materials from which the baskets have been made, and later to learn how to dress and prepare it for the further invention of complex stitches woven in patterns quite as beautiful as many of the costly fabrics of modern civilization.

But the ordinary maker of raffia baskets does not concern herself with the study of aboriginal art. She makes baskets of brilliantly-dyed raffia, of reds, blues, greens and purples and she finds in her finished labor a result thoroughly satisfying. The more brilliant the color the more satisfying the basket.

Inspiration for the Old.

Old people seem to take readily to this work. "I am teaching my father basket making," one lady said to another, not long since. "Father's eyes are so poor and he gets so tired of reading, half the time he has absolutely nothing to do. It was really an inspiration of mine one day to see if he would not like this work in raffia.

"The dear old fellow took to it as duck does to water. We are making a regular collection of baskets, and we are making presents to all our relations. Father is perfectly indefatigable. I am busy half my time finding new designs for him; he is a perfect driver about turning out work. Really if he were employed by the day he could not work harder."

"Well," replied the other lady, "I, too, am busy in the finding of basket designs, for every one of my girls—you know I have five—has the raffia fever, and we talk baskets by day and dream baskets by night. One of the girls is weaving the Greek fret, pure and simple. Another has the thousand-legged worm design. Amy is giving hers the herring-bone finish in colors of white, black, red and brown. As to the other girls, I am sure I don't recall what they are doing, but I do know they are making a most exhaustive study of Indian basketry. They can refer every specimen they see to its tribal manufacturer, while they know every characteristic of all the highest types of weaving."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the first lady. "I hope father won't go in for art."

Baskets are to be found today in drawing-room, office and shop. Everywhere is raffia work, the lady of leisure, the typewriter, the society bud, the school girl, all have the fever. Who knows whether it is a fad or whether it will become an industry?

E. H. ENDERLEIN.

A SELF-LIGHTING CIGAR.

An inventor, who is evidently wearied of the many fruitless attempts to light a cigar in a windy street, has invented a combustible tip, which is intended to do away with the use of matches. The tip is composed of a mixture of ground glass, saltpeter, potassium chlorate and gum arabic. This mass is molded into a cap on the end of a cigar, and a frictional lighter, such as that used on the tips of matches, is placed on the surface of the cap. When the igniter is scratched, the cap burns freely and cannot be extinguished by an ordinary wind. The combustion fuses the ground glass and renders the cap incandescent. The fused glass forms an air-proof cover on the end of the cigar and prevents any of the fumes from entering the tobacco, so that no unpleasant taste results.—[Boston Transcript.]

A RUSTIC CONCLUSION.

"Well, well," remarked Farmer Korntop at the zoo, "this here lion 'pears to be real good-natured."

"Mebbe," suggested his good wife, "it's one of them social lions ye read about in the papers"—[Philadelphia Press.]

October 26, 1902.]

demanding that all immigrants shall come to the United States unless they have certificates that neither consume nor degenerate of any character are held from which they sprang.

The landable action may be like his stable door after his horse mischief done, cannot well be remedied should have been prohibited a

It is time we set about the work of ignorance, crime, insanity, pauperism

employment of children by the thousand mills is a glaring injustice.

It is a waste of time, money and

ameliorate the condition of the despised compulsory education. Compulsory hi

more effective and no more arbitrary.

We must take humanity as we find it.

Crime, etc., stalk like a pestilence at

large cities. How to overcome the

call for profound legislative thought

prohibition of pauper immigration is

direction, but only one.

The hibernating practices of the Russ

not a palliative remedy. In the light

philosophers (as Touchstone would tell

the way open, for a mere nominal sum

or the insane, diseased, vicious, and

the winter months—and that, too,

comfort to the subjects of whatever

The peasants of Russia choose pro

tection care or expense) to months of s

anger and toil. The hypnotizing me

wards of Thibet, would produce the sa

lutions on human beings, as on their flocks

of suspended animation the re

increasingly large class, that in childh

in mills, sweat shops, coal mines, etc.

one-half. The ranks of those w

recks of humanity fill our insane as

hospitals, etc., would diminish in the

adage, "An ounce of prevention is

more," is applicable to crime, ignorance, etc., as to disease. If the destit

uancy comprehended the philos

do the oriental magi, and would a

old farewell to every care and woe th

H. S.

LONDON LEADS THE WAY

We hear a great deal nowadays about the progress of Americans, and especially the progress of the rest of the world in journalism, but it has remained for old London to be the first to make which some shrewd observers have

This English editor lately astonished

the following notice at the top

columns:

No manuscript not typed will be even

has therefore come to this, that is

at one great newspaper a poor article

written will receive more attention than

which is written with the pen. In fact

the editor announces, will receive no at

The rapid growth in popularity of

which among authors has been lar

gated preference of editors for typ

cripts.—[New York Times.]

ROUGH ON RATS!

Live rats, a keg of nails, a glass of

water will be used in the test to determine

the tower elevator in the Philadelphia

which will be made within a few

of dropping the cage from the top

air cushion, a distance of 372 feet is

ated that it will, when thus released

of 256 feet a second. The eggs are

on the keg of nails. The rats (in

eggs not cracked and the rats are no

the test will be considered a pos

tical Star.

A CALIFORNIA VERSION

of melancholy days are come, the sun

be not that, but listen while I

car:

there is no such a time for us, who have

wailing winds and naked woods" on

sing.

gaze upon our meadows; they're

brown and sere."

They're green as God can make them, al

way all the year.

There are the flowers, the fair young

lately sprung and stood,

brighter light and softer airs, a beauti

look around and see them, for their

heads,

smile with very joyousness from o

earth beds;

greet another all the day they whisper

the gentle zephyrs with a sw

know not of the blizzard's blast, n

er's snow,

know not "cold November rains,"

make them grow,

to here to show their loveliness to t

them dear,

haven't got one thing to dread, the

make them fear;

If we see one weeping, or should see

now 'tis mourning for the ones that

diseased" aliens must be excluded from the

E. W.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION

A NOTED PHYSICIAN'S STARTLING VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE Magazine department of the Sunday Times of September 7, I read an article, headed "Death by Electrocution," which assumes that apparent death is often deceptive.

Dunglison's Medical Dictionary affirms that there is no positive proof of death in the absence of decomposition.

A popular author on diagnosis states that suspended animation (from whatever cause) is liable to be mistaken for absolute death.

Dr. Gibson of Syracuse, N. Y., entertained the idea that electrocution often leaves the victim in a comatose condition that may be mistaken for death; and to prove his faith in his convictions, he proposed to the Governor of the Empire State, to demonstrate the fact, if he would grant him the privilege of experimenting on a subject awaiting electrocution in Sing Sing. The proposition was met in the usual spirit of supercilious disdain; the Governor assuming that if the attending physician rendered a verdict of death, that was conclusive, beyond a peradventure.

Now I assume, without fear of successful contradiction, that the only thing that the most astute physician knows with certainty, when brought face to face with the counterfeit of death, is that he knows nothing with certainty. From evidence presented that the usual high voltage currents do not kill linemen and motormen (who have been pronounced dead and afterward resuscitated,) the electrocution of criminals, and their burial, involve too much of uncertainty to be lightly disposed of on the ipso dixit of any doctor. Decomposition is the test, and let that decide the problem.

In an article over my signature, published in the Times Magazine, September 14, on the death of Edgar Allan Poe, a cataleptic, I called attention to the danger of live burial. Analogous conditions caused by electrocution, might lead, and often do, to the same direful results.

Compulsory Hibernation of Animals.

There are phenomena in connection with the lower and higher forms of life, such as their endurance under total deprivation of food, water and air, that are seldom published in a compiled form; and as suspended animation (from whatever cause) is an analogous condition to the counterfeit of death that often follows electrocution, I will cite a few facts, showing that compulsory hibernation of every form of animate life is among the possibilities.

The British Medical Journal is the authority for the statement that it is a general practice among Russian peasants, in the province of Pskov, to hibernate during the winter months. Not having food enough to sustain life through the whole year, they adopt the economical expedient of spending one-half of it in sleep. At the first fall of snow the whole family lie down, cease to wrestle with the problem of existence, and quietly go to sleep. After six months of this repose, they wake up, and go out to see if any of them can see their own shadow (as does the woodchuck,) and, by and by, set out to work at summer tasks.

Total abstinence from all food, and burial withal in an immense snowdrift, for fifty days, was the alleged experience of a Russian girl whose home was at Bogorodsk, in the province of Moscow, published in a Russian medical journal. I have it on trustworthy authority that in the very severe winter of 1830-31, in Joe Daviess county, Ill., hogs and sheep were buried for months in snowdrifts; their whereabouts unknown to their owners, which in the spring came forth from their hibernation, healthy, and with but small loss of flesh, as did the Russian girl just mentioned.

Prof. Bernard, a French physiologist, cites the case of a hog confined in a pen, in the foot of one of the chalk cliffs of Dover, Eng., that was buried beneath 160 feet of chalk, the result of one of those immense slides so common among the cliffs. It required 140 days to remove the loose chalk, and great was the surprise of the workmen, on reaching the pen, to find the hog still alive, with a vigorous squeal, and the curl still in its tail.

The live burial of a steer in a straw stack, near Syracuse, N. Y., furnishes evidence of the powers of animal endurance, deprived of water, food and air. This history, in brief, is as follows: A number of cattle were feeding from the straw that was being formed into a stack from the elevator of a thrashing machine. Intent on feeding, one of the younger animals was buried in the straw, and there it remained from September till the following April, its owner supposing it had been stolen or gone astray. Cattle fed at the stack all the winter, and in the spring ate an opening through to the prisoner. The steer was rescued, in good flesh, and otherwise normal after months of hibernation.

I have in my collection, the experience of a horse in hibernating. The animal apparently died, and was buried temporarily in the manure pile, awaiting the convenience of the equine undertaker. A few days elapsed before the man put in an appearance. A chain was placed around the neck of the supposed cadaver, and a team attached thereto. At the first pull, the supposed corpse made vigorous motions with its tail, showing that it was very much alive. The animal was covered sufficiently deep to preclude all possibility of breathing. It was a case of suspended animation, such as often follows electrocution. In a few days that horse was seen on the street hauling garbage.

Tom Howe, living near Tuscola, Ill., was a few years ago the owner of a sheep that was buried under a straw stack for sixty days, under circumstances that precluded all possibility of its obtaining water, food or air, and which, on being released, had sufficient strength to outrun its pursuers.

The shepherds of Thibet spend much of their leisure

time hypnotizing their flocks, at which they are adepts, as much so as the snake charmers of India are adepts in their line. At one time, a large steamer was loaded with sheep in a condition of suspended animation, for a voyage to England, it being contemplated to engage in a commercial enterprise of that character. The awakening of the sheep out of their long hibernation was witnessed by a large crowd of people near London. The success of the enterprise from the time of their shipment to disembarkation was complete; but it was found that the sheep did not acclimate well, and therefore the enterprise was abandoned.

A Hibernating Cat.

A Lynn, Mass., paper published the story of suspended animation of a cat in an ash pit in the basement of the old Newhall House, which was burned November 26, 1891. In brief, it may be stated as follows: It was decided to rebuild the house on the old site. Men were set to work to remove the debris that had fallen into the basement. They had reached the ash pit of the oven, the door of which had been broken. The man was greatly astonished to see a cat (badly singed) stagger out and escape. The cat was seen by several of the workmen. Eighty-five days had elapsed since the fire, and the cat coming out alive and from a place where it was impossible for it to gain access to food, air or water, furnishes proof that even a cat can hibernate under compulsion.

A Hen Buried.

From Tomkinsville, Ky., comes the story of an old hen that was buried in the debris of a barn, seventy days. It belonged to Sam McPherson, near Mount Hermon. The barn was blown down by a furious cyclone, that passed over the northern part of Monroe county, June 20, 1891, and was literally torn to pieces. The debris was not removed until September. On removing some of the wreckage, out jumped an old hen, and pounced upon the first thing eatable that came in sight. On making calculations, it was found that she had been confined in her prison for seventy days. Nothing daunted by her imprisonment, she had laid an egg and hatched a chicken, as the bones left in the place of confinement revealed.

A Gold Fish Story.

A lady in Cleveland, O., fearing injury to her carpets from a leaky aquarium, had it conveyed to a porch. During the night suddenly the temperature fell below zero, and the water in the aquarium froze to the extent that the goldfish contained therein were motionless as in death. The lady, ignorant of the fact that her pets were immune to intense cold, real could be frozen stiff and still retain life for a long period, seeing them sepulchred in their crystal casket, gave no further thought to her misfortune.

The aquarium remained on the porch for several months, exposed to the frosts of an unusually severe winter. To the surprise and great delight of the lady, when the vernal season came, with its sunshine and flowers, the little aquatic beauties came forth from their long winter repose, as frolicsome as before their experience in their icy tomb.

It were easy to multiply cases of hibernation in animals not classed as such; but those already cited will subserve my purpose. They conclusively prove that the usual high voltage currents as used in electrocution are of questionable worth, as a means to an end, and therefore should be abolished and some means less uncertain substituted. I take the position that animals that remain in a condition of suspended animation for long periods, hibernate. In normal conditions of animal life, air is an absolute necessity. In all the cases cited—with the exception of the hen—the supply of air was not available; proof that the oxygenation and carbonization of the blood was suspended, as were all the functions of the body as a sequence. How can phenomena of this character be accounted for, is the question for doctors to answer who so flippantly render a verdict of death in all cases of electrocution?

There are but few physicians who will admit that the heart's action can be suspended longer than five minutes; in fact, a number of authorities are on record as stating that a failure of respiration for that length of time is a sure sign of absolute death. But in cases of suspended animation, from whatever cause, I ignore authorities (as I did in my forty days' fast,) and recognize facts only, that cannot and do not lie.

Feats of Orientals.

The cases cited are no more marvelous than the strange and apparently inexplicable oriental feats of burying alive. During the tour of the Prince of Wales—now King Edward—through India, the high-caste fakirs evidently tried to outdo themselves, and how well they succeeded can be inferred from the report of Magician Kelkar, who stated that thirty years' experience as a professional magician did not enable him to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the achievements of the highest class of Hindoo magicians. He is certain—from his experiments—aided with a camera—that their burying-alive feats are such a perfect counterfeit of death that no physician, however astute, can detect so much as a technical difference.

The live burial of a Yogi was seen by William H. Seward of the United States, King Edward, Gen. Ventura, Sir Claude Wade and Col. Julius Medley. The burial witnessed by Ventura and Wade was for a period sufficiently long for a crop of barley to mature on the grave. That witnessed by Col. Medley and staff was for a period of forty days, the graves being guarded in the strictest manner by British soldiers, the tomb walled up with solid masonry, etc. At the end of forty days the buried man's confreres exhumed and resuscitated him. Still later we have the authoritative statement of Archibald C. Lewellyn, a sturdy Briton, who, having been an eyewitness to a live burial, states that the remarkable power of the oriental adepts to bury themselves for months has not been exaggerated in the least. He says: "When I first went to India, some years ago, like every other white man, I was absolutely incredulous as to the ability of any man on earth to be hermetically sealed in a box, and buried underground for six months, or even six hours for that matter. One day my dhingha

told me of a fakir who could perform the ceremony, and by dint of a great deal of ceremony, and by dint of a great deal of ceremony, we set about the task of burying the yellow man. He was not a very lovable object, but an accessory to a murder as we lowered him into the trench in my garden, and heard the plunk of his coffin. I put a white guard over that grave, and day, for six months. At the end of that time the officers of our mens, and we dug him up. We had seen Moses resurrected, if Julius Caesar was down Pennsylvania avenue, I would not have been astonished that I was when I saw that fakir. Three hours he was fully recovered, and was the praises of Buddha."

Incredible as the statements of Lewellyn may seem, and surprising as were the revelations of the medical literati of Europe and this country, as are forty-days' fasts, which were declared "twenty years since."

How Long Can a Person Remain Comatose?

Only the records of eternity can reveal the time a person can thus remain comatose; by soul sleepers—it is claimed until the "Judea."

The Quincy (Ill.) Herald, a few years ago, particulars of a strange and, to the ordinary person, mysterious phenomenon concerning the grave of the grave. It stated that twenty-one years ago, an apparently lifeless body of Miss Flora Hume was found in St. Paul, Minn., to Colchester and buried in Argyle cemetery, and that recently the coffin was disinterred, and that on being opened it was found that the body had escaped the usual ravages of time to the extent that the features were

ing that all immigrants shall be denied admission to the United States unless they can present certificates that neither consumption, idiocy, crime, or degeneracy of any character are hereditary in the family from which they sprang.

Their hasty action may be likened to the man who closed his stable door after his horse was stolen. The time is past, cannot well be remedied. The class men should have been prohibited a century since. It is time we set about the work of repairing the misfortune, crime, insanity, pauperism, etc., at home. The employment of children by the thousands in southern cotton mills is a glaring injustice that calls loudly for social action, as much so as foreign immigration.

It is a waste of time, money and energy to attempt to improve the condition of the desperately poor, by compulsory education. Compulsory hibernation would be more effective and no more arbitrary than the other. We must take humanity as we find it. Want, ignorance, vice, etc., stalk like pestilence at noonday, in all our great cities. How to overcome the evils is a question calling for profound legislative thought and action. The promotion of pauper immigration is a step in the right direction, but only one.

The hibernating practices of the Russian peasants suggest a palliative remedy. In the light of these natural philosophers (as Touchstone would term them,) we see the way open, for a mere nominal sum per capita, to care for the insane, diseased, vicious, and impecunious—during the winter months—and that, too, without injury or discomfiture to the subjects of whatever age.

The peasants of Russia choose prolonged sleep (free from care or expense) to months of suffering from cold, hunger and toil. The hypnotizing methods of the shepherds of Tibet, would produce the same beneficent results on human beings, as on their flocks, and during the season of suspended animation the reproduction of the amazingly large class, that in childhood drift into cotton mills, sweat shops, coal mines, etc., would be delayed one-half.

The ranks of those who eventually (as regards humanity) fill our insane asylums, almshouses, hospitals, etc., would diminish in the same ratio. The old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is applicable to crime, ignorance, insanity, pauperism, etc., as to disease. If the destitute coal miners of Pennsylvania comprehended the philosophy of hibernation as do the oriental magi, and would submit to it, they, no doubt, would have been exhausted and entombed for them to find food and water, and a few days later restored them to health.

Adieu to every care and wipe their weeping eyes." H. S. TANNER, M.D.

LONDON LEADS THE WAY.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the progressive Americans, and especially the position away out of the rest of the world occupied by American journalism, but it has remained for an editor in old London to be the first to make an announcement which some shrewd observers have lately come to accept.

The English editor lately astonished his readers by doing the following notice at the top of his editorial column:

"No manuscript not typed will be even considered." It has therefore come to this, that in the office of at least one great newspaper a poor article that is typed will receive more attention than a good article which is written with the pen. In fact, the latter, as editor-anounces, will receive no attention at all.

The rapid growth in popularity of the typewriting machine among authors has been largely due to the marked preference of editors for typewritten manuscripts.—[New York Times.]

ROUGH ON RATS!

Live rats, a keg of nails, a glass of water and fresh eggs will be used in the test to determine the safety of the lower elevator in the Philadelphia City Hall. The test, which will be made within a few weeks, will consist of dropping the cage from the top of the tower to the air cushion, a distance of 372 feet 9 inches. It is calculated that it will, when thus released, travel at the rate of 200 feet a second. The eggs and water will be laid on the keg of nails. The rats (in a trap) will be on the floor beside the keg. If the water is not spilled, the rats are cracked and the rats are not dead after the test will be considered a positive success.—[Philadelphia Star.]

A CALIFORNIA VERSION.

"Melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

"I did not that, but listen while I whisper in your ear: there is no such a time for us, who have eternal spring, sailing winds and naked woods" our poets never sang upon our meadows; they're not "meadows brown and sere," as green as God can make them, and they're that way all the year.

"There are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that only sprung and stood, brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?" look around and see them, for they still hold up their heads,

"With smile with very joyousness from out their warm beds;

"Another all the day they whisper of their bliss, meet the gentle zephyrs with a sweetly fragrant kiss."

"They know not of the blizzard's blast, nor of the winter's snow,

"They know not "cold November rains," but those that make them grow,

"I'm here to show their loveliness to those who hold them dear,

"I haven't got one thing to dread, there's naught to cause them fear;

"If we see one weeping, or should see one droop its head,

"'Tis mourning for the ones that in the East are dead.

F. W. M'INTOSH.

FORTUNE TELLING.

HALLOWEEN AN OCCASION FOR FORECASTING THE FUTURE.

By a Special Contributor.

IN ANCIENT times, when All Saints' eve saw the gathering of the clans for the celebration of one of the four great festivals of the year, the young people looked upon Halloween as the season for playing certain rustic pranks and many harmless games, customs varying in different localities; but at the present time, the night of October 31 is remembered rather differently. To the merry-maker it suggests many delightfully uncanny witcheries and wizard pranks; but, most of all, it is regarded as the time set apart to forecast the future.

To those not averse to fortune telling by cards the present Halloween is full of pleasant possibilities, for the Goddess of Destiny, Ananke, according to the calendar of the superstitious, was in a very amiable mood when she arranged October of this year; she bestowed therein three signs—auspicious auguries to those who should come seeking favors of her through mystic rites; she gave it two luck hampers—new moons; one to begin the month, and—wonder of wonders—another to begin the day. Moreover, she placed Halloween on Friday; and the faithful know that Friday is the most fortunate day of all days for card reading.

Of course anyone can deal out and read the soothsayer's own cards, whereon are set forth ample wish-bones, intelligent foxes and immense bells, but the very presence of the pictures anticipates the result, detracting greatly from the pleasure of the mystery, and far more charmingly unexpected and intricate vistas with sure-to-come-true events are offered in a pack of ordinary playing cards. The Oracle of Sibyl may easily memorize the meanings attached to each of these cards; and with a little ingenious skill in picking up connective threads and in weaving them smoothly into the points revealed she may afford no end of interest and amusement at the Halloween gathering.

A few inexpensive adjuncts, such as a staff, a long cloak and hood, elf-locks and a little facial make-up with stage paint or a mask will add prestige to the Sibyl's power; and she is to be propitiated only by the crossing of her palm with a bit of silver—a dime will suffice the gods; also, nothing but a stocking foot ever held an oracle's fees.

The following method of dealing cards and meanings ascribed was given by a card-seer of French ancestry, handed to her through generations of card-seers reaching back to the time of the fateful Man of Destiny. To deal the cards, the dealer, or oracle, runs the cards over face up and removes the ace of hearts. This card is the personal card and stands for the client and his or her house. Turning the deck face down, she hands it to the client, who shuffles the cards thoroughly; then, while the oracle holds her left forefinger on the house card, the client makes a wish, and cuts three times, with the left hand, placing the cut under the rest each time.

Next, the oracle takes the deck, and deals them out, face up, in this manner: Taking from the top of the deck, the first card is slipped under the house card, and means what crosses you; the next one is laid over it to shield you; and the rest of the cards necessary to the reading are taken from the top also, and placed around the house card, row after row, so as to form four lines of seven cards in each line, making a horizontal line, an upright, and two diagonal or cross lines, altogether forming a star with the house card in the center.

To read the fortune: Start from the ray points and run to the house card. Beginning with the upper left diagonal point and going down and around in routine they read: Upper left-hand card line—what is coming to you through sun or rain. Left horizontal card—coming from the west; lower left, diagonal card—treasures from the earth; bottom card—from the south; lower right diagonal card—from over the sea; right horizontal card—coming from the east; upper diagonal card—what the wind will blow to you; and the top card is what will come from the north. The card next below the house card is what lifts you up; the one above, holds you down; the card next it on the right of the house hurries you on; and the one immediately behind it pulls you back.

Two cards of any denomination promise a surprise; three cards of a kind bode astonishing news, good or ill, governed by the predominating color; and four of a kind convoy the event of life. Hearts indicate social life; diamonds present sanguine prospects; clubs refer to business, and spades harbor a somber aspect. The jack is supposed to allude to a young man and the king to an older one, generally a married man. Diamonds, in face cards, stand for pronounced blondes; hearts for semi-blondes, clubs for mixed types generally, and spades mark jet black eyes and hair.

The meanings of the cards were given thus: The ace of hearts, the personal card; and the client's house. The deuce of hearts seeks a kiss, with the five of hearts means a lover; the three of hearts concerns a relative; the four of hearts signifies the house of a friend or a strange bed; the five of hearts hints of gay company, flirtation; and the six of hearts directs toward a short journey. The seven of hearts is a surprise from a friend; the eight of hearts insinuates frivolity, a feast with jesting, or where wine is served; the nine of hearts is the wish card; and the ten of hearts proclaims a proposal or a wedding.

The ace of diamonds indicates a ring; the two of diamonds apprises one of a visit from a stranger; the three of diamonds foretells good news, surprise, invitation; the four of diamonds points out a journey to foreign lands, and the five of diamonds alludes to children. The six of diamonds announces a card party or excursion; the seven of diamonds brings an unexpected sum of money; the eight of diamonds marks a parcel; the nine of diamonds betokens a gift of jewels; the ten of diamonds vouches for a fortune, inheritance.

The ace of clubs bears a letter; the deuce of clubs sug-

gests a small space of water or tears; the three of clubs foreshadows a slight mistake; the four of clubs denotes any wheeled vehicle, a bicycle, carriage, railway car or automobile; the five of clubs prognosticates an offer—business, trade, letters, love—governed by the card following it. The six of clubs suggests diplomacy—eating and drinking on a business trip; the seven of clubs is the harbinger of a very lucky deal. The eight of clubs is the luckiest card in the pack; when standing between the personal card and hearts it brings reconciliation of loved ones after an estrangement; if between diamonds, then great honor is to be conferred, or received; if between spades, it shows a way of escape from great trouble. The nine of clubs means property, real estate; and the ten of clubs sets forth a serious argument either upon a social, religious, educational or financial subject of great import.

The ace of spades represents the ocean, any large body of water, or a steamer, ship or other water craft; but if reversed, it presages a death; the two of spades bodes a coffin; the three of spades predicts a voyage of disappointment, crosses; the four of spades stands for a sick bed; the five of spades intimates drunkenness, and the six of spades is the sign of anger, vexation. The seven of spades is equivalent to a quarrel; the eight of spades means jealous gossip, disturbance, a false friend. The nine of spades is the unluckiest card, the card of ill-omen; if standing between the personal card and clubs it foretells bankruptcy; if between diamonds, treachery; if hearts, it warns one of slander. The ten of spades heralds an immense business transaction, or involves one in the illness of some one at a distance.

To learn whether the client will get her, or his, wish the oracle runs over the discarded deck and takes out the wish-card, that is, if it does not appear in the client's fortune cards, but if it is there already, she then asks the client to select a card at random, the deck being held face down, and, after mixing the new card and the fortune cards, the client shuffles and cuts three times, as at first; and the oracle deals them out as before. If the extra card, or the left-over, is the wish card, then it does "not come true," but if it appears in the fortune, it comes true very soon or not, depending on its position to the house card.

HELEN HOWARD.

MEN WITH WAISTS.

INDICATIONS POINT TO THEIR BECOMING FASHIONABLE AGAIN.

[London Daily Mail:] Gentlemen of comfortable girth will learn with something approaching dismay that "waists" are now indispensable, if they would be regarded as well-dressed.

For over half a century waists have been an almost unknown quantity among men. Their studied cultivation has been limited to the sex whom they suit best. But now fashion has issued the flat that the masculine waist must be compressed and that hips must be padded!

The situation is beset with obvious difficulties. Men have ignored their waists. They have been allowed to develop, within limits, at their own will. Then suddenly the order is issued that a slim, genteel meridian is absolutely requisite for the proper wearing of autumn and winter clothing! Let him expend never so lavishly in tailors' bills no man can hope to be stylishly attired if his waist does not taper triangle fashion from the shoulders.

West End tailors have had an anxious, worrying time since the new order was promulgated, and many gentlemen of athletic disposition, despite their invisible waists, have tried to discover the identity of the men who originated what they naturally regard as an insensate and ridiculous fashion. Others of a more practical turn of mind have visited the corsetiers!

The fashion amounts to a return to the days of the dandies. Men paid a great deal of attention to their waists and wore padded hips in the first year or two of Queen Victoria's reign. The same is required of them in the coronation year of Edward VII.

Mr. Vincent, the president of the Tailor and Cutter Association, who knows to a stitch what is "the correct thing" in male attire, confirmed the report.

"The nipping in of the waist and the padding of hips," he said, "will be most required when dress clothes or overcoats are worn. To a less degree the tendency is the same in all kinds of coats. Lounge jackets are being made with a seam down the back, so as to closely encompass the waist. The top buttons of the frock coat are left unfastened. This appears to add to the slimness of the waist."

"The new style is a vigorous rebound from what has prevailed in recent years. Then clothes were made to fit straight and loosely. The waist was obliterated, and therefore did not count. Now no man can flatter himself that he is sartorially perfect unless he has a nice slim waist. The latter is accentuated where evening clothes or heavy overcoats are worn by the padding of the hips."

"The padding, however, must be confined to the hips. None must appear in the shoulders as it did in those of the early Victorian dandies. Slimness must be aimed at all round."

In the matter of ease and hygiene, Mr. Vincent would not admit that a moderately compressed waist was either uncomfortable or unhealthy.

"Indeed," he added, "it is a question whether a very loosely-fitting jacket is not less comfortable than one that fits tightly."

But this is a secondary consideration to the men who like to be well dressed, and yet mourn a departed and irrecoverable waist.

Men are not alone, however, in reverting to the fashions of our parents.

The writer noticed in Paris recently that the Parisienne is again wearing the chignon—a greatly improved and glorified form of that ancient coiffure, but, nevertheless, an unmistakable chignon, though experts in hairdressing call it "the low coiffure." The style has been seen in England, and it is believed that by Christmas men with nipped waists and padded hips will walk side by side with ladies who have fully adopted the new chignon.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Hetty Green's Revenge.

YEAR or so before the death of Collis P. Huntington, the railway magnate, Hetty Green's schedule of grievances against that power in the financial world reached a point where she felt that she must have revenge.

At this time Mr. Huntington was borrowing money freely with which to carry on some large deals that were still several weeks short of their culmination. Hetty Green knew this. She also knew the bank where most of Mr. Huntington's loans were negotiated. She began depositing in that bank, and presently her balance amounted to more than \$1,600,000.

One day, when she had satisfied herself that Huntington was still borrowing from her bank, and that his big deals were still in the ticklish stage, she called on one of the active officers of the concern, wearing a very long face.

"Mr. Stewart," she said, "I've come to get my money." "When do you want it?" asked the wary banker, thinking hard.

"Now, if you please. And I don't want a check; I want it in cash."

"But, Mrs. Green, this is very unusual. It is the business of the bank to loan money, not to keep it piled up in vaults. A million and a half withdrawn without notice—well, it is just a trifle out of the ordinary. What is the matter, Mrs. Green?"

"Well, Mr. Stewart, I am an old woman, and I feel uneasy. I hear you have been making some rather doubtful loans—"

"Not a word of truth in it, Mrs. Green," interrupted the banker. "Every one of our loans is gilt-edged."

"But I am uneasy, just the same. I can't help it, Mr. Stewart. I want my money—in cash, please."

"Is there no other way, Mrs. Green?" The banker was beginning to prespire.

"Well, while I'm waiting you might let me look over your balance sheet, Mr. Stewart."

"Impossible, madam. That is against all the rules of banking. What particular loans do you object to?"

"I'd rather not say, Mr. Stewart. They may be all right, but I'm uneasy. So give me my money—no check, please; let me have it in cash."

Hetty Green got her money on the spot in all kinds of bills. It made so large a bundle that she had to borrow one of the bank's messengers to carry it for her to the safe deposit vaults where she had already secured a box to receive it.

Another messenger was dispatched post haste to Mr. Huntington's office. During the next hour there was tremendous excitement in financial circles over rumors that Collis P. Huntington had gone to smash. As a matter of fact he probably never had a narrower escape. —[Unidentified.]

Lost His Bet.

FOUR men in a Philadelphia restaurant, who had been shooting in Jersey, were telling their experiences the other day. Three had successfully evaded paying a license fee under the new law, and chuckled at their smartness. When it came to the last man, he said:

"I paid the license, but I thought it a mean game, and did my level best to get square—not by shooting extra birds, for I never kill more than I want, but by having some fun with the game wardens. I took along with me a man who is one of the best sprinters in the country. I gave him the license to carry and my instructions. When the first spotter hove in sight my man dropped his gun and ran, with the warden close at his heels. He ran for a good half mile, and then dropped exhausted, and he was caught."

"You'll have to come along with me," said the warden. "What for?"

"Shooting reed birds."

"Ain't shot any."

"But you have a gun."

"Well?"

"That's the same thing."

"How?"

"Oh, come off! You know you can't come over here shooting without a license, whether you get any birds or not."

"But I've got a license."

"What?" screamed the warden.

"That's what," and he pulled the license out of his pocket.

"What the devil did you give me such a chase for, and a license in your pocket?"

"That man over there," said he, pointing to me, "bet me a dollar that I couldn't beat you running—and I've lost." —[Newark (N. J.) News.]

• • •

Why She Consented.

THERE is one little girl in Washington who recently gave her parents an exhibition of her nature for which they were totally unprepared. The child was cross-eyed, and her affliction was a source of extreme annoyance to herself and family. An oculist was consulted, who advised an operation to remedy the defect, and so it was decided to take the little one to a hospital in Baltimore. The utmost secrecy was observed in the matter. Miss Annie had once made a great fuss about having a tooth pulled, and, of course, it was to be expected that she would enter serious objections to an operation on her eye.

She was taken to Baltimore under the impression that she was going on a pleasure trip with her father and mother. When they arrived at the hospital the mother took her daughter in her lap, and nervously bunched the real object of the trip. She set forth in all

its triple horror the embarrassment which is the lot of the cross-eyed person, stating that the trouble would increase as she grew older.

"Now, Annie," she said finally, "we have brought you over here to have your eyes straightened. It won't hurt you at all. Wouldn't you like to have your eyes like other people's?"

"You just bet I would," exclaimed Annie, to the astonishment of the others. "You can go ahead and do anything you want, and I don't care how much it hurts. I'm just sick and tired of having a pack of colored boys spit into their hats and cross their fingers every time they meet me."

The operation was performed forthwith, and the young lady has as good a pair of eyes as anybody in Washington. —[Washington Post.]

Moral Suasion a Failure.

SHE seems to have abandoned her moral suasion ideas relative to the training of children.

"She has."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, I was largely instrumental in bringing about the change. You see, she has no children of her own and I grew weary of her constant preaching and theorizing, so I loaned her our Willie."

"Loaned her your boy?"

"Precisely. She was to have him a week on her solemn promise to confine herself entirely to moral suasion."

"Did she keep her promise?"

"She did, but at the expiration of the week she came to me with tears in her eyes and pleaded for permission to whale him just once." —[Brooklyn Eagle.]

In a Dentist's Chair.

BURLINGTON young man, well known in legal circles there, gives an amusing account of his sensations while in a dentist's chair, under the influence of gas.

"Through a window in front of the chair," he says, "I could see a tall chimney. As the dentist began to administer the gas, this chimney began to spin round, slowly at first, but gradually increasing the speed and size of its revolutions until all I could see was a dizzy blue. All of a sudden it stood still, then exploded with a crash, scattering bricks in every direction. One of them hit me in the head and I went to sleep. When I awoke the dentist was standing over me with a glass of water in his hand."

"Swallow it," he said.

"What?" I gasped, 'the brick?'" —[Newark (N. J.) News.]

A Story of Bootjack Days

WELL-KNOWN lawyer and writer, a resident of Oneida county, who has long since passed away, used to tell a joke on himself. His story was to the effect that he called for a bootjack at a country hotel at which he stopped. Now, this lawyer and writer had very large feet, and the hostler to whom he made the request, after casting a glance at the big boots, exclaimed: "Why, man, it isn't a bootjack you want for those! You need the fork of the road!" —[Utica Observer.]

An Ohio Campaign Incident.

ILL Ohio is taking a generous interest in the circus campaign of Tom L. Johnson, who is ambitious for Democratic preferment. In discussing the situation the other day, Dr. E. W. Sullivan of Cleveland, a well-known Ohio Democrat, told several stories of other strenuous campaigns in the Buckeye State.

"I will never forget," he said, "a stumping tour which the late Gen. William H. Gibson made many years ago, when he was State Treasurer. A short time before the campaign opened a shortage was discovered in the Treasurer's office. It was clearly traced to a previous administration, and really added to Gen. Wilson's reputation for integrity."

"He was to speak one night in a small town in Western Ohio, and got an unusually generous reception—brass bands, crowded hall, cheering, and all that sort of thing."

"I've been wondering ever since I came to your city," he said, by way of beginning, "what the Republican Campaign Committee meant by sending me here. You are all Republicans here. I want to go where there are Democrats to convert."

"He paused and surveyed the audience.

"I don't believe there is a single Democrat in this crowded hall!" he shouted.

"There was a dead silence.

"I'll give \$5 to each and every Democrat who will admit it!" cried the general.

"A big Irishman in the rear of the hall arose, and in a mighty voice howled:

"I'm a Dimmyocrat, an' faith, I don't care who knows it."

"So you're a Democrat," said the general.

"I am," howled the son of Erin.

"Then come forward and get your \$5."

"I don't want your money, man," returned the Irishman. "Put it back in the treasury what you stole it from."

"The general, in telling the story (and he appreciated the joke enough to tell it often,) said that the meeting which followed was the only unsuccessful one of his trip." —[New York Tribune.]

An Ancient Legend.

ANCIENT legend tells us that the angel on guard at the door of heaven was once asked by an inquisitive passer-by if more married or more single women passed through.

"More married ones," he promptly answered.

"Indeed," said the questioner, who was a man. "Their husbands' virtues, of course, admitted them. That was right. The stronger should aid the weak."

"No," replied the angel; "that is not the reason."

"Then what is it?"

"Well, if you must know," said the angel, confiden-

tially, "we pass them first on their own merits; lots of 'em get through that way. Then when we can't find any other recommendation for a married woman it is written against her name, 'These are they which have come up out of great tribulation,' and the gates fly open." —[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Both Were Shocked.

LITTLE ELSIE was a faithful attendant at Sunday-school, and had listened earnestly when plans for a coming Christian Endeavor convention were discussed, her interest increasing to enthusiasm over the mysterious affair when she learned that her auntie was to attend as a delegate.

Coming into the library one day, auntie saw the little maid busily engaged in writing a letter to a cousin with whom she kept up a juvenile correspondence. She scrawled industriously for a moment, then stopped. There was a puzzled expression on her fat, ink-stained face, as she dangled her short legs and wriggled uncomfortably on her high perch.

"Auntie," she said, "how do you spell 'devil'?"

"Oh, Elsie," said her auntie, "I am shocked! Why are you using such a word as that in your letter? Nice little girls never say such things!"

It was Elsie's turn to be shocked.

"Why, auntie," she cried, "I'm only telling her about the Christian and devil convention!" —[Ida L. Pifer, in Harper's Magazine, for October.]

He Had Met Them.

MARICE BARRYMORE, actor, who is dying slowly of paresis, is a man who never slept so long as there were entertaining companions ready to talk and listen, a man who was never at a loss for an answer. If his witlessness were collected they would fill a book and lose half their charm. Probably he never uttered many of the clever things attributed to him, but there never was an epigram too brilliant for Barrymore to have made it. Some were bitter as gall, and a few had no more sting to them than a butterfly. But all of them showed that he possessed a remarkable mind.

He was essentially a combatant and a chivalrous man. He loved to fight, intellectual or physical, for its own sake. Once, when he was livid with rage over a reflection cast upon a woman he knew, a friend asked him why he restrained himself.

"Every blow struck in defense of a woman is a dent in her reputation," was Barrymore's reply.

He could be severe with women, too. Once he was playing with a "star" whose life was notorious. He quietly reproached her during a scene for flirting with a man in a box.

"Mr. Barrymore," she demanded, furiously, "have you never known what it is to be associated with ladies?"

"Yes," said Barrymore, easily. "I was born and I am married."

"I said ladies, sir! ladies!"

Barrymore grew white with anger, but the quick mind brought the bitterest retort he ever made.

"Oh, dear me, yes," he said. "I understand. You mean demi-monde. Yes, I know them also." —[Chicago Tribune.]

A Canon's Joke.

CERTAIN canon was recently asked by a lady of his acquaintance to address the young women of a society in which she was interested. She was an ardent abstainer, and often had had discussions with the canon on the subject of total abstinence. On this occasion, however, she requested him to talk to her girls against the love of dress, which, she said, was causing the ruin of many a promising young woman of the present day—in fact, it was fast becoming a curse. The canon promised to address them on the desired subject. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "And shall it be moderation or total abstinence?" —[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Rang Up His Pay.

MACKENZIE is a conductor on an owl train on the "L," consequently he does his sleeping in the daytime.

Now, as everyone knows who has had occasion to use the elevated after 12 o'clock, the fares, after passing certain points on the line, are collected by the conductors, who, for the purpose of registration, carry the little bell punches once so familiar on the surface lines.

One afternoon last week he was roused from his diurnal slumbers by his industrious little wife, who brought out for his admiration a lamp shade made of colored tissue paper. She had made it with her own pretty hands, and its scalloped border was perforated with innumerable little holes, through which the light of the parlor lamp would fall on the table.

"Tell me if you think it pretty," demanded Mrs. Mackenzie holding the shade out for her husband to inspect it.

"It looks lovely," began Mackenzie; but as he scrutinized it more closely he turned pale and said hoarsely: "You made those holes with my bell punch."

"Yes, dear," said his dear little wife blithely, "while you were asleep. It was so convenient to punch holes with. But what makes you speak that way?" demanded the little woman, greatly alarmed at the sudden change which had come over the unfortunate Mackenzie.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "only you've rung up enough fares on that lamp shade to use up six months' salary. Every one of those holes will cost me five cents, that's all."

And the unhappy Mackenzie, in the agony of his spirit, groaned aloud. —[Chicago Tribune.]

An Inventory.

SOME time before he was elected to the Presidency, Lincoln received a letter from a New York City firm asking as to the standing of one of his neighbors, who had begun a transaction with the firm. Lincoln's reply was:

"Yours of the —th received. I am well acquainted with Mr. —, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together, they ought to be worth \$50,000 to any man. Second, he has an office, in which there is a table worth \$1.50 and three chairs worth, say, \$1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into." —[Philadelphia Ledger.]

October 26, 1902.]

SIAM'S ROYAL FAMILY. CURIOS CUSTOMS THAT PREVAIL IN THE LAND OF CHULALONGKORN.

By a Special Contributor.

WITH the Crown Prince of Siam present with us our curiosity has been aroused about that far-distant country whence he is bound after the years spent in England, and, naturally, we want to know something about his royal parents, especially, as the King himself may come later.

King Chulalongkorn I has ruled Siam since October 1, 1868, and during the thirty-four years of his regency, has done much to change for the better the management of the whole kingdom; but, he is, after all, a Siamese, and in a country where "custom" will justify pretty nearly anything, it is plain that tradition so sanctified cannot be completely ignored. A more violent old despot than the present King's father was would be hard to imagine, and Chulalongkorn's enlightened administration has, in the main, been the fruit of early European influence.

In 1862, there appeared at the court of Siam an English widow who had seen some life in Singapore, and to that gentlewoman was intrusted the work of educating along European lines the King's numerous progeny and such of his wives as might choose to study English under her tutelage. Chulalongkorn, then about ten years of age, became one of the pupils, and he is spoken of as "modest and affectionate, eager to learn, and easy to influence." This instructional period covered a number of years, and in that time the noble precepts of that English woman and the naturally gifted nature of the youth did much toward molding the man His Majesty has since proved himself to be.

No one, save the few that have been privileged to live

in intimate contact with an eastern court, can appreciate the moral mire and the generally vitiated atmosphere of such surroundings.

H. Warington Smyth, whose knowledge of the country today is thorough, says: "Among the officials the moral qualities are more lacking, on the whole, than among the people. The latter have a quiet goodness peculiarly their own; but they are good by accident, and as long as by accident there is no reason to be otherwise. To do a thing because it is right is beyond them; to abstain from a thing because it is against their good name, or involves serious consequences, is possibly within the power of a few; the question of right or wrong does not enter the calculation."

"Taken by the standard of everyday life, the Siamese, with his cheerfulness and friendliness, his hospitality and gentleness, his patience under trial, and his charming simplicity, can hold his head high. It is when he joins the ranks of officialdom that the snare close in, and if his fall commences it is not from wickedness, but from weakness—a failing common to his neighbors and not unknown in the world beyond Siam. . . . The King of Siam has been, probably, the worst-served sovereign in the world. His wishes, his advice, and his orders were ignored as long as they could safely be so treated. No reliable information was allowed to filter through to him, and while twice a year the tongues of all the nobles in the land swore loyalty and allegiance, the lives of 50 per cent. of them were in defiance of the principles he had laid down, and were one continued disloyalty. Greed, idleness, or indulgence have been their lord and master, and the gentle unquestioning peasantry bore it all because it was 'tammie' (custom), and they knew the King knew not."

That Siam is today an independent kingdom is entirely due to the wise course of her present King in striving to bring his people up to a modern standard; and whether Siam shall continue to enjoy the peculiar distinction of independence will depend upon her future course and the

avowed purpose of the French colonial party in the whole country.

The King of Siam is entitled to have for revenue three queens, who, nominally, enjoy equal rights. In practice, this participation is more or less unequal. Besides his queens, the King can have a number of wives, and Chulalongkorn has been known with a number varying all the way from a dozen to a hundred to a full three thousand. The term wife is somewhat euphemistic, and the claims that these women have upon their royal lord and master are as a rule, upon mere caprice. The King now has two Queens, the third one having been drowned in boating on the Meinam some years ago.

The first Queen is the one whom he first married—the mother of the former Crown Prince, who was born early in 1895. So long as her only son lived, this Queen that sat on the right of the King and whom his courtiers beamed. With the King she certain honors denied the younger second Queen. The latter one, however, had been born a number of years whom the present Crown Prince was the older, carefully guarded as was the only son of the first, eating his meals in absolute seclusion, somehow those hidden ways common to the Far East, perhaps carried to that young Prince's fare, and slowly he passed away. At once there was a change in position. The second Queen supplanted the old woman, and Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh became his parent.

The pictures that accompany this article were taken of the Queens after the coronation of the present Crown Prince. The saddened face of the older woman told the story of her grief and relative degradation, while the look of childish satisfaction on the face of the Queen is equally explanatory of her relish of the change.

A better notion of the true position of even a Queen in the court of Siam can be had from Mrs. Less's account of a King's wooing and wedding in that country: "When a King of Siam would take unto himself a wife he chooses a maiden from a family of the highest and of royal pedigree, and, inviting her into the private circle of his women, entertains her there in the state of probation, which is his prerogative and opportunity. Should she prove so fortunate as to be his preference, it may be his pleasure to make her the Queen; in which event he appoints a day for the formal consummation of his gracious purpose, when principal officers, male and female, of the court, the priests, Brahmin, as well as Buddhist, and the astrologers, attend to play their several parts in the important drama.

"The Princess, robed in pure white, is seated on a throne elevated on a high platform. Over this spread a canopy of white muslin, decorated with gold and fragrant flowers, and through this canopy are poured gently the typical waters of consecration, which have been previously infused certain leaves and emblematic of purity, usefulness and sweetness. The Princess is thus delicately sprinkled with incense, the priests enumerate, with nice discrimination, the various graces of mind and person which she must study to acquire; and pray that she may be a blessing to her lord, and herself be richly blessed. She is hailed Queen, with a burst of exultant music.

"Now the sisters of the King conduct her by a narrow passage to a chamber regally appointed, where she divested of her dripping apparel, and arrayed in becoming her queenly state—robes of silk, heavy gold, and sparkling with diamonds and rubies. The King is ushered into her presence by the ladies of the court; and at the moment of his entrance she throws herself at his feet, according to the ancient custom. But he prevents her; and taking her right hand and embracing her, seats her beside him, on his right. There she receives the formal congratulations of the court, with which the ceremonies of the day terminate. The evening is devoted to feasting and to music. The royal nuptial couch is consecrated with incense. The mystic thread of unspun cotton is wound around the bed seventy-seven times, and the ends in the hands of priests, who, bowing over the symbol, invoke blessings on the bridal pair. The nearest relatives of the bride are admitted. Then the bed, sprinkle it with the consecrated water, hang the crimson curtains with flowery garlands and cover the silken sheets, the pillows and cushions; while they lead in the bride, who has not presided at the entertainments, but waited with her ladies in an apartment.

"On entering the awful chamber, she first falls on her knees, and thrice salutes the royal couch with her hands, and then invokes protection for herself, that she may be preserved from every deadly sin. Finally is disrobed, and left praying on the floor before the bed, while the King is conducted to her by his courtiers, and immediately retires."

Of the children born of this regal wedlock may succeed to the throne. The children of the King (who are also of the nobility,) while termed princes, are not heirs to the throne. Marriage is common among these half brothers and sisters; in fact, one of the King's Queens is his own half sister, and it is from a physiological point of view that the debility must be common. In the city of women, as it is called, the custodians of the King's wives are the sons, while grim duennas preserve order among the hundreds of idle women that minister to this royal retinue. In the midst of these royal slaves—so truly they are—the King comes as the lord of life, the perilous distinction of pleasing him to mean the undoing of that comely, merry maid of to-morrow, while the mother of the sweetest child is the nonce, the richer for His Majesty's favor. "Tammie," that fatal custom, has made the court of the present King in model much like that of his father. In all truth it may be said that there is far less of the objectionable element than of yore, and his Queen has truly been helpful. It is not known to the world how many children the present King has, but there are certainly many scores of them; and the pleasantest sight is to see His Majesty in the simple dress of his chamber playing with his little ones. Even as wee tots, they are a quaint, dignified lot, and the secret, silent, submissive impress of the law fastens upon them well nigh as soon as they pick up the innocent joys of natural childhood. It was out of the Crown Prince sprung, and, over a similar course, his own he will rule some day. May his European enlightenment help him.

NEW YORK'S A MAGNIFICENT EQUIPPE FURNISHED BY

By a Special Correspondent.

IMPERIAL ROME gave its "circuses"—New York town, more provides only the circuses. The open question is if Rome ever had an amphitheater as New York has way and its approaches.

Directly, the Speedway is an oval and days following '93. Indirectly, a rising demand. The city has a swiftly-growing class of rich relatives or spiritual descendants of the Brigade. With their many thoroughbreds, there was general an over having to go a Sabbath day place where the flyers could step dentally, outstep each other.

The first plan that was offered nation. The gentlemen drivers a stretch down the west side of protests from all sorts and conditions to go further—with the Speedway as an accomplishment nobody. Contrariwise, it turns to version a strip of unsightly way and its approaches.



otherwise would have been empty charity. Altogether the course is for no more than an object lesson a desire of rich men supply the need.

Manhattan's face is full of choicer prizes. Not one of them can compare with the speedway site. The course easily picturesquely in the world. That, however, than its adaptation to the ends of the coliseum was less majestic than the one above it all along one side; no can show more vagrant charm of water from the breast of the Harlem. No gray, now of a jealous green space rain-washed morning sky, now full of glistening ripples, streaked with oily wavy craft.

All Roads Lead to Speedway.

All roads, indeed, lead to the Speedway and Jersey folk wander in some have fine driveways of their own, the show of horses and horsemen. A great many people evidently are of any Sunday which promises good fun are likely to gather and stand at grand match races, matinees, the annual bringing out from thirty to fifty thousand knowing ones and the sports cluster about the half-mile post, which is in the bushes. If there is betting, it is rather individual, although, no often changes hands on the result. Indeed, tips are given and received quite solemnly as on the full-fledged courses of those on the road and the sidewalks and to be seen, rather than from some loss.

The mounted police who enforce the racing lines—going down next to the river, rocks. Thus the middle stretch is wide enough for five or six teams to begin whenever there is a fairly Dyckman street end, the speeders makes the first half-mile post the



King of Siam.



First Queen: Mother of poisoned Prince



Second Queen: The King and some of the
Mother of Crown Prince's Princelings at play

[October 26, 1902]

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R. G. S.

NEW YORK'S SPEEDWAY.

A MAGNIFICENT EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS FURNISHED BY THE CITY.

By a Special Contributor.

IMPERIAL ROME gave its populace "bread and circuses"—New York town, more than imperial, as yet provides only the circuses. But it is more than an open question if Rome ever spent as much upon its amphitheater as New York has put into the Speedway and its approaches.

Directly, the Speedway is an outgrowth of panic—the and days following '93. Indirectly, it is the response to a rising demand. The city has bred and fostered a swiftly-growing class of rich reiners, either survivors or spiritual descendants of the old Bloomingdale Road Brigade. With their many thousands invested in fast horseflesh, there was general and increasing discontent over having to go a Sabbath day's journey to find any place where the flyers could step their best—and, incidentally, outstep each other.

The first plan that was offered raised a roar of indignation. The gentlemen drivers had it in mind to take a stretch down the west side of Central Park. Lively protests from all sorts and conditions of folk inclined them to go further—with the result of faring better. The Speedway as an accomplished fact interferes with nobody. Contrariwise, it turns to the excellent use of diversion a strip of unsightly waste. Incidentally, the turning put many dollars into honest, horny hands that

there are mile brushes, but the most part of gentlemen drivers prefer half miles, or even quarter miles.

A pessimistic mounted policeman who knows horses and likewise human nature, said with something of a curled lip: "Horses! Oh, yes, they love the Speedway; the soft track's good to hoofs that have been poundin' rocks and hard floors. But the drivers and the riders don't love ridin' and drivin'; it's all show-off with them. Why, if they did really care for their horses and usin' 'em, there are fifty places within range that would give 'em more pleasure than this. City Island, up in Westchester, out in Jersey, or Long Island, or 'cross the ferry down Staten Island way, horses and traps and drivers can go, any of them, where's all right, all right; but they can't take the crowd with 'em, so here they stay. Sunday after Sunday, rain and shine, you see the same men, and all their joy is to get a new horse, or some sort of new contraption in ridin' toggery or wagons, or boots or bridles, or some such matter. But them that drive do get a few runs for their money—thing that feases me most is the folks down the edges. It's all show with them, and if one of 'em gets her name in the papers, or his turnout sets the crowd buzzin'—Lord! they think they're made! I've been up here pretty much ever since the show began—you may take my word for it if it wasn't a show, if nobody came to look on and stare, and most likely envy, in six months the Speedway would be given up to trainers, exercisin' rich men's trotters, and some few of the rich men themselves that knew enough about horses and other things to get at the real good o' drivin'."

At Its Best.

Possibly the policeman was soured. Certainly the Speedway at its best helps to put one in love with life and things. For instance, on a fine autumn Sunday

incidents which some of the over-nice among the women incline to resent. Bare arms, and chests, and legs, seem to them out of place in the face of daylight; notwithstanding other women applaud the display and talk knowingly with their escorts of feathering, reaches, body swings and strokes.

Here Come the Stars.

Momently some star of the Speedway flashes down the line. Murmurs go all about: "Nathan Straus has Cobwebs out this morning. Pshaw! I was sure he'd drive Alves instead." "Hello! Fred Gerken in the side lines! It can't be he's going to quit the game!" "There comes Claus Bohling! Now look out, somebody. He told my cousin's uncle yesterday he had the heels of everything likely to show today!" "Albert Bostwick's trainer has got knee boots on Johnny Agan. Yes, Bostwick is automobile crazy, still he has not quite given up horses."

A lean, brownish bay, with fair head, good legs and light middle piece flashes past. One spectator grins at the sight, saying sagely: "David B. looks as though he'd run jest about to match his namesake this mornin'. Instantly somebody retorts: "Wait till you see him finish! It's my belief he has never been quite all out here—no more than the man he's named for."

"Maybe so," says a judicial third person; "but say, did you hear about old Cobwebs? One day awhile back Straus got two friends to hold watches on the old fellow while he stepped a quarter after he got going for all he was worth, and he made it in 29 seconds flat. What do you think of that? A 1:56 gait for a horse thirteen years old—and a faster quarter than ever Crescendo trotted in a race!"

"He's a wonder—no mistake," say the onlookers; then huddle to the curb, saying all together in a breath: "And here he comes now! Hurrah! He's having it out with Dave Lamar and Sally Simpson."

Down course two little dust clouds have resolved themselves into flying harnessed racers, with drivers sitting low and close behind. The wagons look cobwebby—hardly stout enough to endure the impact of air. But nobody thinks of that; all hang breathless on the race. The man in front has a strong, Hebrew face, bearded, shrewd-eyed, kindly. The lips are set, the eyes tense, the whole pose full of power to claim and keep. The whip is held upright, the reins tightly clutched—now and again he speaks a low word, too low to be heard by the sidewalk throng, though evidently reaching the ears of his horse. Cobwebs may know intuitively what his master asks—he goes, goes, with the mighty stroke of a machine. His stride is low and stealing, his ears are flat against his beautiful chestnut head, his eyeballs flare, but not with temper—he has the stay and the spirit which, joined with speed, makes the horse which does or dies. On, on, he thunders, his head nodding the least bit in fine, faultless rhythm, his quickening hoof beats sounding a march of triumph as his white nose goes past the post half a length to the good.

Another Fight for Victory.

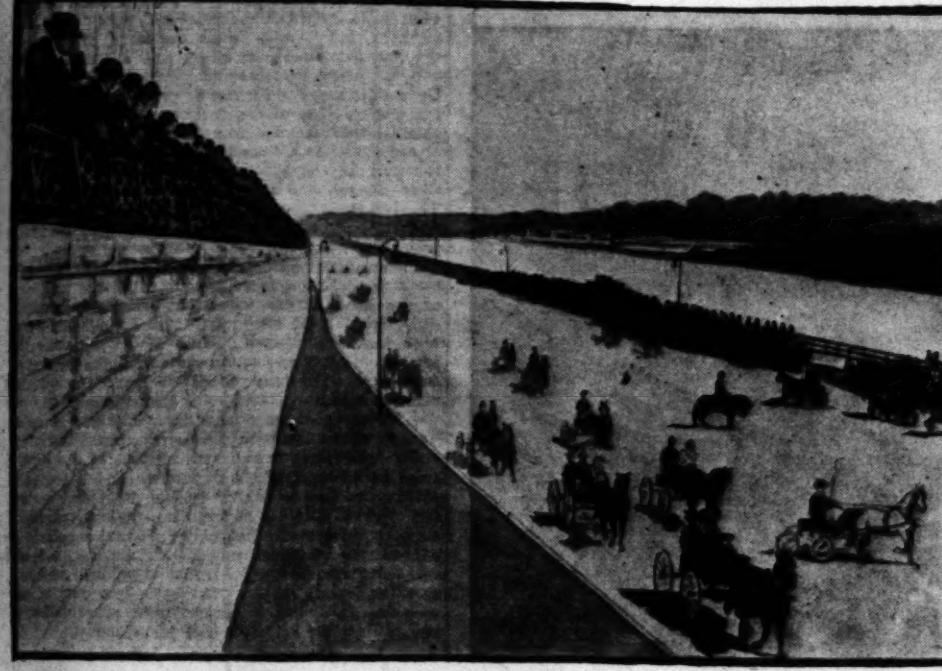
The battle is not won. Dave Lamar wheels as soon as he can pull up, asks a question mainly with his eyes, is answered with a nod, then, almost wing and wing, the pair race away to the back stretch, and again set sail. This time the mare lies at Cobwebs's wheel—in the first brush she fought for each foot of the way. She is a bay, big and shiny, in the very pink of condition, a credit alike to her trainer and her sire, the world-famous Electioneer. She goes high, so high it almost seems she scorns the earth, but her reaching plunges devour space incredibly. But for keeping in place so steadily a casual onlooker would say the horse went ten yards to her nine, and covered ground with much more ease to himself. But do what he will, stretch, strain, quicken, he cannot shake her off. She hangs like a bulldog till fifty yards from the wire; then the man in the white hat, who has been sitting statue-like, leans far forward, swishes his whip mightily, calls in shrill, whistling tones, lets out the least bit of a wrap, and the race is over—Cobwebs has lost, though by a narrow margin. A third heat is, of course, inevitable. People forget to gossip, and stand still, save when they crowd for better seeing places. This time the flyers come in view neck and neck, each doing a desperate best from start to finish. How the big, gallant chestnut strains! His motion is so swift no eye can follow it; the sulky wheels show only as motionless, shining rims magically impelled along the course. And gamely the bulldog bay mare keeps at his throat latch, lurching so high she seems to be fencing all the way. Neck and neck, stride for stride, they keep it up until the very last; but the bay will not be denied; she gets her nose in front by at least six inches. There is applause all up and down the line as she jogs back toward the starting point, but not so loud, nor so hearty as the clapping which follows Cobwebs all the way to the cooling-out sheds.

The brushes have been typical—every Sunday, every matinée, with sound footing, sees them duplicated a hundred times over. Even the least considerate horse master hesitates to risk his flyers upon slippery or sloppy going, or in stiff, holding mud. Not a few horse owners have stables close at hand. E. H. Harriman, who owns the famous John R. Gentry, for example, has right at the Speedway's gates, what is said to be the best appointed stable for harness horses anywhere in the world. A dozen others might be named. Indeed, no man can hope for fame upon the Speedway without a considerable string which includes both blood and speed. A few of them keep only trotters; the most part have at least one pacer, and in not a few instances the pacers are the true stars. Brushes between trotters and pacers are not rare; neither are matches between double teams to road wagons with two persons instead of the ordinary trotting rig.

Possibly the most picturesque and certainly the most interesting Speedway personality is Frank Work, the sole survivor of the old-time road brigade that included Robert Bonner, W. H. Vanderbilt and their compeers. Although living as far down as Madison Square, Mr. Work keeps five flyers—Peter Stirling, Mahalla, Pilot Boy, Merle Moore and Sea Girl. He permits no clipping, nor pulling of foretops, and drives without boots or overdraw check reins. The fact that he holds his own with all comers is full of encouragement for those of us who believe in giving horses a chance unhampered by track sophistications.

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

(Copyright, 1902, by M. McC. Williams.)



NEW YORK'S SPEEDWAY.

otherwise would have been empty, or filled by galling charity. Altogether the course is well worth its cost, if for no more than an object lesson as to how the fanciful desires of rich men supply the necessities of poor ones.

Manhattan's face is full of choice topographical surprises. Not one of them can compare fully with the Speedway site. The course easily is among the most picturesque in the world. That, however, is less amazing than its adaptation to the ends of spectacle. Rome's coliseum was less majestic than the rocks that frown above it all along one side; no canal in all Venice can show more vagrant charm of waters than sparkles up from the breast of the Harlem. Now it is all sullen gray, now of a jealous green opacity, now limpid as a sun-washed morning sky, now full of softly-lapping tiny ripples, streaked with oily wakes of swiftly-passing craft.

All Roads Lead to Speedway.

All roads, indeed, lead to the Speedway—even Brooklyn and Jersey folk wander in sometimes, although they have fine driveways of their own. Howssoever gathered, the show of horses and horsemen is well worth seeing. A great many people evidently are of that mind, for upon any Sunday which promises good footing, ten thousand are likely to gather and stand at gaze. Special events, match races, matinees, the annual road drivers' parade, bring out from thirty to fifty thousand spectators. The knowing ones and the sports cluster as thick as bees about the half-mile post, which is the finish mark in the bushes. If there is betting, it is strictly private, or rather individual, although, no doubt, good money often changes hands on the result of the events. Indeed, tips are given and received quite as eagerly and as solemnly as on the full-fledged courses. But the mass of those on the road and the sidewalks are there to see and to be seen, rather than from sordid hopes of profit or loss.

The mounted police who enforce the regulations keep all but the racing division moving steadily in two lines—going down next to the river, coming up next the rocks. Thus the middle stretch is clear. The roadway is wide enough for five or six teams abreast. Speeding begins whenever there is a fairly dry course at the Dyckman street end, the speeders driving south. This takes the first half-mile post the finish. Of course,

morning, when blotches of red and yellow have sown themselves lightly through the overhanging foliage of Washington Heights, High Bridge and Washington Bridge, springing alertly from the bold ramp of the Heights, span the green, clear breadth of the valley and etch themselves on the wind-blown blue of the sky. Coming in from the viaduct, far and away the most impressive approach, one sees high on the hill the historic mass of Hamilton Grange, once the home of Betsy Bowen Junel. There is a flag in the yard of it—a flag streaming straight out upon a tricksy west wind. Behind the wooded background is the site of historic Fort George, now given over to beer drinking and the speech of the vanderland. But one need not think of that—there is enough right at hand to fill eyes and mind and perception.

The road drops in a long incline, macadam for ten blocks, after that a broad reddish-yellow earth ribbon. The sidewalks edge it like lengths of silver lace. There is a line of green grass between the yellow ribbon and the silver lace, but one must go early to get full view of it. By eleven o'clock the walkways are so full they are no more than blurs and blotches of color. At least half of the onlookers are women, tricked out in holiday bravery. Children likewise abound—the most part in gay coats, some few in somber black ones. But even the black coats have redeeming frappes of lace and color in head and neckgear. The surprising thing about the whole assemblage, indeed, is that it is a dress parade, no less for the spectator than the performers.

Beyond a doubt, going to the Speedway stands to many upstate residents very much for what going to church did to their rural or village ancestry.

However that may be, the crowd is in excellent humor with itself and the world at large, with no greater present ambition than to be reckoned "in the know" as regards the speeding and the speeders. It chats, and preens itself, and ruffles into gentle ripples of interest at the daring of venturesome small boys, or at the sight of cunning small girls tugging at the reins out in the road. It moves gently up and down, and back and forth, or turns to view critically some racing shell upon the waters, gently curling the lip as it hears the coxswain roar out orders evidently intended to reach its ears. Showing off on the water, it has not come out to see or hear. The shells are, indeed, but incidents—in-

they glorified the stage became a realm of clouds of color, in a sort of black and white, which they raised a halo of soft light. It was a vision of that the artistic kept nights of the mouth before the wondrous performances of forty lights brought winsome lightings of the town, the pathetic caterwaul, and the rapturous vision of the

their plans for April 21. It was a bit of the snap-shot! And girls, if the pent-up in the time, and authorit 4. To put confidence in. To miss the sight on g. and, with Yankee at 1 p.m. What an into the river, along the and a forest of shadow arms, and out onto the arms and mustard fields, where the multitude quilla. Not a square but policemen hit Belinda an eel through the lay up the narrow laced with humanity, hands and patrons, and every for a quarter of a mile passage, searching in the enclosure reserved for only voice was heard in and an official wave to Hotel." Gladly their timeliness rewarded two hours she watched in natural simplicity reac on. Mothers nursed the ones turned satisfied to content at the crowd, a portion of his trousers, his sash, and recover his neighbors felt the slight he would denounce the other, but that a record in public. At home, pion! The case is not quite natural that a man so happened.

when the reason of the chum. She had not nor the meaning of Yoki is all a very queer arra ny. Why don't the pion could only gasp, "You and you are not attending a regular, you are here to vis the bad girls of the brothel" jured Innocence, subordi d each other in their on the roofs and cracked the applauded. Belated tourists occupied seats. "You'll have the rail," gleefully join they watched their

eyes turned down the above the throng. Inously in a last attempt this bush fell on the came slowly, a small scarlet, pulling the long hair drew the fanciful floss inel work, and wove it and vibrated as if it on admiring crowds. They were a mass of verisimilitude of a morimitors, so freely have the very falsity of the hollow show which

clude of the realistic vi tots, possibly 6 years of age, the coat, and chignons dassy black. Their skin was very artificial device of one of their little lives. Ungainly clogs, and shoes at they suggested grotesque followed their Queen of the in this big city. What she was, paraded through advertisement of human for commentary was the was

procedure on the disgusting depravity of mankind. The twentieth century had dawned since Christ had challenged the guilty scoffers to cast a stone at the adulteress. Two thousand years had passed since He rebuked the woman of licentious life. Yet piled upon this pyramid of Christian civilization, in the age which boasts its purity of thought, a nation high in progress and respectability, could produce this spectacle of the Scarlet Woman: this picture of vice rampant on the highway, decked in costly raiment, dazzling with gorgeous finery, a glowing boast of the traffic in human life, a sensuous appeal to every sensual instinct in the range of human passion.

A travesty upon our own vaunted purity were the Christian types from every civilizing nation; from all the peoples who send their preachers and their teachers, to reform the heathen world. They had paid high, they had journeyed hard and far, they had endured discomfort and fatigue to partake of this monstrous scene of hardened sin. What thoughts swept through the Christian audience, as the gaudy sirens passed? Was there a thrill of pity for the creatures plastered in immoral mud, girls once sweet and pure, who triumphed today in their villainy? Was there a thrill of shame in any human heart of those who countenanced the sin by their very presence? Did the watching Christians give a thought to the terrible meaning of the passing pageant in gorgeous array? Bellinda felt a shame and sinking at the heart, and she longed to feel the pulse of the crowd. Whatever thought was uppermost, the foreign audience sat in breathless wonder, before the radiant color of these costumes of sin. Bellinda searched for any token in the leader chosen among courtesans as the resplendent example of her trade. In her face was no expression. She might have been a stone image propelled by machine. Did she glory in her triumph? Did she rejoice in her publicity?

If that little brainless skull bore any thought, it well concealed it from the world. Her face was plastered in white lead, which gave her the ghastly pallor of a hideous specter. Her lower lip was painted brilliant crimson, and her upper lip shaded from brown to black. Her raven hair, lustrous with camellia oil, and drawn high on the Japanese cushion, was wound with brilliant coils of wool, inlaid with beads. Strings of baby coral dangled from the front, and spikes of bone and amber formed a startling halo about the pallid face. She was crowned with a tiara of silver tinsel, from which bobbed a garden of artificial flowers. Every ornament was cheap and tawdry, but very gaudy. The open neck revealed many layers of brilliant lining. At equal intervals in the back, the white paint had been omitted, and precise triangles of brown skin extended from the roots of the hair, as if the victim had been streaked in treacle. The exactness of these natural triangles is a point of rigid etiquette among the women.

The hands were carried on the hips, and the elbows stuck out like wings, beneath the robes, and helped to support the ponderous garments which fell in cumbersome folds to the feet. Such brilliant coloring, such a field work of gay embroidery, does not often fall to the fascinated gaze. The clogs of the girl were six inches high, and deeply toothed, and her step was the highest form of stage etiquette. Placing one foot forward, she turned it in, around the other, stood poised a second, turned it out and repeated the laborious performance with the other foot. Painfully she advanced, grasping from beneath, with difficulty, the heavy robes which persistently caught about her feet, the one beautiful and natural part of her being. Corns and bunions are unknown to a people who have never been incased in leather, and her foot was a perfect type, well-formed and shapely, not compressed, but easily spread as Mother Nature intended. The fat, pink toes were tipped by pretty nails, and in her natural understanding the Jap girl had maintained her rights.

With what curious interest Belinda watched the queer creature move on! Had she absolutely no feeling? Was she as stony as she seemed, without a sidewise glance at the thousands lined up to stare her out of countenance? Beside her walked her ahmeh, a matronly attendant in dark robes, whose business it was to anticipate each need. Behind her came her cooie, in flowing robe of green, embroidered with crest of her house, a dainty silver leaf, carrying above his mistress a huge umbrella of oiled paper and bamboo.

Tumbled for a Moment.

For a moment she halted, and a tremor shot through the little frame, a visible tremble that made one question if she would tumble off her stilts. Was she overwhelmed with the honor accorded her? Was she fearful that she would do injustice to her calling? Was she weary with the weight of much raiment? Did a latent sense of shame before the countless numbers, shake the little frame?

True it is that this hardened creature, so plastered in paste and crime that one could hardly hope to reach sense or soul, was trembling on her pedestal of shame. Drops of sweat oozed through the white lead, and little streams trickled toward the brown triangles. The ahmeh sprang to the rescue, and with dabs of her silk mouchoir dried the oozy spots. Anxiously she arranged a misplaced hairpin, and adjusted the heavy folds that tumbled about the poor girl's feet. The wadded robe was obtrusive, and persisted in swinging around the ankles.

Gathering up her forces, the girl moved on, and attention centered on the next pair of midgets, and their resplendent mistress. Every magnificent shade of color passed in review. Deepest carmine, royal purple, delicate blue, scarlet, heliotrope, green, waves of light woven with wondrous designs, shot with gold thread, and glittering with fantastic effects and a huge peacock spread his embroidered wings in exultant pride. For an hour and five minutes attention was absorbed in the glittering spectacle. Closely was the face of each courtesan strained to read its hidden story. Not a ray of pleasure, not a vestige of joy was revealed. Sometimes there was stony indifference, as if the poor girl were blindly moving through empty space, and often there was a dull, pathetic sadness, a hunger and longing in the eyes, which said that the light of hope had died forever. Rarely did the victim speak briefly to her attendant ahmeh. But never did she lose her dignity, never by a side glance

did she show cognizance of the crowds who had come to see her pass.

"They are very great ladies," explained a guide; "so grand that they often keep their noblest patron waiting, and will not see him till it suits their pleasure."

Perhaps sympathy was strongest for the wee tots nurtured in the houses. They were early apprentices to crime, aspirants to future dishonor. Surely every human heart must feel a pang of pity for these doomed little ones, whose life is not of choice. Whether awed by the strange display, or subdued by the thrilling object lesson, even the most reckless foreigner uttered his comments in low voice. For once the boisterous American abroad was hushed. In the foreign contingent, silence was golden, and speech jarred. Jap babies in gaudy kimonos, crowded and cooed their admiration, and stretched their chubby hands, to grasp the glittering gewgaws. Adults chattered and cackled in their brainless way, elated with the pompous show. Insulting coolies on the roofs shouted their cruel witticisms and were applauded by the derisive contingent. Unmoved by admiration or attack, the gilded phantoms glided on. The last one had passed, a maze of brilliant color and gold embroidery in the distance. Mothers picked up their babies and strapped them to their backs. Coolies slid from their perch on the roofs. The foreign element, as if stunned by a dazzling light, or by a terrible blow in the conscience, pulled itself together, and hunted for something sensible to say. Packed humanity broke wildly into the narrow pass, and spectators knew that Mephisto had been tempting Faust with the hours of hell.

ADAMS-FISHER.

ART IN AMERICA.

AN EMINENT SCULPTOR SAYS EDUCATION IS OF PRIME IMPORTANCE.

By a Special Contributor.

FROM a material standpoint alone there is nothing so important to our people at this time as a thorough education in art. We have become the greatest agricultural and manufacturing nation on earth. We raise more corn and wheat and beans and barley, we turn out more steel rails, steam engines and bridges than any other nation on the face of the globe. In that respect, then, we have reached the ultimate. The only field in which development remains, and I repeat, I am now speaking from a material standpoint only, is art. In that we still lag, and in that there lies more wealth, more comfort and more enduring greatness than in all the other pursuits beside. France today is a great nation only because she has a nation of artists. Her centuries of education in art developed a hundred great and profitable industries, that without this education would have been impossible. Her feather workers, milliners, silk weavers, all owe their existence and prosperity to the fact that art took a strong foothold in France long before any of these industries were dreamed of. They are simply an offshoot, or rather an evolution of the art sense that was inculcated into the masses through the example of the masters.

Let our people, as a rule, become art lovers, and all our conditions and relations in life will be improved and beautified. The surly, brutal policeman will pass away. He cannot survive in such an atmosphere. Even the complaints of bad street-car service, over-crowding, under-lighting, the barbarous worries of a city, etc., will disappear.

But it is in our industrial life and progress that the greatest improvement will come. As an illustration of what can be done by applying art and an art sense to ordinary avocations, I can think of no better example than that of a well-known carriage builder. This carriage builder found that in order to get really handsome carriages he had to import his trimmings and finishings from France. He could build as good a carriage as any man in the world, but he could not compete with the French artistic finish. So he brought over a Frenchman, who was an artist in his line, and set this man to work teaching the rudiments of the art to the workmen in the American shop. The result is that today the manufacture of carriage trimmings is a great industry in the United States, employing thousands of workmen and cutting off practically the necessity for importing from France. This is practical art.

All this bears on the material aspect of art. Quite as important is the intrinsic value of art in developing and enlarging and improving mankind. If literature benefits mankind, and if music benefits him, and if general knowledge benefits him, then art certainly benefits him. Of course there is bad art and harmful art, but so there is vile literature and harmful music, and bad knowledge. But wholesome art is one of the great factors in elevating the human character. The foolish assertion that art weakens the character of a nation, an assertion that has at times been advanced, is so utterly absurd that it should hardly be seriously discussed. It has been pointed out that when art was at its highest in Greece, the State was at its lowest; that the love of art had begotten sensuousness and indulgences; that all forms of vice were rampant and that the manhood of the nation had been sapped. What folly! Nations have their duration of life just as individuals, as the trees of the forest have. The sensuousness of the decaying energies of the Greeks debased their art, instead of their art debasing them. Greece became decadent not because of art, but in spite of it. The love of art maintained her for a long time at her best. The nation in its political, commercial and industrial development had come to a standstill. Art alone remained to offer a stimulus to make possible progress. When the acme was reached in art, then began the retrogression which had been arrested and stayed by art alone. No nation, any more than an individual, can stand still.

A people must go forward or else backward. It was so with Greece. It is so with every nation. But what monuments has Greece left behind to testify to her greatness? Is there any trace left of her commercial

or industrial development? Even in engineering, are there examples that testify to her skill there? No. The things that remain to us of the highest civilization reached by the Greeks are the production of her art and literature. They alone endure. Therefore it must be manifest how important a factor art is. The entire world has been influenced and moulded by the work along these lines of the old Greeks. And so we will influence and mould the people who come after us, the rising generation, if we surround them with works of art.

We will elevate their ideas. We will make of them better men and women, nobler citizens. Every statue that is erected to a great man is in itself an inspiration to the right-minded boy. He doesn't know whether it is good art or bad. He sees that the people have honored a man who did his duty, who made sacrifices for his country and his fellows, and he is inspired to do likewise. We have fine pictures, good statuary, and other productions of art, and the eyes of our people are trained involuntarily, so that they become better workmen in their own line, bringing to bear a finer sense of the beautiful. This sense will impress itself upon the most ordinary things that these same people may produce. Almost before we know it, if we beautify our cities with statuary and art galleries, we will be a nation of art workers instead of mere manufacturers. Nothing else in the world creates such value as a fine art sense. You take a piece of bronze that isn't worth three cents, put it in the hands of a French art worker and he changes it into something that is worth \$20.

It was her art wealth that enabled France to sink two hundred and fifty millions in the Panama Canal, to pay the German debt, and to do a host of other things that many nations would have found impossible, and all this without impoverishing herself.

This is not a call to thousands of young people to rush into art for its direct lucrative results. Unless, with true artistic humility, they are willing, after proper training, to take positions in the industries where art may be applied, the great majority will be not alone doomed to disappointment themselves, but they will in nowise benefit the community. J. Q. A. WARD.

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THE MEANEST MAN YET.

STORY OF A SALESMAN WHO DID UP CONDUCTORS THAT HAD BEEN HIS FRIENDS.

[Kansas City Journal:] The announcement a few days ago that some of the oldest conductors on a railroad had been discharged caused a good deal of surprise in railroad circles. A story showing how the men lost their positions has leaked out, and if some enterprising circus manager is looking for an attraction in the shape of the meanest man on earth, the discharged conductors can probably give him a tip as to where he can be found.

It is a well-known fact that some traveling men make extra money by having an arrangement with passenger conductors with whom they travel. They pay these conductors cash for their ride and are charged at a half-fare rate. The conductor, of course, keeps the money he collected in this manner, while the expense account of the traveling man shows that he purchased a ticket and paid full fare. In a case of this kind the railroad company and the firm for which the traveling salesman labors are both robbed.

There was a salesman who had traveled out of Kansas City for years. He knew many conductors and with several of them he had a half-fare arrangement. It seems that this salesman drew a month's salary in advance from his firm, went to Denver, got on a hilarious spree, spent all of his money, and, when he had finished and was ready to return to work, learned that his firm had been informed of his actions. He was "fired" by telegraph.

Being stranded in Denver, Colo., is not the most pleasant position that a man can be placed in, and the discharged traveling man realized that he would have to do something. And he did. He went to the railroad company, applied for a position as "spotter," and got the place by assuring the company's officials that he could do his work well.

He went over the road, employed his old methods with the conductors whom he had known for years and within a fortnight a number of them lost their jobs. This modern Judas Iscariot can't be found now, but his conduct was reported to an organization which confines its membership to traveling salesmen, and the wicked member was summarily expelled from the order.

DECLINE OF "PASTORAL VISITATION."

The gradual passing away of the habit of pastoral calls in both country and city churches has been apparent for a long time. This fact has been a source of sorrow to many members of the church body, especially the female workers in the cause, to whom the friendly visits of the pastor were a comfort and pleasure. And not only have many felt a very marked degree of sorrow at the passing of the old custom, but frequent have been the expressions of fear lest it be a sign of the decay of church efficiency.

It is well for us all, however, to bear in mind that stability attends few things in this life. If the truths of the church are eternal, the methods of its mechanism are transitory. Comforting and helpful as this old-time custom is, indubitable evidences are at hand to show that it is fast becoming a natural part of the old regime.

In these latter days, the clergyman simply does not have the time to make the round of family visits. On Sunday and once or twice during the week he preaches to a wide-reading and more or less deep-thinking people, and he must have something to say that will hold their attention and stimulate, satisfy, and uplift their minds. That he may do this successfully, the minister must himself do some wide reading and deep thinking, and this requires the silence and contemplative atmosphere of the study.

In general, it is far from true that what is newest is best; and in this particular case of church methods I cannot see that the later development is productive of more good than the older way. But the tendency mentioned is true; and it is fast becoming an accomplished fact. If there is a temporary loss, time and God's kind providence will, in some way, supply the deficiency.—[Rev. H. P. Vincent, in Will Carleton's Magazine, Everywhere.]

October 26, 1902.]

Illustrated Magazine Section.

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which is the dwelling-place of the Median giants. The last must begin with the first, for they begin with all the worldly prosperity will be in etiquette bound to be the last to leave off. Then to have brought a copy of the Koran before and also before drinking wine.

going to bed, may you and all its terrors let him from the evil of falling.

written by a scorpion, let

may peace be with them.

Ammar asked Imam Ali

against the attack of the

Imam replied: "Look at

therein you will find

which the Arabs call the

direction of that star,

be with Mohammad and

protect me from scorpions

therefrom." *Exodus*

I read that formula was

and it proved successful

repeat it, with the name

scorpion.

spiritual Growth.

inst mosquitoes and the

conscience of the true Mos

lim skin. The eastern Mo

ammedans in particular

morning prayers, who

are to cause folly; they

regarded as necessary up

before evening prayer

after the devotions of the

Moslims believe that it

so as to be able to an

hour of the night; that the

right sides, and the left

deves take their rest

money was strictly go

among the Moslems of the

ice. They evade the law

the Persians call "a usurous

transaction. The

handful of barley, say a

rate of interest as the

offer to sell to you at the

s, "I accept the bargain."

the laws appertaining to the

paid to have made a day

a crying out the while,

honestly and in some

prophet. Swear not, neither

customers. Beware of

the bazaar, a man

out, "God is great! We

are no dishonest bargainers

binding sheets for the

distributed in charity, or

to Mecca, and over these

such transactions the

to the dictates of the

slave must lay hold of the

may the prescribed price

Jafar, he must share

Slaves are treated as

so, indeed, that in the

ates, whose treatment is

arbitrary, the slaves are

that a true Moslem should

or for beauty, but should

moral worth and spiritual

referred to the arbitrary

maiden will make a good

tempered to her husband

treatment of her children

the Prophet. "A bad son

row house with unoccupied

essions which try a man

himself a man

she who bears children

her relatives, who she

and who pleases him by

who avoids the eyes of

her." These words are

to believe tradition

the place when the moon

is in the sign of Sagittarius

the 26th and the end of the

commended festivals to the

on wedding and similar

movements of the enemy.—[London Graphic].

October 26, 1902.]

MARK TWAIN'S GUIDE.
INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF "A TRAMP ABROAD."

From the London Daily Mail.

"TO TRAVEL with a courier is bliss, to travel without one is the reverse. I have had dealings with some very bad couriers; but I have also had dealings with one who might fairly be called perfection. He was a young Pole, named Joseph N. Verrey. He spoke eight languages, and seemed to be equally at home in all of them." Thus wrote Mark Twain in "A Tramp Abroad."

Mr. Verrey has been resident in London for some time, but his interesting personality remained undiscovered until the publication in The Daily Mail of the letter from Robert Allbutt, who described him as the confidential "Harris" of that inimitable work. Mr. Verrey, however, does not claim to be the original of that mirth-provoking character, although the adventures set forth in "A Tramp Abroad" are founded on the experiences which befell Mr. Clemens and himself during the European tour "conducted" by Mr. Verrey.

Mr. Clemens engaged the guide in Paris. "I was not aware who my employer was," said Mr. Verrey. "At first sight he did not fill me with enthusiasm. His clothes fitted him badly, he wore no tie, his long, yellowish-gray hair hung untidily over the back of his collar, and he smoked a large, ugly, corn cob pipe. I felt anxious about my fee, all the more so that he never referred to it. Your first duty, Joseph," he said, "is to take out the wife and children. Show them all the sights of Paris, Joseph; and do not hurry back. They are always ringing my bell. I have work to do, Joseph." Then he returned to his room, and I heard him turn the key in the lock.

"From Paris we went to Brussels. In the market place I bought a guide book to refresh my memory. Mr. Clemens immediately turned on his heel and left me. This conduct puzzled me until he explained that he objected to walk by the side of a man who carried a Baedeker. Every tourist has a guide book under his arm," he said, "and looks like a missionary seeking for converts."

Mr. Verrey has much to say in praise of Mark Twain's kindly, gentle disposition. At Berlin the two "tramps" were walking along Unter den Linden when the guide accidentally collided with an errand boy carrying a fish basket on his head.

"Mr. Clemens clenched his hands. Under the heavy, over-arching eyebrows his eyes shone angrily like stars in a cloudy sky" (Mr. Verrey is something of a poet,) "and he thundered, 'Why did you do that?' I ran after the boy, gave him a silver coin, and begged him to turn round and smile at my employer. The boy smiled as only a German boy can smile—for a consideration—and Mr. Clemens was happy and good-tempered for the rest of the day."

Mark Twain dined with the German Emperor that evening, sitting at his right hand. A few days later, a policeman called at the hotel and demanded that the two visitors should accompany him to the police station.

"Mr. Clemens readily complied. He asked no questions. It was an adventure, and he seemed pleased. Much to the indignation of the officer on duty he did not remove his hat on entering the office, but spent some time in looking for a chair on which to sit. The officer glared at him in astonishment, and I persuaded Mr. Clemens to rise and uncover his head. All that was required of him was to make a 'residential declaration.' The hoped-for adventure had missed fire, and Mr. Clemens was obviously disappointed. He answered all the questions put to him except one, 'What is your religion?' His handsome, leonine face took on a sad, thoughtful expression. 'That question I will not answer to anyone,' he said. 'My belief is not of creeds or sects. It is too deep, too mysterious, to attempt to explain it.' The officer growled in his beard, and expressed the opinion that the visitor should be transferred to the care of a certain public institution."

Mr. Clemens and the guide embarked on a fortnight's sail down the Rhone, specially engaging a small craft and a boatman. "So far as local knowledge went," says Mr. Verrey, "the voyage had never been performed before. Mr. Clemens, however, was in search of absolute quietude, in order to get on with his book. We wanted bed linen for the boat, and an innkeeper lent Mr. Clemens a couple of new sheets, on condition that he dipped them in the Rhone a few times and spread them out in the sun. 'They are unbleached and too rough for my guests at present,' said mine host, 'and if you will do as I wish you can have the loan of them for nothing.' The contract was sealed."

"Throughout that long river trip Mr. Clemens sat in the stern of the boat writing from morning till night and smoking his favorite 'Durham' tobacco. 'Ah, I can write here, Joseph,' he said one day. Then his eyes rested on the boatman at the bows manipulating a single oar. 'Joseph,' he observed, 'why didn't you dress that man like an admiral; then I could have described his clothes, and people would have inferred that we hired a battleship instead of a cockleshell at five francs a day, including the skipper. I know all about admirals and battleships, for I myself was once a Mississippi pilot.'

Mr. Clemens, it appears, was rather nervous. As they neared Poitiers he described small breakwater some distance ahead. He ordered the steersman to pull the boat to the bank. "I want to carry this bag ashore," he explained to Mr. Verrey. For a mile and a half Mr. Clemens walked along the riverside, bag in hand. When the boat had safely negotiated the breakwater he returned on board. "I didn't want that bag to get wet," he said. Mr. Verrey ventured to smile. "You don't doubt my courage, do you, Joseph?" he asked. Mr. Verrey strained a point, and answered in the negative.

The travelers presently stopped to explore a tiny island

in the middle of the river. When they returned to the bank the boat had disappeared. "That's excellent, Joseph," exclaimed Mr. Clemens. "Marooned on a Rhone island! It would be better, though, if we got lost as well. How long do you think this island is?" "About three hundred yards, sir," was the reply. "H'm! I'm afraid it's too small to get lost on," rejoined the author.

Mr. Clemens, however, wrote a note and placed it in a bottle which he cast into the stream. "That will tell the people of Marseilles what has befallen us," he added. Immediately afterward the boat was seen partly hidden by an overhanging tree, and the "thrilling adventure" terminated tamely.

HOME LIFE OF THE SHAH.

MARVELOUS SPLENDOR OF THE TREASURES OWNED BY THE KINDLY AUTOCRAT.

[Tit-Bits:] The East is full of startling and dramatic contrasts; but there is something almost grotesque in the contrast between the dazzling vision of riches, beyond all calculation, which the privileged spectator may see in the royal treasure houses of Teheran and the man who as Shah, the "King of Kings," owns them.

"If you wish to take a peep into the palace gardens at Teheran," the Viceroy of India has written, "you might catch a glimpse of a sallow, sad-eyed man dressed in an ill-fitting tweed suit, shuffling along in slippers which flip-flap irritatingly at every step, working among his beloved plants or taking snap shots with his camera. This homely, insignificant figure is Muzaffer-ed-Din, the kindly autocrat of Persia and lord of more treasures of gold and jewels than any Crœsus who ever lived."

If there is any doubt of the extravagant wealth this plain, unpretending man owns, let us for a moment leave him among his plants and enter the museum where his treasures are stored "in prodigal lavish and disorder." Here are glass cases, a yard high and a foot broad, full to the brim of diamonds and rubies, emeralds and sapphires, and indeed of every gem "the earth has yielded to the light."

Here are enormous vessels of gold full of similar gems, which you might take up by the double handful and allow to flow like a "stream of many-colored fire" through the open fingers. Helmets blaze with rubies; ancient armor, shields, scabbards, and sword hilts sparkle and flash with their thickly-encrusted gems.

Here is the famous globe of pure gold, with all its seas of emeralds and its countries a mosaic of turquoises and amethysts, of emeralds and diamonds, to the number of 51,000 and to the value of many a King's ransom.

His throne of gold enamel is said to be worth £2,500,000; and little wonder, for its back is one unbroken blaze of diamonds and rubies, and its carpet is of thousands of flawless pearls woven together in a dainty arabesque.

And these are but a few of the treasures which this quiet man, who sips his tea and "potters about his garden" like any retired government clerk, calls his own.

It is remarkable that a man who might present to the world a dazzling exterior which Solomon himself could not have rivaled should always choose to be recognized by the plainness of his attire. While his courtiers, with their orders and jewels, revel in all the colors of the rainbow, the Shah wears a simple silk surcoat over his European clothes, and a few astrakhan hats, so rigidly abjuring display that even his sword scabbard has no trace of gold or gems on it.

He is, too, as simple in his tastes and habits as in his dress. Always an early riser, long before eight o'clock he has dressed, performed his ablutions and devotions, and broken his fast with a single glass of scented tea and a slice of thin, pastry Persian bread.

At eight he receives his ministers, and for the next four or five hours is busily engaged, listening to dispatches, dictating letters, and transacting the manifold business of a King. Not until the day's work is finished does he even think of food, and then this meal, which is really his breakfast, although often eaten as late as one or two o'clock in the afternoon, is of the plainest. Not that there is any lack of variety, for no fewer than fifty or sixty dishes are provided, all sealed before they leave the kitchen. Of these the Shah rarely touches more than three or four—usually a little rice, chicken, or grilled morsels of mutton in the form of sandwich, a marrow, and a little fruit, preferably a citron, in syrup.

Reclining on a mattress laid on the floor he eats from a table less than a foot high, while one of his attendants reads extracts from European papers. Breakfast is followed by an hour's sleep, after which he sips several glasses of tea and prepares to enjoy the remainder of the day in his own simple fashion. His hobbies are few, although he is an enthusiast in them. For photography he has a positive mania, and frequently spends hours wandering about the palace and extensive gardens, camera in hand. Like the German Emperor, too, he has a passion for being photographed in every conceivable attitude and dress. It is said that he has even been photographed in bed and in the guise of an English curate.

The Shah is a great reader of books and is familiar with all the principal English classics. Bacon and Shakespeare are his favorite authors, while of modern writers Rudyard Kipling pleases him most.

Although there is, perhaps, little in the Shah's appearance to suggest a lover of sport, it is said that he is an exceptionally clever shot and daring rider, in which characters he has no rival among his courtiers. A feat in which he excels is that of hitting a flying bird or an orange thrown in the air while riding at full gallop.

It is characteristic of the Shah's modesty that, while his predecessor boasted 1700 wives in his seraglio, he is amply satisfied with sixty; and perhaps, on reflection, this is a number which ought to satisfy the average unambitious man.

THE POOR MULE.

A rural exchange gives the following news item without comment:

"On Wednesday last a negro on Maj. Jones's plantation was kicked on the head by a mule. The mule was a fine animal, and its left leg was broken."—[Atlanta Constitution.]

October 26, 1902]

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

A Room With Many Doors.

MR. W. B., Chicago, writes: "I have a room to paint and paper and would like some advice. I send the shape and size of room, also material of floor. Had thought of using a yellow ingrain paper for side walls, but do not know what color to paint the woodwork. The east of the room is all doors; above the old-fashioned wood box is a long, narrow door—sort of a cupboard, I want to put book shelves under the mantel (there is no grate) and hang curtains; then I want to drape in the double doors and must have a curtain or a set of shelves, or something, in the closet under the stairs and that would necessitate a curtain. I don't want curtains and nothing else on the east side of the room. What color do I want for curtains? Am going to have two or three chairs upholstered in leather. What color shall I use? The rug is a mixture, one of those Brussels and Moquette affairs cut and woven like rag carpets; must use it this year. At the windows I have yellow shades and ruffled bobbinet curtains. Have a bookcase of black walnut; furniture has black walnut frames; piano has dark case; lounge has old gold brocade plush cover. This last was an expensive one, but out of date, of course, now, though I must use it."

If you will paint your woodwork the white of old ivory and cover your walls with ingrain paper in a soft shade of rich yellow, you will go far toward beautifying your room. This is the only way to make your cupboards and shelves presentable. I would not hang so

of the wall and ceiling and here set in a small white molding, as a cornice. The woodwork of this room should all be painted white. At the windows curtains of soft, unstarched embroidered muslin (white) should have over them a flat lambrequin or valance of chintz or French cretonne, which has pale blue stripes, with white ones on which are sprinkled small pink rose buds. These, to be thoroughly French-looking, should be cut in two deep scallops and one smaller one in the middle, the whole edged with a very tiny flat fringe. Two small cane chairs can then be decorated to correspond with the windows. Fasten to the upper part of their backs a flat scalloped piece of your chintz cut in the same line as window valance and trimmed in the same way. This should be closely tacked with tiny gauze tacks all around the upper edge of your chair back and finished with a narrow cotton gauze matching fringe. These two chairs, with an easy stuffed one covered all over with the chintz, will give you beautiful furniture for this room. Your bed should be covered and valanced with white embroidered muslin like window draperies, and your dressing table should be very dainty in its blue and white accessories.

A Small Dining-room in St. Louis.

MR. A. R. writes: "I write you for advice on a small dining-room. The room is narrow; that is, it is long for its width and has two east windows. I send you a rough plan which will give you an idea how it looks. The parlor opens into the dining-room and both have the same paper, which is between a steel and blue with cream roses. I have a very light Brussels carpet on parlor, mahogany odd set and piano. For the dining-room I have an oak sideboard, table, chairs and leather couch. What kind of covering would you use on the floor instead of a rug, to match parlor, as it is too light? I do most of my housework and have two small children and only a nurse girl to assist me, so I need

by this name which is \$2 per yard. They are quite wide, however, and are bought by different designs of large and medium-sized flowers. Tan or self-colored ground. Pink shading flowers would contrast beautifully with pink. There are also pretty cottons with pink and white on white ground, and various other colors on cream or pale yellow backgrounds which cost for much less money. I have seen many designs and colors in the eastern shops for \$2 per yard. I presume the California merchants are bringing these on. Now, if you will certainly send the materials that I have suggested, making it to go across the top of your window, straight to hang to seat, and use white net or muslin down, caught softly back midway, you will have a beautiful effect. Your box seat should be white and cushioned with the flowered stuff. Your couch should be kept purely white and can be draped with dimity. You suggest an oriental room and I am frank that unless you are prepared to spend a good deal of money on really fine oriental furniture, it would far better keep to the quaint suggestions of orientalism in the scheme I have just given you. There are certain accessories which you can add to this if you wish to do so. They are pictures and small oval frames. A wing chair covered with the same goods, or if your flowers on this are red, this will be extremely effective if covered with crimson. A slender-legged mahogany table or a little old Martha Washington work table. Some tall lampsticks, etc. I will give you suggestions for a bedroom, in case you wish to have one, in a place, Turkish, or Persian, or Indian rug or carpet. A Kizkili thrown over the couch and other cushions one or two with Turkish covers them. A very rich and charming effect can be had in oriental furnishing by picking out some good shade in the rugs, such as the soft blue, or the orange, or green, and curtaining the lower windows in raw silk of this color. The upper window can then be covered by a wooden frame, walls should be washed in a plain color, and the woodwork stained a very dark brown or black or red. The finish of scarlet lacquer is good work of an oriental room is always effective and beautiful. The electric lights should be hung in a kish or Algerian brass lamps.

A Highland Park Bungalow.

C. E. W., HIGHLAND PARK, writes: "Wanting to build a bungalow right away and glad of a few suggestions from you in regard to it. It will be 30x26 feet for the main part with porch. We intend to use canvas for walls. Would the single wall painted on outside and streaked with stripes, or put on outside with inner or bleached muslin? Is there anything better than muslin or more artistic for inside finish? And is there any inexpensive way of making it practically fire proof? We will have shingles instead of shingles, canvas walls to be seven feet high. You suggest anything to make the main room attractive? My long rug of body Brussels is dark, light brown effect, a good pattern. I have an oak, leather armchair (oak) and a large willow also some good pictures, oak dining table and shall use some home-made furniture, corner etc. Will have a good deal of glass on porch. What would be good for cheap drapes would not interfere with light?"

I would advise the use of the painted canvas outside of your bungalow, as you can then make frame work of house so that you can tack the burlap firmly and smoothly to the uprights of wood which can be placed at regular intervals from ceiling to floor. These stripes should be width of burlap, and you can cover the inside of your burlap is fastened on, with neat strips of bamboo. This will make your house warmer and cooler in summer and much more artistic than the treatment. You may know, too, that burlap painted or calcined, just as rough plastered is done, and if you wish to have your walls a color and hang green denim curtains over white dots at your windows, you can do so. However, the or coffee sack color of burlap is extremely effective, and takes kindly to decorations of hats, kettles or pottery, to blue plates or pictures. A blanket hung in the opening between the living and dining-room would look well. If you have a lattice here throw in a lattice above this opening laths of wood woven or plaited into a square lattice work; paint this and all of woodwork black. I hope that you will be able to understand what I mean by this: A panel of black lace would be most effective used in a wide opening between the rooms. The curtain pole can be in below the lattice. Denim couches or window cushions of figured silk or cotton, cushioned to correspond, built-in shelves painted black with denim curtains hung in them, all of these things will help to make your room delightful. In your bedrooms you can have made dressing tables with flowered cotton or muslin, and have a little home-made hour glass to correspond. You really have here much opportunity to make things attractive than in a conventionally built house. If you will build a porch over which to train vines, or cover your outside wall with lattice, you will find when your vines run on it very picturesque. I have a pretty seat that I saw recently in a sitting-room. It was simply a little wooden frame with two boards which formed the end pieces, brought up two feet above the seat. In other words, a seat with side pieces and no back. The which this was made was carefully and smoothly covered with handsome flowered French cretonne. The side of the end uprights was slightly padded, the seat was cushioned, a box-plaited valance hung the seat to the floor, back and front. This was an easily made, though there was much skill about it. You speak of using some pieces of home-made denim, in plain blue, crimson or green, as you desire, would help you out prettily.

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Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

"Blind Alec" Dodges the Trolley.

NOT every man with two good eyes can dodge trolley cars, but "Blind Alec," a well-known character of the levees, crosses Clark street fifty times a day, and he doesn't understand why a person can't keep out of the way. There is no street in the city on which so many electric cars are run as Clark street, from Washington street south to Archer avenue. Owing to the congestion north of Van Buren street extra speed is put on to make up lost time by south-bound cars after they have passed that point. The block from Van Buren to Harrison is a long one, and cars usually get under full momentum between those streets. Scarcely a minute in the day that a car is not going one direction or the other.

"Blind Alec," whose name is Alexander Davis, lives at 311 Clark street, about the middle of the block. He makes a living by running errands for Chinamen and colored people in "Chinatown." During the course of the twenty-four hours he has to cross Clark street from twenty to fifty times, but he has never met with an accident.

The thousands of patrons of the Chicago City railway lines have seen the blind man dodge fast running cars time and again, and before they came to know him well they used to shudder when they saw him groping his way across the tracks. Motormen have got so used to the familiar figure that they no longer slow up when they see him approach.

From ten to fifteen persons are hurt every week by cars in the block where "Blind Alec" has no trouble in keeping out of harm's way, and the police reports show a large number of fatal accidents in that vicinity.

"Blind Alec" wears a patch over his left eye, the optic having been removed eight years ago. His right eye has what the doctors call a sympathetic cataract. With this eye he can distinguish daylight from darkness, but that is all. He cannot discern objects, no matter how close to him. With the loss of his eyesight his hearing became more acute, and on this sense he depends entirely in finding his way about the streets of the levee. He always carries a cane, which he taps along in front of him.

"I'm always careful in crossing the street," said the blind negro. "I stand back about three feet from the car tracks a-listening before I cross over. I can judge by the bell just how far away the car is, and I nevah make a mistake as to the distance. Lots of people who see me hopping across the tracks think I can see out of this right eye, but I can't see a stem. The doctahs say it's one chance in a thousand that I'll evah be able to see again. So far as being able to go around, I don't mind being blind, but I do miss my paper. I used to be a great reader befoah I lost my eyesight. I suppose the reason I can get around so well is because I lived down here on a levee befoah I got blind, and I knew every nook and corner around here. I have no trouble in finding any place I'm sent."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Money Grew on Bushes.

THE fairy tale of money growing on bushes was realized this week along the right of way of the Burlington Railroad between Hyannis and Alliance.

A gang of section men were at work when one of them noticed something that looked like a bill waving from the tangled top of a sunflower growing by the roadside. He investigated. It was a Treasury note for \$10.

He walks a few steps further and there, nodding from a bunch of a bit of dog fennel, was another bill of similar denomination.

He called to his companions and the entire gang threw down their tools and started on a money hunt. For three hours they searched up and down the right of way and far afield.

At almost every yard their trouble was rewarded by finding either a five or a ten-dollar bill. Some bills were tangled in the tops of weeds, others half hidden in bushes along the fence and still others in the stubble of the field.

The entire day's clean-up of the eight was \$2135. When the find was reported word came from headquarters that a money pouch containing \$3500 had been lost from an express shipment the day before.

The supposition is that the bag fell out of the open car door and was ground to pieces under the wheels and the contents was scattered to the winds. This hypothesis is supported by the later discovery of portions of the damaged pouch.—[Lincoln (Neb.) Correspondence New York Sun.]

Coal With a History.

STORED in bins at the home of Halsey Corwin, Brooklyn avenue and Pacific street, Brooklyn, are twenty tons of coal that has a history. The coal was bought by Mr. Corwin's father thirty years ago, when the price of coal was as high as it is today. The story goes that Mr. Corwin resolved never to burn a lump of coal until the time came when prices would again be as high as when he purchased it. This resolution Mr. Corwin faithfully adhered to through life. He paid \$15 a ton for the coal, it is said.

After his father's death, young Mr. Corwin continued to buy coal as it was needed without disturbing the supply with which his father had stocked the cellar a generation ago.

"This old-time coal," said Mr. Corwin yesterday, "I am drawing upon now by force of circumstances. It has lain in the cellar as long as my recollection goes back. It must have been purchased about the time that I was born. It is furnace coal and stands me in good stead today, but just why father never used it, I do not know."

"I have been informed that at the time it was purchased coal was very dear, but that soon after it had

been stored in our bins, prices fell, and that father made a vow that he never would burn a shovelful of it until prices again soared. This I have heard from others, but of my own knowledge, I have no first-hand facts."

Old friends of Mr. Corwin say that the story is true and that the elder Mr. Corwin faithfully kept his vow to the end.—[New York Herald.]

Calls Jealousy a Disease.

PECULATION as to the motives which led Leon Syndon, an artist, to murder Lucien David has brought to light a singular theory advanced by Dr. Fleury. This eminent French physician thinks that he has discovered that jealousy can be controlled, and even eradicated, by a course of judicious medical treatment.

His method is to take a man who is reasonably jealous and irritable, give him a good, solid breakfast and then ask him the reason for his behavior.

"If the patient consents to talk about the matter," the doctor says, "half the battle is won. If you let him get past the first meal the green-eyed monster gets the better of him and holds him in its toils the rest of the day."

According to Dr. Fleury, jealous people have lucid intervals, the malady being intermittent, like chills and fever. He sets forth that to be effective the treatment must include everything that can give strength and self-confidence to the jealous subject—in short, to make a man of him.—[Paris Correspondence New York World.]

His Wife's Commandments.

SEVENTEEN household commandments Byron Sutton must obey if he wants to live with his wife, Dora Sutton. She wrote out the commandments herself and submitted them to him with a request to write "Yes" or "No" at the end of each. He would not answer any of them, and she had him arrested for desertion. He was discharged. The commandments are these:

- (1.) Get up at 6 o'clock without my calling you.
- (2.) Provide material for one cake a week.
- (3.) Provide material for pies each week.
- (4.) Provide for 25 cents' worth of beef Tuesdays and Saturday.
- (5.) Provide clothes for you that will make you look attractive and clean.
- (6.) You will not use vulgar or profane language at all.

(7.) You will go to church and Sunday-school at Wyoming, and not make my life a burden to get you there in time.

(8.) Remove all mother's things and her cow; I can not tend her.

(9.) Buy one quart of milk a day.

(10.) You will take a bath once a week.

(11.) Ruth must not peddle, buy or carry things.

(12.) Wipe your feet clean when you come in the house.—[Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Correspondence New York World.]

A Very Clean Hobo.

IT WAS night when he caught the freight at a little station this side of New Orleans. At first he took the rods, but at the next stop along came a brakeman armed with a club that looked like a young hickory tree. The hobo was routed and forced to flee. But he had no intention of being left. The train was a local and had delayed to switch. In his flight the tramp sped along the side of the train until he spied an empty. In the car he climbed just in time to hear his pursuers rounding the end. The next thing he knew he was well locked within the dark regions of the freighter.

Through his shoes he felt a granulated substance. It was white and coarse. Feeling his way forward he attempted to open the window. It was locked; so was the other. His feet commenced to burn where he had wet them in wading through a puddle. With a bump the car started and a cloud of dust arose from the floor. His eyes smarted and he rubbed them only to make the feeling worse. The jar of the trucks was terrific as the speed increased. It was terribly hot, and perspiration coursed from the few unclogged pores in the man's dirty hide. Streaks of mud lined his face, and his whole body burned.

Hours passed and the pains grew worse. At stops his cries had gone unnoticed. Both doors and windows resisted every effort. His eyes had swollen until they were closed, and, thoroughly exhausted, the man sank down in the corner of the car. From that time on he remembers but little until morning, when a flood of light came suddenly pouring through the open door. Somebody cried out and he answered faintly. Then he felt himself carried to a shady spot.

Then he heard a voice calling for axle grease, and pretty soon he felt them rubbing his body with an oily substance. After awhile he woke up, but was too weak to resist the deluge of water that was poured over him. For a long time he lay still. Somehow he felt different from ever before in his life, but he was sore as a boil from the soles of his feet to the top of his head. He felt where his mat of hair ought to have been. It was gone. His face, too, was smooth, but fairly parboiled.

His old skin had been boiled away by the action of lime dust and perspiration. He was as clean as on the day he had been brought into the world. Cold water had relieved the swelling in his eyes. A tarpaulin was underneath him, and he was lying in the shade. That night he slept without moving.

In the morning he was awakened by a voice. A railroad man stood over him. An old hat, clean overalls and a jumper lay beside him. Behind the tree he put them on. The parboil had gone from his skin and he felt fine. It was a new sensation. Two hours later he stood before the yard boss and asked for a job. Now he is working as hard as any one, and every night he

takes a bath under the water tank near the creosote works. He has abandoned the tomato can for a tin water cup.—[Houston (Tex.) Correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

A "Pudd'nhead Wilson" Case.

IN "PUD'NHEAD WILSON," the play founded on Mark Twain's story, the country lawyer, whose fad it is to collect impressions of the thumbs of his acquaintances, convicts a defendant of murder by identifying his thumb print with an impression taken some time before the trial. The audience finds the notion ingenious and amusing, but the comment is apt to be that while it serves its purpose in a melodrama it would have no utility in real life. On the contrary, finger prints as evidence are coming to be regarded as of considerable importance by the British and continental police. In the central criminal court of London recently a defendant was convicted of burglary on such evidence. The prosecutor said it was offered to convict for the first time in an English court. It seems that the window sashes of the house entered had been freshly painted, and on one of them was left the impression of the burglar's hand. A photograph of it was made by the police. Two months later the defendant was arrested in the neighborhood after a chase in which he dropped a burglar's kit. Sergeant Collins of Scotland Yard, who, like "Pudd'nhead Wilson," had made a study of hand prints, took an impression of the prisoner's thumbs and fingers, and testified that the lines of the prisoner's left hand exactly corresponded with the impression left on the freshly-painted window sash by the burglar. This evidence convinced the jury, and it brought in a verdict of guilty. Unfortunately for a challenge of the theory set up by the prosecution, the prisoner was not represented by counsel. That theory was that the finger prints of no two living persons are exactly alike.—[New York Sun.]

Popping Corn Blew Roof Off.

INFORMATION has reached here that the big corn-drying shed of Andrew Hemphill, in the northwestern part of Fulton county, Pa., caught fire Friday night and was consumed. Mr. Hemphill makes a specialty of raising popcorn and had fifty barrels of it spread out to thoroughly dry on the second floor of the shed. The heat caused the corn to pop, and the popping corn swelled up and caused the roof of the barn to burst open, the snow-white mass rolling and tumbling out as the roof gave way.

The floors caved in and the fire below was smothered out by the popped corn. The popping kept up for four hours after the flames were smothered, and all that remains of the cornshed and contents is a large white mass of popped corn almost as big as the shed was. Mr. Hemphill's loss is about \$900. He has found it more profitable to raise popcorn, since he gets \$8 a barrel for it thoroughly dried for the confectioners and popcorn factories in the cities. The fifty barrels burned only represents about one-third of his crop this year.—[Hancock (Md.) Correspondence Baltimore American.]

Prince Flunked in Examination.

LAST—One African Prince, heir to two thrones; answer to the name of "Yuca" and "Jimmy" Parker; has not been seen since last June.

All the way from Yowah, Zolof Land, in West Central Africa, came this scion of dark-skinned royalty to get an education at the University of Pennsylvania, and now he has dropped completely out of sight.

It is possible that he has returned to his native jungle, because the curriculum of the university proved too severe for him, and he "flunked" at the end of his first term.

It was last fall that Prince Yuca was entered at Penn for a course in art and science. He was 25 years old, and fluently spoke five languages, including English, as he had already been in American educational institutions.

Here he preferred to sink his royal station, and be merely a plain student like all others, so he assumed the name of James Raleigh Parker, and went to live at 1702 Rodman street. He was an earnest student, but, somehow, he could not get on, and when the examinations were held last June he failed in every branch except, strangely enough, English composition. It therefore became necessary to drop him from the rolls.

Where he went then nobody seems to know. The university officers have heard nothing more about him, and the family with whom he boarded in Rodman street has moved away, nobody knows where.

Besides being the direct heir to the tribal throne of the Yowahs, Prince Yuca will also reign over the neighboring people in the province of West Central Africa known as Pessy. His mother was of that tribe, and he stands next in the line of succession.—[Philadelphia North American.]

Still Wears His War-time Cap.

"THERE'S a negro at Athens," said a member of one of the Georgia posts, "who has worn the cap he wore during the war every day since, and it has been patched and mended more than 500 times. The negro was a servant to one of the men who went out from that city, and followed him throughout the war. When he returned home he told his young master that he intended to wear the cap as long as he lived, and so far he has carried out his intention. I understand that one reason the negro liked the cap was that a bullet went through it in one of the battles and plowed a trench through his wool."

October 26, 1902.]

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

HISTORY.

A Parkman Compilation.

DIFFICULT task has been very successfully accomplished by Prof. Pelham Edgar of the University of Toronto, in "The Struggle for a Continent," just published. The book is a compilation from the works of Francis Parkman, the passages selected presenting a continuous history of the early settlements and wars of the nations for possession of North America. The selections begin with the colonization of Florida by the Huguenots, in 1562, and carry the reader to the fall of Quebec, in 1759. While the specialist in history will probably prefer to take his Parkman in the original form, rather than piecemeal, the compilation forms a convenient volume for ready reference and would constitute an admirable text-book for high school and university. The broad outline it offers, of the interacting conditions that determined the final great divisions of the land, makes an excellent foundation on which to build with finer details, while Parkman's virile and graphic style contains just the elements to arrest the attention and impress the memory of students who are entering upon manhood and womanhood, and his philosophical treatment of his theme renders the study of his writings at the same time a valuable mental discipline and preparation for higher sociologic and philosophical courses. It was doubtless with some such thoughts in mind and from the point of view of the teacher that Prof. Edgar entered upon his task of compilation, and the usefulness of the book will undoubtedly find ready recognition with other teachers of history.

[*The Struggle for a Continent.* Compiled from the writings of Francis Parkman. By Pelham Edgar, Ph.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50 net.]

TRAVEL.

Chinese Home Life.

Since the beginning of the Boxer uprising, the literary market has been flooded with books about China. The peculiarities of China's arrested development, however, the vast and problematic differences between the oriental and the occidental mind, render the theme one that is not easily exhausted; and Edward S. Morse's new book seems to have approached it from a new side. Mr. Morse viewed the home life of the Chinese with the eye of the architect, and many minute details of household equipment and habit that would escape the notice of the ordinary observer impressed him through their sanitary and industrial bearings and are given again to the reader in these relations, in interesting form. While very simple and readable, the book affords a deeper insight into the character of the Chinese than many that make larger pretense to acquaintance with the people. The author is evidently a close student of modern sociology, as well as a keen observer, and his notes are valuable not only for the direct information they impart, but also for the increased appreciation they give the reader of the ethnic significance of household arrangements. Sketches by Mr. Morse illustrate the text.

[*Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes.* By Edward S. Morse. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50 net.]

FICTION.

A Study of Types.

The name of Josephine Dodge Daskam is already ranked among those of the most promising of the younger exponents of realism in this country. Her latest book, while in an entirely new vein from that of her stories of child life, is equally good work, although it is hardly likely to meet with quite the same popular success. People in general, particularly modern folk, prefer the books that excite laughter to those that bring the tears. Moreover, Miss Daskam has far fewer competitors in her earlier field; and her delightfully natural sketches of child life are equalled by few and excelled by none while literature has many masters in the study of older types. They render work of this sort more difficult to perform and make its defects more apparent. As the literary art required is, moreover, in a sense of higher sort, the defects stand out more conspicuously and are less easily overlooked.

"Whom the Gods Destroyed" is a collection of short stories which deal with erratic types—a musical genius who destroys his prospects by drink and becomes a tramp; who is temporarily reformed, only to fall again at the critical moment and die of debauch after abstinence; a penniless poet who falls in love with an unimaginative, mercenary girl and kills himself, first burning the manuscript of his prospective book, just as it is ready for publication; a twentieth-century knight who, for love of a woman, places himself in a compromising position in the effort to save the brother of his divinity from dissipation, and through his act of self-abnegation, which he cannot explain to her without implicating her brother, loses the girl; a deformed boy bookworm, who dies of smallpox contracted through loan of his favorite volume of Greek myths to a sick friend; and other types, male and female, each and every one touched with a madness that savors of its divine source. The stories are excellent illustrations of the fact that a sense of humor goes in hand with a sense of pathos, and their dramatic quality reminds one frequently of Mary E. Wilkins. In the effort at dramatic effect, however, the scenes are occasionally overdrawn. The denouement of some of the stories, that of "The Backsliding of Harriet Blake," for instance, is improbable and, as such, lacking in artistic justification. "The Maid of the Mill," a ghost story, fails of the realistic vigor of those of Mary Wilkins and is perhaps the least commendable piece of work in the book. As a whole, the volume impresses one as a promise of work of first excellence, when practice shall have brought Miss Daskam's literary art to maturity.

[*Whom the Gods Destroyed.* By Josephine Dodge

Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

A California Book.

The list of California literary works is a large and rapidly-growing one. Jack London is among the State's writers who have put out a new volume, this autumn. "Children of the Frost" is a collection of tales of life among the Alaskan tribes. The stories are written with the same dramatic vigor and faithful realism that have characterized the previous work of this author. One of the best in the book is the story of "Nam-bok, the Unveracious," who returned to his tribe, after shipwreck, with such excessive lies concerning a country he had found to the south, where there were so many people he could not count them with notches on his stick or on many sticks, and where men fed iron monsters with stones and water and rode them over the land, that he was expelled from his tribe and set adrift on the sea again.

[*Children of the Frost.* By Jack London. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

Story of Strange Marriage.

A famous author, who is engaged upon a novel of tragic plot: an amanuensis whose life history coincides so closely with the written plot that she believes herself its heroine and is moved to self-revelation; and a resulting marriage between these two, brought about by philanthropy, on the part of the man and a desire to escape from the drudgery for bread, on the part of the woman, are the elements that compose the plot of a romance by Esther Miller, author of "The Sport of the Gods," etc. The book is somewhat above the average of romance of this type, in its literary values, but it would be an error to commend it to those who are looking for work of permanent worth. It is a book for those who like a novel for its plot and read for passing amusement.

[*The Prophet of the Real.* By Esther Miller. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

Tales of the East.

Of the many who have followed Kipling in the selection of oriental types and scenes as material for fiction, few have produced anything of first literary merit. Gilbert Parker is one of the minority whose work has been crowned with a deserved success. His pictures of Egyptian life are strong and realistic. His men and women are living and distinct individuals, human and probable, his British types very British and verifiable, his oriental types excellent representatives of semi-savagery, and his exploitation of the dramatic possibilities of race contacts full and satisfying. That he has learned a great deal from Kipling is evident, but he has learned it well; his style, at its best, is his own and full of virility. His latest book is a collection of short stories with one figure for their center—a small, slim, fastidious Englishman, outwardly wrapped about with British calm, inwardly soft of heart as a child, quick-witted, but perfectly resourceful, not always delicately scrupulous in dealing with native ignorance and brutality, obstinately tenacious of purpose, and faithful unto death to his friend. Mr. Parker has written many tales of England's colonial possessions, but few short stories as good as those he has collected in this column and none better. His announcement that he is engaged on a novel dealing with Egyptian life will be received with general interest.

[*Donovan Pasha.* By Gilbert Parker. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Some Royal Girls.

In "Tower or Throne" the author of "Cedric the Saxon" has chosen for the subject of a thrilling and delightful tale from history the famous group of royal children that followed Henry VIII to the throne of England—Edward, Mary, Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey; perhaps the most notable group of young people ever thrown together. Very human are the little princes and princesses, as drawn by Mrs. Comstock's pen, and their story, wonderful as a fairy tale, has, in her hands, more than the interest of one. If the character of Elizabeth undergoes possibly some idealization through its fascination for the writer, the temptation is one which half the sober writers of history have felt and to which more than one has yielded or been accused of yielding. The chief charm of Mrs. Comstock's books lies in their naturalness and the warmth of human feeling with which they are instinct and which renders them delightful reading to older people, as well as of absorbing interest to the younger generation. Among juvenile books they deserve a class by themselves.

[*Tower or Throne.* By Harriet T. Comstock. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

A College Story.

The books of Helen Leah Reed, in contrast with those of Harriet Comstock, are marked by a coldness of treatment which constitutes their chief defect. The subjects chosen are good, the story, in each of them, is moderately well told and with sufficient incident to lend interest, but the reader is never called on for any depth of feeling, even where the events might warrant such, and the strongest scenes convey a sense of superficiality of handling. The stories touch life only on the surface. They are wholesome and well written, but of no large literary value. The list of juvenile books that possess such value is, however, very short, and the Brenda books stand considerably above the average general in merit. The last volume of the series, which deals with life at Radcliffe, will, undoubtedly be a welcome addition to the library of many a young girl who is looking forward to

a college education and who wishes to know of student experience at coeducational institutions. [Brenda's Cousin at Radcliffe. By Helen Leah Reed. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.25 net.]

Child Life in Illustration.

The desire to preserve the happy moods of his two-year-old son has led the boy's father, Mr. Hansen, the architect, to give a series of attractive photographs entirely unposed and natural, in which the child is seen playing on the slopes of the Berkshires. The pictures afford a charming series of incidents. They are entitled "Vespera," "The Ascent of the Hill" and "Lima Beans." Other numbers of the series are in preparation.

In the first booklet the child of "Vespera" looks toward the sunset of the golden gate. The "Ascent of the Hill" is a struggle of Roland to ascend a long flight of stairs. In "Lima Beans" is shown a lesson of table etiquette.

Probably this is the first child whose life experience has been told by a camera, and the father has done a new art which might add new joys to all households with children. Mr. Hansen considers that his house in which a child's life enters might furnish an interesting record of its own tender and intimate relations by this introduction of a phase of child study through the photographic lens.

The various dedications of the booklets are filled with human interest. Little Roland came "after years of solitude in a vast world," and the artist says he had loved children all his life and prided himself on some knowledge of them, but says "Since Little Roland stepped into our midst I have forgotten all I ever knew. But I have learned anew, and I had a teacher whose education, our own child. . . . With local pride we point to the fact that he is what any typical California child ought to be—born under our clear sky, raised in sunshine all the year around." Collectively the booklets rise above the plain of mere picture books to a high psychological interest. They form a picture record of the moods and development of the child instead of an ordinary written record. They are not offered as examples of photographic art or of pretty babyhood, as studies of child life made with loving fidelity and vivid exactness. Mr. Hansen is the author of "What is a Kindergarten?" a little work of notable educational value.

[*The Baby Roland Booklets. Vespers. The Ascent of Man. Lima Beans.* Paul Elder and Morgan Son, San Francisco. Price, 50 cents net, each, three books.]

ETHICS AND RELIGION.

On the Marriage Tie.

The present-day perils that menace married life and the means by which these may be avoided are the subject of nine popular talks, collected under the title "The Lost Wedding Ring," by Cortland Myers, D.D. The standards of the book are high, its position on the question of divorce liberal-conservative, the argument fair and judicial. It should prove a helpful book to thoughtful people.

[*The Lost Wedding Ring.* By Cortland Myers, D.D., minister at the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y. Paul & Wagstaff Company, New York and London. Price, 50 cents net.]

Present-day Religious Problems.

A careful and fair-minded examination of the present religious status of the nations, the relation of modern science and of the various great religious elements to Christian faith, and the outlook for the future of religious life is contained in Willard Chamberlain's "The Spiritual Outlook," just published by Little, Brown & Co. The author is a man of broad culture, well informed on modern scientific tendencies and of a fine spirit. He finds some good in all religious movements, progress in the final results of the conflict of elements. The book is one of firm faith, but full of the more spirit of religious tolerance and kindliness.

[*The Spiritual Outlook.* By Willard Chamberlain. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

The first of the Century's series of expository papers on "The Great Business Combinations of Today" will appear in the November Century and will be devoted to "The So-Called Beef Trust." The writer is George Buchanan Fife, who has made an investigation of the subject from many points of view—the packer's, the food wholesaler's, the retailer's, the consumer's, and that of the Attorney-General of the United States.

Zola is the subject of the leading article of the *Independent* for October 16. Henry Norman's "All the Russian," a cent nature books, Charles E. Benton's "As Seen from the Ranks," and "The Life of Napoleon I," by John Bell Rose, are reviewed at length.

The *New York Independent* follows its usual "Survey of the World" with two articles on Zola, one by Oscar Gohier, author of "L'Armee Contre la Nation," and a second, a brief account of personal impressions. Theodore Stanton, Lieutenant-Commander Roy C. Smith, U.S.N., contributes an able article on the recent naval and navy maneuvers, and W. R. Draper gives an account of the St. Louis bribery disclosures. Justin McCarthy reviews affairs in England, under the title "England in Recess." Two other notable articles are a review of some of the results of international arbitration, by Gen. James Grant Wilson, and an examination of America's present status in the world's commerce, by Dr. William P. Wilson, director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum.

Harper's Weekly for October 12 contains an article by Harry de Windt on "Darkest Siberia," an account of Russian prisons and penal policies. The

strike and the President's policy are ably reviewed. Anthony Hope is continued. Among the other Dean Howells and John Kendrick

Everybody's Magazine for November is reading. All the stories are them realistic accounts of thrilling and Indian; "The Unregenerated mountain folk. E. Clayton McClellan's study story on Carolina foxes, and G. W. Ogden writes of "On the Mississippi." The studies of "Tolka" are continued, and Justus T. Tolka's serial story, "Journey's End."

The *Delphine* for November, of fashions, contains stories by J. Amelia E. Barr and Carolyn Wells, house building and decoration, Beatrice, are the subjects of other

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

One more Cromwell story is growing list in Marie Beulah Dyer's "Captive Lad," now issuing from the "captive lad" is a cavalier, and pride of his caste. The personal relations to his Puritan relatives

The Longmans are adding to books "The Scientific Writings of Gerald," who was a fellow of Trinity College, professor of natural and experimental philosophy. He was a precocious scholar, a graduate and a professor at 20; maturely, when he was 40, a year

With the new portion of the "Century," which contains the whole of volume VIII. The forthcoming is prepared by W. A. Craigie, and a number of words recorded and is very great. Comparatively few with Q in English are of native origin.

The sessions of the National Museum last May, are about to be publication of the proceedings at

Thomas Nelson Page has written children that the Scribners are publishing. "Santa Claus" is its title. It is lying between the lines of the Civil War, the time of course being laid on the colored illustrations.

Owing to Mario Corelli's off-newspaper notices and her frequent appearance in newspapers and those who much comment has been caused. The editor, the Gentlewoman of a name from a list of those present at the recent Braemar Highland Games, accuses the editor of deliberately and he replies that the accusation he would follow her wishes in expressing in her writings, in much contempt for the press, and "snobs," as she calls them, wherewithal.

KOREA'S EMPIRE.

CALLED A MOST HOPELESS RULER, BUT NOT A

[*Manchester Guardian:*] If the Emperor of Korea is dead, then it may be said that one of the most tyrannical rulers in the world has departed this life, but he was so weak, so pliable, that by every breath of those who surrounded him for the moment that he was taken away, the person would shrink. His chief, quite recently, that he began to show who was, like many oriental princes, of the lowest rank to the throne—like the Emperor of China, for example, or the Ranees of India, of amazing force of character and manlike grasp of affairs, guided him for years through the troubled world of intercourse. If ever there was a ruler she was one, and her husband was a bandit. A band of Japanese, country (who was afterward disgraced and banished), rose one night in Seoul, slaughtered all they met, including the husband, who had been discovered, her faithful and a sued an edict denouncing her conduct. She had been a common criminal, to public execration and contempt, graded her in rank as a traitress. Her bones were discovered, and the obsequies of such splendor that was in financial straits.

No doubt the wretched man was with Chinese, Japanese, and Russians, being him this way and that, and the mob of Seoul, his lines had failed. Then there was his uncle, Won Kun, with a heart of stone and a Lord Curzon described him, who would poison all about him after the edict, so that the miserable King dared allow anyone around him to be near him. The King was carried off into captivity. Chinese Resident at Seoul, after in capital, whereupon the King gave no peace with pitiful petitions of dear and honored relative. When restored to his weeping relative he

October 26, 1902.]

strike and the President's conference regarding it are fully reviewed. Anthony Hope's "Intrusions of Peggy" is continued. Among the other contributors are William Dean Howells and John Kendrick Bangs.

Everybody's Magazine for November is full of good reading. All the stories are well written, several of them realistic accounts of thrilling incidents. "The Red and the White" is a study of life among the educated Indians; "The Unregenerated," a story of Virginia mountain folk. H. Crayton McCants contributes a nature study story on Carolina foxes, with many illustrations, and G. W. Ogden writes of "Old-time Barge Pirates of the Mississippi." The studies of "The Woman That Tells" are continued, and Justus Miles Forman begins a serial story, "Journey's End."

The Delphine for November, in addition to its news of fashions, contains stories by Josephine Dodge Daskam, Amelia E. Barr and Carolyn Wells. Athletics for women, house building and decoration, the love of Dante for Beatrice, are the subjects of other articles and sketches.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

One more Cromwell story is added to the recently growing list in Marie Beulah Dix's new book, "A Little Captive Lad," now issuing from the Macmillan press. The "captive lad" is a cavalier, full of the selfish greed and pride of his caste. The plot develops around his relations to his Puritan relatives.

The Longmans are adding to their list of scientific books "The Scientific Writings of George Francis Fitzgerald," who was a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and professor of natural and experimental philosophy there. He was a precocious scholar, remarkable as an undergraduate and a professor at 30; his death occurred prematurely, when he was 46, a year ago.

With the new portion of the "Oxford English Dictionary," which contains the whole of Q, a beginning is made of volume VIII. The forthcoming section has been prepared by W. A. Craigie, and, as in former sections, the number of words recorded and illustrated by quotations is very great. Comparatively few of the words beginning with Q in English are of native origin.

The sessions of the National Municipal League, in Boston last May, are about to be commemorated by the publication of the proceedings and the addresses.

Thomas Nelson Page has written a Christmas story for children that the Scriveners are publishing. "A Captured Santa Claus" is its title. It is a war story, the scene lying between the lines of the two great armies in the Civil War, the time of course being Christmas, but little children and not fighting men are its heroes. Stress is laid on the colored illustrations.

Owing to Marie Corelli's oft-expressed aversion for newspaper notices and her frequent attacks in her books upon newspapers and those whose names figure in them, much comment has been caused in London by the publication in the Gentlewoman of a letter from Miss Corelli to the editor, complaining about the omission of her name from a list of those present in the royal enclosure at the recent Braemar Highland gathering. Miss Corelli accuses the editor of deliberately leaving out her name, and he replies that the accusation is correct, he thinking he would follow her wishes in the matter as so forcibly expressed in her writings, in which she expresses so much contempt for the press, and particularly for those "muds," as she calls them, who seek newspaper notoriety.

KOREA'S EMPEROR.

CALLED A MOST HOPELESSLY INCOMPETENT RULER, BUT NOT A BAD MAN.

[Manchester Guardian:] If the report be true that the Emperor of Korea is dead, then I am afraid it must honestly be said that one of the most hopelessly incompetent rulers in the world has departed. He was not a bad man, for he was so weak, so pliable, so blown hither and thither by every breath of those who had influence over him for the moment that he was led into doing many things from which the most unscrupulous and abandoned person would shrink. His chief Queen (for it is only quite recently that he began to style himself Emperor,) who was, like many oriental princesses, raised from the lowest rank to the throne—like the Empress Dowager of China, for example, or the Ranees of Jhansi—a woman of amazing force of character and (for a Korean) statesmanlike grasp of affairs, guided him steadily and safely for years through the troubled waters of international intercourse. If ever there was a faithful wife and counsellor she was one, and her husband relied on her in all things. A band of Japanese, countenanced by their minister (who was afterward disgraced for his share in the stricture,) rose one night in Seoul, broke into the palace, slaughtered all they met, including the Queen, and afterward burned her body with petroleum. She had swayed her husband too much to the Russian side, it was thought, and the Japanese took this method of getting rid of her. A few days later, and before her remains had been discovered, her faithful and affectionate husband issued an edict denouncing her conduct and counsels as if she had been a common criminal. He held up her name to public execration and contempt, and officially degraded her in rank as a traitress. A little time passed; her bones were discovered, and the King gave them ignominies of such splendor that for a time the country was in financial straits.

No doubt the wretched man was to be pitied. What with Chinese, Japanese, and Russians from outside pulling him this way and that, and the great families slaying each other and being torn to pieces impartially by the mob of Seoul, his lines had fallen in very unpleasant places. Then there was his uncle, the notorious Tai Wu Kun, with a heart of stone and bowels of iron, as Lord Curzon described him, who was always busy trying to poison all about him after the most ingenious methods, so that the miserable King at one time scarcely dared allow anyone around him to taste a sweetmeat. The Tai was carried off into captivity in China by the Chinese Resident at Seoul, after inciting a revolt in the capital, whereupon the King gave the Chinese government no peace with pitiful petitions for the release of his dear and honored relative. When the noble captive was restored to his weeping relative he promptly showed his

gratitude by trying to poison the Queen with a box of comfits which he said he brought from China on purpose for her—as perhaps he did. The King—Emperor by that time—brought about the war between Japan and China by calling on the latter, as his suzerain, to help him to suppress a rebellion by sending troops and then declaring to the Japanese that the Chinese were invading his country. His political vagaries were countless, and were probably due to the perpetual changes in forceful persons about him. Once he ran away from his own palace in the night, where he was guarded by Japanese he had himself called in, and found refuge in the Russian Legation, whence he issued a wholly new set of edicts, contradicting all those he had recently issued, and denouncing as wretches those who advised him to issue them.

In the earlier years of his reign his dread was that one of those roving piratical bands of Europeans and Americans that were found on the coast of China would desecrate the tombs of his ancestors—though why a man should care about the bones of his ancestors who did not care a straw for all his living relatives is a question of oriental psychology which I cannot answer. The fact was that a legend pervaded the coast of China in those days that the kings of Korea were all buried in coffins of gold, and the ports were flooded with adventurers who had made California too hot for them—men thrown out of congenial work by the cessation of the American Civil War, waifs and strays from Australia and India, the driftwood of the civilized world. So they fitted out expeditions and sailed away, armed to the teeth, to rob the tombs of the kings of Korea. Few returned, but none of these brought gold, for the ruler of Korea is buried in the long white starched cotton smock and lofty sugar-loaf hat with a wide brim worn in life by his subjects; and his coffin, so far from being of gold, is a wooden box like a barrel. So what with desecration, pirates, intriguing foreigners, quarrelsome and murdering subjects, a strong-minded wife, and a poisoning uncle, the poor King's life was passed amid battle, murder, and sudden death. Yet he was a King, and died (if he is dead) an Emperor. He found Korea a vassal, and left it independent. Could one say much more of the greatest rulers that have lived?

KIPLING'S ART EDUCATION.

HE WORKED VIGOROUSLY AT DRAWING, BUT HARDLY FROM A LOVE OF ART.

By a Special Contributor.

The wide interest aroused by Mr. Kipling's debut as an illustrator of his own writings was the topic of discussion at a little gathering of friends who wrote or painted or otherwise "did things." His Excellency of Rottingdean was spoken of frequently at these meetings, for one of the lights of the circle had been the great man's schoolfellow at the United Service College, Westward Ho., and he declared it his mission, ever since, to flicker in the greatness of his playmate's glory.

"I remember, one time, at the college," began this fountain of anecdote, "that Kipling developed a great enthusiasm for art. This wasn't due so much, however to the delicate sensitiveness of his own soul as to the peculiarities of Old Timbertoes, the master. Old Timbertoes was not a very flattering designation for a professor of fine arts, but such was the nickname given to the master of painting and drawing at Westward Ho by Kipling and his two particular chums.

"Kipling or Gigs, was always quick to detect peculiar characteristics in anyone, and fortunately or unfortunately 'Old Timbertoes' was a ready mark for youthful ridicule. In the first place 'Timbertoes' differed radically from the generally accepted type of an artist. He was short and stout, with exceptionally well-developed hands and feet. He always wore large, doubtless comfortable shoes, and stepped lightly about the classroom as if troubled with corns. Then, too, 'Timbertoes' possessed a broad Devonshire accent, and adopted the peculiar habit of solemnly pointing a finger at a refractory pupil, instead of delivering an ultimatum with the swish of the cane. All these traits 'Gigs' was not slow to observe, and after his own fashion to bring to the notice of his classmates.

"It was remarkable what an earnest study he made of hands and feet. He drew large feet from casts with conspicuous mounds on the toes, that looked astonishingly as if they were intended to fill his instructor's shoes. It was wonderful, too, what a proficiency he acquired in the Devonshire dialect, so that while the class were convulsed with laughter, he would draw the unsuspecting 'Timbertoes' into a discussion on, say, the merit of 'apple cider' as a good beverage to take after 'futball.'

"Whatever distinction 'Timbertoes' may have achieved in his profession, he was certainly not bright at perceiving a joke. But at last it did seem to dawn upon him that his pupil's earnest study of feet and the Devonshire dialect bore, perhaps, some remote reference to himself. As a consequence, Kipling was given a long course in beautiful antique vase outline drawing, and whenever he attempted to speak, the warning forefinger was solemnly pointed at him."

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

A macaroni merchant, Ciro Carotenuto, fell in love with his wife's sister, who, to avoid his irksome attentions, fled with his book-keeper, Roberto Caropreso, to Florence, where they were wedded, writes the Express Naples correspondent.

Shortly after their marriage a packet came for them from Naples, and following on the delivery, four policemen burst into the room shouting: "Open that packet!"

To the horror of Caropreso the packet contained bombs, and he was at once arrested as an anarchist. He protested his innocence, and suddenly he bethought himself that the macaroni merchant had instigated the matter.

Inquiries were made in Naples, and it appeared that Carotenuto for revenge sent the bombs, at the same time denouncing Caropreso to the Florentine police as an anarchist. The latter was released, and in his stead the malicious purveyor of macaroni was placed under the key.—[London Express.]

CHILE CULTURE.

A NEW AND PROMISING ENTERPRISE AT SAWTELLE.

By a Special Contributor.

THIS rapidly-developing California of ours has gathered within her spacious boundaries many new industries during the last few years, but it is not generally known that a branch of agriculture which is practically new in this part of the State, and possesses many interesting features, is being carried on with fifteen miles of Los Angeles city.

It is the cultivation and drying of chile peppers, which is being done on a large scale by a Mr. Orb, owner of an extensive ranch on the outskirts of the town of Sawtelle—that rising little burgh where houses seem to spring up in a night, and available land is being rapidly absorbed.

Beach-goers who were wont to travel by the electric road during the summer have become familiar with the conductor's announcement, "Sawtelle—Soldier's Home!" and look out to see a fine church in course of erection, an imposing-looking schoolhouse, broad, level streets, where falls the welcome shade of fast-growing trees; neat cottages, with lawns rich in shrub and blossom, and the many buildings of the Soldiers' Home outlined against the mountains that roll up their peaks to the sky, in the background.

Two miles from the station lies Mr. Orb's ranch, a magnificent stretch of land, fifty-five acres of which are devoted exclusively to the cultivation of chile peppers. Early in June the plants were set out; row after row of tiny things, which have, under the genial warmth of a California sun, evolved into shrubs that are wonderfully uniform at a height of two and a half feet, and heavily laden with plump pods, a beautiful dark red in color. A harvest bountiful in quantity, and giving amazingly rich returns, is here awaiting the lucky grower. An extensive irrigating plant has been employed by Mr. Orb, who has had years of experience in this industry, but this is his first venture of the kind in his present location.

The sight of this vast field of chiles, viewed in the golden light of a perfect October day, is one not soon forgotten by those fortunate enough to have visited the spot. If not a "joy forever," it is certainly "a thing of beauty." The great field, level and fertile, stretches away into distance; the bright green of the shrubs and the vivid red of the pods forming a contrast that strikes the beholder with a sense of artistic beauty, apart from the golden return that is suggested. The plants bear an average of thirty-five pods; one large one stood with branches weighed to the ground, on which were counted sixty-five well-filled pods, averaging six inches in length, and five in circumference. The yield anticipated is one and a half tons to the acre, and the estimated value \$200 a ton; a magnificent showing, even in this land of bounteous harvests.

Mr. Orb is at present residing in the town of Sawtelle, where he occupies a rented house, pending the erection of a residence on his ranch. An acre of ground surrounding the dwelling has also been utilized in pepper growing. Recently the owner of this property, wishing to erect a cottage on a portion of it, and not caring to defer building until Mr. Orb's term of tenancy had expired, asked the latter what value he would place on the plants, not yet matured, which would necessarily be destroyed on the site required for the house.

"Well," said the ranchman, "I value the plants at 10 cents each, but if you will allow me 5 cents for every one destroyed, you can go on and build your house."

The intending builder made an estimate of the plants that covered his projected site, and the sum total that astonished him was \$48. He has decided to postpone building operations until the chiles are harvested.

A staff of twenty-four Japanese is at present engaged in picking the peppers on the ranch. Two, or perhaps three, pickings will be necessary, in order to gather the pods that are slow in ripening.

A well-equipped drying-house, fifty-eight feet long and twenty-six wide, is nearly completed, in which the peppers will be dried and prepared for market. The necessary heating power is generated from a large steam boiler, 1200 feet of pipe being used in the building. Tracks are laid, on which large trucks, or cars, built for the purpose, will be run in. These cars are to be laden with peppers packed in wooden trays, the latter fitted tier above tier, into the cars, which will remain in the drying-house until their freight has attained the requisite dryness. The roof of the building is covered with heavy tinned paper, which is coated with fine gravel. This precaution has been taken to obviate any danger of dampness from rain during the period of drying.

The scene on the ranch is a busy one; embracing the operations of the pickers and the workmen who are pushing the drying-house and other requisites to completion as rapidly as possible.

With such a golden harvest looming up before him, this enterprising ranchman should certainly feel no small measure of gratification in his pioneer venture in Sawtelle.

M. A. CONDON.

A STRONG BOY.

Derby, Ct., has a "strong man," 17 years old, who lifts 500 pounds with comparative ease and juggles 100-pound dumb-bells for an everyday exercise.

This muscular youth is Peter Modorno, and his occupation is that of a barber. His appearance belies his extraordinary strength, and many a patron of the shop where he is employed has lost a wager against Peter's ability to perform feats credited to him by the proprietor. Peter has put above his head eight successive times a dumb-bell weighing as much as himself. It is his ambition to be a champion strong man, and all who have seen him handle heavy weights believe he will attain his desire. Peter attributes his great strength to daily exercise, his habit of eating only simple food and his abstinence from tea, coffee, alcoholic beverages and tobacco.—[New York Herald.]



The Development of the Great Southwest.



WAYS OF WOMAN

By a Woman

The Latest in Fur.

IT IS a pity that our climate does not encourage the extravagant use of fur, so that nearly all instances become a farce. This fur of the moment is a genre much like chinchilla in its softness, and another fact which recommends it to people, is its adaptability to nearly all occasions; ermine used in combination with the softest material, the cost of the first being superbly, in lines as pliable as the fur itself, turned back over the wide bell-sleeves, is immensely smart, especially as the Duchesse satin show a wee bit. The season have just a touch of fur, without being at all heavy or hot. The model is carried out in many of the writing of its sounds absurd and



IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION,

Compiled for The Times.

(The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in progress, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.)

Ontario Fruit Cannery.

THE beautiful horticultural settlement of Ontario is coming to the front as a manufacturing center. Following, in regard to an important preserving enterprise at that place, is from the Ontario Record:

"Ontario has 4000 acres of deciduous fruit orchard directly dependent on this city for a market, besides several thousand acres of grapes in the vicinity of the town. This is in addition to the 5000 acres of oranges and lemons.

"With the strenuous competition in the growth of deciduous fruits it is particularly important that they be handled with pains and with wisdom. It is necessary above all things that they be handled with the minimum of labor to produce the highest degree of perfection of product.

"Until the spring of 1901 the only way in which the local fruits could be handled at home was by drying. At that time there was a great increase in the production of fruits, due to the young orchards in Blackburn's addition coming into bearing. That section had been planted by R. E. Blackburn, with the result that the output of fruits of the colony was greatly extended, and realizing the necessity for opening a market for deciduous fruits, Mr. Blackburn led a movement to incorporate the Ontario Fruit Company in April, 1901, the result of which was the building in Ontario of one of the best-equipped canneries in the State, the company being capitalized at \$50,000, of which \$32,000 is paid up, while the cost of the plant was \$22,000. Mr. Blackburn owns the controlling interest in the stock of the company, and the cannery is operated by him as lessee. At the present time it is paying out for fruit and labor \$10,000 a month, the policy of the enterprise being to pack goods to order. Up to date the cannery has packed and sold this season over 1200 tons of fruit. This consists of apricots, peaches, pears, plums, apples and tomatoes, and it is on the programme for the cannery to run extensively on olives later in the season.

"One-fourth of the pack is sold in Southern California, the remainder going to eastern markets.

"Mr. Blackburn is also in control of a cannery on the coast which makes a specialty of peas and other vegetables, to enable him to furnish a full line of fruits and vegetables to the trade."

Storage Plant.

ACCORDING to the San Diego Union, Judge C. B. Richards has decided to build a new cold-storage plant in the Silver Gate warehouse. He is getting plans made in Chicago and San Francisco. The building will have a storage capacity of 110,000 cubic feet, will cost from \$80,000 to \$100,000, and will be used for the storage of fruit, butter, eggs and meat.

An Arizona Library.

CATALOGUE has been received of a free public library which is maintained at the office of the Huachuca Water Company, in Tombstone, Ariz. The library is open daily to all, and any one may, without charge, borrow any except reference books, with no other requirement than that of filling out a slip.

A Model Ranch.

FEW weeks ago there was published in this department an extract from the Pacific Fruit World, referring to the Fair Oaks ranch, in the San Gabriel Valley. This ranch, of about three hundred acres, is one of the model ranches of Los Angeles county. It has a most picturesque location, three miles east of Pasadena, backed by the majestic pine-clad range of the Sierra Madre, the Mount Lowe Incline railway, Wilson's trail and Sierra Madre being in full view. There are forty acres of oranges, ten acres of lemons, and about one hundred and fifty acres of grapes. A commodious and handsome residence, built twenty years ago at a cost of about \$25,000, is in good repair, and there are comfortable ranch buildings. The ranch was formerly owned by J. F. Crank, the railroad man, who built the residence and lived there for a number of years. It is now in the hands of a Los Angeles bank, who appointed as superintendent Ernest Dolge, a young man who, though not brought up as a horticulturist, has by diligent study and close application, developed a knowledge and ability in horticultural matters that have earned the respect of many who have devoted a lifetime to the business.

Many good lessons may be learned from a visit to this ranch. A notable feature is the neatness, cleanliness and good order everywhere apparent. The fences are all in good repair, the walks and drives neat and clean, while hedges and piles of whitewashed stones add to the trim appearance of the place. The trees and vines look as if each had had individual study, such as good teachers give to pupils in a school. A somewhat novel method of pruning the lemon trees has been introduced, which is a judicious compromise between the old high standard form and the latter low-trailing method of growth. The lower limbs are trained out a distance above the ground in such manner that while shading the trunk they grow strong, and can support a good weight of fruit. A large number of seedling oranges, which were budded a couple

of years ago to navel, look remarkably thrifty, and promise to bear next year.

Mr. Dolge has introduced an excellent and ingenious system of keeping exact accounts of everything that goes forward on the ranch. Every laborer is supplied with a numbered blank, upon which he is expected to indicate the number of hours' labor he has expended on different kinds of work during the day. These are all summarized at the end of the month, so that it is possible at any moment to tell exactly how much has been expended on certain varieties of trees or vines, or on other work, during the year. Then, again, the entire estate has been carefully mapped into blocks, and the produce of each block is noted. An experiment was made last season in staking some of the vines and the product compared with an equal area of similar vines that had not been staked. It was found that the staked vines yielded about 50 per cent. more than the others. In other words, the manager of this estate has introduced the same business intelligence that is used by a manufacturer in ascertaining just how much his product costs him, a thing that very few farmers seem to realize the importance of. In fact, it is doubtful whether 10 per cent. of the horticulturists of Southern California really know just what any particular product they raise costs them to lay down at the shipping point.

One drawback of the Fair Oaks ranch is the lack of a sufficient water supply. This is now being remedied by the boring of a well in which water has already been struck at a depth of 300 feet, which will be raised by a plunger pump and forty-horse-power engine. This improvement alone will cost about \$7000, but it will be worth many times that sum in the increased productivity of the ranch.

This estate would make an ideal country home for a wealthy man, who could afford to spend, say \$50,000 in improvements and in bringing it up to its full productivity. Unless it should be purchased for such a purpose, it will, doubtless, before long, come into the market as an addition to Pasadena, as electric railroads are extended in that direction.

Advertising the San Joaquin Valley.

THERE has been maintained on South Broadway, since February last, an exhibit of products of the San Joaquin Valley, under charge of Arthur E. Miot, who, at the request of The Times, has furnished the following particulars in regard to the objects and work of the association which he represents:

"The San Joaquin Valley Commercial Association is an organization composed of the various Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce throughout the counties of San Joaquin, Stanislaus, Merced, Madera, Fresno, Kings, Tulare and Kern, the eight counties that occupy the floor or level portion of the San Joaquin Valley. The officers of the association are: President, Senator S. C. Smith of Bakersfield; secretary, Colvin B. Brown of Stockton; treasurer, F. M. West of Stockton.

"The object of the association is to encourage immigration and new enterprise, to harmonize the interests of the various sections, to bring about unity of action in advertising the resources, and promoting the interests of the valley, and to assist in the general upbuilding of the State. Its revenues are derived from the various Boards of Trade, Boards of Supervisors, and public-spirited citizens. Its work is purely public in its nature, eliminating private interest, but working for the good of all.

"The association has taken up various lines of newspaper and periodical advertising, but it was felt that, if an office and exhibit could be maintained at some central point, it would bring the work in closer touch with the many people who visit California during the winter months.

"At a meeting of the Executive Committee held last December, the matter was thoroughly discussed and the committee, realizing that Los Angeles, by its energy and systematic advertising, had made that city the objective point of tourists and the gateway of the State, it was decided, that if sufficient funds could be raised, an office would be opened and an exhibit of the products of the valley maintained in Los Angeles. An estimate was made of the amount required to do this work. To raise the required funds, the entire valuation of the eight counties, as shown by the State Board of Equalization, was taken as a whole and each county asked to raise an amount equal to its relative per cent. of the total valuation.

"This the counties agreed to do, the association agreeing that with the funds raised, it would pay all rents, salaries and advertising, other than special county literature. The accounts between the association and its members are kept in regular form, and a monthly statement is furnished to all contributors, showing receipts and disbursements, and giving a general review of what is being accomplished. If for any reason there is a surplus accumulated, it is always in the hands of the association to be used for advertising purposes, as it may think best.

"The work in Los Angeles has exceeded expectations. We have been welcomed by its citizens, and there is a growing mutual desire for closer relationship. Since opening our office at No. 610 South Broadway, in February last, we have had 20,000 visitors. We have accomplished much good in general advertising and direct results have been more than satisfactory.

"While the efforts of the association have naturally been confined to promoting the interests of the valley, it has always worked on the broad principle, that all California is good, and that we are all Californians."

Reopening of the Tombstone Mine.

IN A REPORT from Tombstone, Ariz., it is stated that the Consolidated Mines Company, of which E. B. Gage, the Arizona banker, is president, has nearly completed its hoisting and pumping plant, and that things are getting into shape for the big operations contemplated by

the company. Respecting what is being done, the director of Tombstone, says:

"They have erected a large steel gallows over the mine to take the place of the old wooden one now in use. They have the sheave wheels, over which will run the flat cables, all in place ready for the cabin. The famous four-compartment shaft is on quite a level, being the largest ever sunk in the West. A large boiler room reveals the four monster boilers capable of developing 500-horse-power, all is now ready to be fired up. Steam pipes are connected up with the two Corliss engines which operate the immense hoisting apparatus. The mine has a large force of men at work in the engine putting in the remaining portions of the mine which they expect to have in place and in running in a very short time. Attention was also given to two large centrifugal pumps that are all ready to be lowered into the mine as soon as the station, which is being cut, is ready to receive them. Major Treacle has mapped out a section of the shaft which will be installed the compressed air pipe. The pipe line will also soon be laid as rapidly as possible, the pipe for which is arriving daily. Much work is fast progressing on the levels, opening up the old and making air connections, etc. All preparing the extensive work outlined by the company."

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Carpinteria.

ONE of the most beautiful sections of Southern California is that around Carpinteria, in Santa Barbara County. A writer in the Southern California Call thus describes some developments around there:

"This rich, productive and beautiful valley is well known for having, as far as record has it, the largest grape vine in the world. This vine is over eight in circumference, and covers a trellis of over one acre. It is of the Mission variety. It was set out and so is now sixty years old. It is stated that it has borne over ten tons of grapes in a single season. It is to look up from under the branches one can only believe this wonderful story of productiveness. It seems entirely healthy and the burden of grapes hangs tremulously.

"Carpinteria is also one of the finest walnut sections of our State. The trees are regular and tremendous when well cared for. Many of the orchards of the valley are so covered with nuts that they suggest grapevines covered with mammoth clusters of grapes. I have seen any kind of fruit trees more heavily laden with fruit. No wonder that the Carpinterians, who have walnut orchards, look content. There is, however, the show of the walnut blight, and surely one finds this beautiful valley by the sea, are, or should be, interested in the experiment of Prof. Newton B. Bishop, who is working so hard to circumvent this terrible plague.

"We also noticed another feature which interested us as we studied these walnut groves. Quite a number, though not very many, of the orchards show some limbs with 'die back.' We learned that in almost every case these trees were unirrigated, and in many cases just contiguous or across the road, were well irrigated and showed no trace whatever of the blight. Even then, in rich, moist, Carpinteria soil, great crops of alfalfa grow with no irrigation, it is to irrigate when possible, this very profitable orchard. It looks as though it would be easy to develop all the water for the most ample irrigation. It is very possible that ample irrigation would convert the trees into blight-resistant stocks."

"Mr. Cadwell, who has one of the most delightful homes in Carpinteria, has among his many varieties of fruit, one not often seen in quantity, the guava. His are not bushes, but splendid trees, large producers. He finds no fruit, not even his oranges, or profitable walnuts, more remunerative than these guavas. The trees look very vigorous and promise a tremendous crop this season. Mr. Cadwell, however, is a little disquieted, as a blight has been evident in his guava grove now for three years. It has greatly increased, and has only attacked the fruit.

"Washington authorities advised that this was caused by the red mite. This seems not at all likely, as fruit suffers, and though there are a few mites on the trees they are far too few to explain the trouble. More, the foliage shows no disease, although it alone could have suffered heretofore for months. The mites, I think it far more likely that this is not the case and as it only affects the fruit, we might well hope for a cure. Mr. Cadwell, however, advised Mr. Cadwell, that it would yield readily to 'Bordeaux mixture.' We may reasonably expect that spray, 4-4-45; that is four of lime, four of copper and forty-five gallons of water, applied just before sowing and possibly just after, would stay this terrible blight.

"Mr. Higgins, who has one of the neatest and most cultivated farms to be seen in our State, is just now sub-irrigating. He has a plow planned by himself, furrows broadly for about eight inches in depth, and five inches or so deeper. He found it difficult to get water into his cut, except he made the furrow in both ways and surely is succeeding in this and deeply wetting the earth. Mr. Higgins has done a fine water output, and his many inventions in cultivation are well worthy of study by any one.

STILL IN THE FUTURE.

"Even when I was a mere child," said the author, "I used to think how grand it would be to become a poet, some day."

"Ah! yes," replied Miss Pepprey, "and isn't it true that we should never try to fulfill these childhood ambitions?"—[Philadelphia Press.]

is believing, and they are intensely interested, and ones any woman would be proud to wear.

Gowns of Net and Lace.

SO SERVICEABLE, as well as smart, are black net and lace gowns, that they are an absolute necessity in every well-dressed woman's wardrobe. For the slender model, one made on the slender lines of the body, has wonderful possibilities. Each of the five rows of narrow graduated black lace edging treated in the same way, the boudoir on the lower arm, while the bodice is boudoir, to relieve the somber shade, was a boudoir. This gown when worn with a wide lace hem in white, makes a stately gown. The Van Dykes are used with the puffed sleeves, and reaching far below the knee, the skirt being achieved by chiffon plissé. The Van Dykes just meet edge to edge, so the slender effect is not sacrificed. The chiffon sweeps out around the body.

Use of Cluny Lace.

ALL the smartest couturiers are using Cluny lace in no small way; but in width outline the entire bottom which in many instances is very wide, is adorned in the same way, the portion of the sleeves are ornamented, running from wrist to shoulder. A narrow lace band in black mouseline-de-soie between two rows of Cluny lace, giving the effect of a lace border.

WAYS OF WOMEN.

By a Woman.

The Latest in Fur.

IT IS a pity that our climate does not permit of the extravagant use of fur, so beautiful is it, and in nearly every instance becoming and softening to every face. At the moment is "petite gris," which is a genre much like chinchilla in its silvery gray tones, and another fact which recommends it to the majority of people, is its adaptability to nearly all colors, blue especially; ermine used in combination is the very smartest color, the cost of the first-mentioned fur, fitted superbly, in lines as pliable as velvet, and the revers, ermine lined, as were the cuffs of this fur also, which turned back over the wide bell-shaped sleeves. Muffs tremendous in size go on suits, and the effect is immensely smart, especially as the linings of cream buckskin satin show a wee bit. Many of the hats this season have just a touch of fur, which gives a rich look without being at all heavy or hot looking. The pleated model is carried out in many of the fur coats. The writing of its sounds absurd and impossible, but seeing

color. The effect is extremely chic and well worth trying.

Cinnamon Brown and Lizard Green.

CINNAMON brown and lizard green form a union which is of the smartest this season and destined to be most popular. One particularly pleasing model had the skirt cut so as to admit of three narrow pleats a few inches from the flower on each gore, graduating toward the front, so as to simulate a flounce. On the edge of each gore joining, was an elaborate braiding in black, which looks particularly well with the brown, while to further beautify, French knots in brown and green were used. The coat, which was on the Eton genre, was cut into slight curves around the lower edge, which rendered it most graceful, the braiding used around the curves, as well as on the fronts, the French knots, doing their part as no other trimming can. There was a medium wide flat collar of green cloth, outlined with mink, as well as a belt of the cloth, each stitched to perfection, as were also the green cloth cuffs which finished the bouffant sleeves.

The Reign of a La Valliere.

DEMANDING much attention just now in jewelry is the art nouveau, which is most exquisite in all its least detail. A la Valliere of this genre of style, is composed of three yellow sapphires in dainty settings of

on a Christmas tree. Arrange the long-stemmed blossoms in a deep bowl, with the candles in the holders, and you will find the effect extremely pretty as the lights shine through with the blossoms, and I would keep it all pink in color. Your cake can then be kept prettily decorated, as the wax dripping from the candles often causes much annoyance. A simple menu would be of bouillon and bread and butter sandwiches, followed by strawberries molded in gelatine, and last the ice cream and cake served with a cup of chocolate. A pretty way to serve the cream is to get the smallest size of florists' pots, and line them with parafine paper, then fill with the cream. Over the top sprinkle powdered macaroons to simulate earth, and just as they are sent to the table stick in a single pink aster, as if growing.

Lace Coats.

THE three-quarter lace coats are still extremely chic, some being a mingling of Russian and Renaissance lace, with the introduction of black velvet motifs. Some are in the deep cream lace, with the lace divided by graduated insettings of velvet, which are most delightful.

White Beaver Hat.

I CANNOT refrain from singing the beauties of a white beaver hat which was lovely in every particular. Its brim rolled quite perceptibly on the left side, while the dip in the back was not sacrificed in the least. The upper brim was draped with a wide black jetted lace, the ends falling well down on the hair, while on the left side sweeping toward the back was a black paradise tail. It was simple, but altogether charming, and destined to be greatly admired.

Sardine Rabbit.

M. R. E., LOS ANGELES, asks: "Will you kindly give me something to be prepared on the chafing dish to be used in the evenings?"

Very nice is a sardine rabbit which is very easily prepared. Mash fine a small box of sardines, and be particularly careful to keep out all the oil. In the chafing dish melt a cup each of cream and cheese cut into bits; add a tablespoon of butter, a saltspoon of salt, a little paprika, a dash of tobacco sauce, and a teaspoon of mustard. When all is up to the boiling point, add the sardines and the well-beaten eggs and serve on toasted crackers.

Black Taffeta Coat.

R. H. D., LOS ANGELES, writes: "Are black taffeta coats good style still for women, and how would you advise one made? I want it good in every particular and well trimmed and made."

Much as we hear that coats of this genre are not as modish for women as others, yet many handsome models are continually being seen. One I was fortunate to see lately, was just direct from a very smart French house and was easy of copying. It was a three-quarter length of black taffeta, faced on both sides and on the front with a heavy cream lace over satin of the same cream color. These facings were each three inches wide and piped on the edge with velvet in turquoise blue. The back was cut with a bias seam, which gave a beautiful flare around the bottom, the only trimming being a wide flat collar of the lace, piped with the blue velvet. Three circling bands of taffeta piped with blue velvet, were set on the bust, running to the under arm seam, giving an empire effect which was extremely good. The sleeves were very bouffant, into cuffs of lace, with the pipings of blue velvet, and the whole garment was lined with cream white satin.

All-Halloween Party.

MRS. F. J. T., LOS ANGELES, writes: "As you seem to help others in all their emergencies, tell me how to amuse children at an All-Halloween party; what refreshments to have and what games to play."

Children are so easily pleased that the old threadbare customs seem to meet all the requirements, and nothing new seems to be on the wing. Suspending an apple on a string and trying to get bites causes merriment; also bobbing for apples. A marshmallow tied in the center of a long string, and one on either end chewing up toward it, the first gaining the prize, causes fun. To blacken the under side of a plate and proceed to mesmerize the victim is great sport. Give the victim the blackened plate, and take one like it unblackened yourself, asking the opposite to do just as you do. Pass the front finger around the plate, after which rub around on the face, doing continuously to get the victim's face well covered with the black. After you have him decorated let him see his own reflection in the glass. It is well to have several doing it, as after once it is all over. For refreshments I would have bouillon and bread and butter sandwiches, followed by ice cream, cake and a cup of chocolate. This, with the apples which are always eaten, and candy, will be enough to make all the mothers glad that such parties come but seldom.

D. R. MONTGOMERY.

FURS

Made to Order.

Seal garments also remodeled into the latest styles.

A full line of skins in stock.

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Formerly with Marshall Field of Chicago.
147 South Broadway, Opp. City Hall



STYLISH GOWN, CLOAK AND FUR BOA.

is believing, and they are intensely stunning garments, and ones any woman would be proud of wearing.

Gowns of Net and Lace.

NO SERVICEABLE, as well as smart looking, are the black net and lace gowns, that they have become an absolute necessity in every well-thought-out wardrobe. For the slender model, one made on the triple skirt idea has wonderful possibilities. Each flounce should have two rows of narrow graduated black velvet ribbon, the bias treated in the same way, the sleeves immensely flout on the lower arm, while the only bit of color to relieve the somber shade, was a belt of bright scarlet lace. This gown when worn with an immense plumed hat in white, makes a stunning picture. The Van Dykes are used with the points running down and reaching far below the knees, the fullness of the skirt being achieved by chiffon plissé, which falls in and out as the wearer walks, as only a plissé garment can. The Van Dykes just meet edge to edge, around the hips, so the slender effect is not sacrificed, as the fullness of the chiffon sweeps out around the bottom of the skirt.

Gown of Cluny Lace.

ALL the smartest couturiers are advocating the use of Cluny lace in no small way; bands most generous in width outline the entire bottom edge of the coat, which in many instances is very full; fronts as well are adorned in the same way, while the outer portion of the sleeves are ornamented with the band running from wrist to shoulder. A novel touch is given in combination with this lace by introducing a veiling of black mouseline-de-sole between the lace and the satin lining, giving the effect of gun metal in

diamonds, one stone being above the other. This same design is seen made up of the sapphires of a lighter color, but the yellow ones are more effective. A great brown sapphire as large as a dime, set in a single rim of diamonds, leaves nothing to be desired. A more simple la Valliere is achieved by a graceful branch in green enamel, with numbers of fresh water pearls simulating blossoms.

Dainty Shoulder Capes.

MOST attractive for mourning wear is a stole and shoulder cape in black mouseline-de-sole and crêpe, which takes the place of the neck ruche, which has been worn so much in the past few years. The cape is shaped like a deep fichu in the back, and laid in folds caught down at either side the bust in front from where long stole ends of mouseline-de-sole bordered with full ruffles, fall from a deep border of crêpe. This deep ruff follows around the edge of the cape, and has a border of crêpe around all. This model is very stunning made of white net with borderings of lace, and where the lace joins the net to run on a very narrow black velvet ribbon. They are immensely chic and extremely popular.

Child's Birthday Party.

K. P., LOS ANGELES, writes: "I am going to give a child's birthday party, and want table decorations and music also, and shall be greatly indebted to you for your trouble."

Nothing could be prettier in flowers than asters, as they are so beautiful just now, and a pretty idea would be to combine the candies and flowers in the center-table decorations, which can be done most successfully by using the long ball-end candle holders as one uses

October 26, 1902.]

WHERE UNCLE SAM BUYS.
HE TELLS ABOUT IT IN A LITTLE BOOK
JUST PUBLISHED.

By a Special Contributor.

If you should happen to see a little book that Uncle Sam has just published, entitled, "Sources of the Agricultural Imports of the United States," you hardly would consider it a delightful story book. It is full of tables of long figures in fine print and most depressing to the view, like a rainy Saturday.

Yet that book really is as pleasing as a game. You can do with it what Robert Louis Stevenson's children did when they gazed out of their windows and over the garden palings and imagined for fun that the land beyond was a far, strange country and that the familiar brook was a mighty mountain river roaring through the heart of Asia and that the neighbors were men of savage climes.

Uncle Sam's dry book of figures is like a window that opens into the story-lands of the world. The stories jump all around, from the Pacific Islands to London and from the Azores to Australia. And some most common articles suddenly get new interest when we see from what queer places they come.

For instance, where do you suppose the most of our imported beeswax comes from? It is sent from the island that we made free—Cuba. And its neighbor in the vivid blue Caribbean Sea, Santo Domingo, furnishes the next greatest quantity. The black republic, Hayti, which is on that same island, also supplies a great deal. In Hayti and Santo Domingo the beeswax is brought to the dingy little seaport places by natives from the interior. Most of these ports have certain days when everybody comes in to market. Then one may see, early in the morning, as soon as the wonderful sulphur-yellow dawn begins, long lines of small black donkeys winding down the narrow paths of the beautiful mountains that rise almost from the sea. Each donkey has two cunning baskets, one on a side. They are made of plaited palm leaves and of stout grasses, and they are stuffed full of all the strange products of the land—great yams like immense sweet potatoes; pineapples that fill the hot morning air with delicious odors; fat, little red bananas; great plantains like yellow bananas, only much longer and not nice to eat raw; big piles of oranges and grape fruit; green coffee berries just as they have been picked, and beeswax.

In looking again through this window of Uncle Sam's, we see that most familiar and commonplace thing, the onion. But where do you suppose we see it coming from? From Egypt, the land of the obelisks and pyramids and buried Pharaohs.

We call on many other lands for onions, too. England sends us the most. Then comes beautiful Bermuda, the land of lilies. Then come Spain, Cuba, the British islands in the West Indies, Italy, Canada, Mexico and France. A few years ago we imported many thousands of bushels from Switzerland. Now and then a few come from China.

Uncle Sam's children really do need lots of food. Such a thing as cheese, for instance, comes to them from twenty-one different countries, and some of them are very last ones that you would think of as shipping cheese to America. Who would suppose that Uncle Sam gets some of his cheese from Turkey? Almost a ton of it was sent to us from that country last year. The year before we even got some from Egypt.

Eggs makes a curious story, too. The Chinese empire shipped more to us last year than did any other foreign country. The Chinese hens had to lay fast to supply our demand, for 80,000 dozens were sent to Yankeeland. Hens in Canada, Mexico, Japan, England and France had to help.

The sheep herders of all the world had to watch flocks for us. Rough, lonely men in rude shanties in Australia and New Zealand, half-breeds in the wide plains of Argentina in South America, sedate, flaxen-haired little shepherd boys in Belgium, Germany and France, wild, armed Mongolian rovers in China, mounted Tartar herders on the Russian steppes, Peruvian Indians, blanketed Uruguayans—all tended sheep whose fleece finally reached Uncle Sam.

Men fought wolves in Russia, jaguars in the Argentine and in Peru, flesh-eating parrots in New Zealand and robbers in China that the big republic, of which many of them know almost nothing, might have the wool at last. The clothing that you are wearing now may be made from wool that has had adventures that would make the finest story book; and it would all be true.

Then there is the pepper window in the book. Pepper takes one into distant foreign climes, indeed. In Germany, when big folks want to frighten children, they threaten to send them to "the land where the pepper grows." That is most alarming to the German children, and often they become quite good almost at once.

Men have always wanted pepper so much that long ago, when they still knew so little about the world that they imagined it was flat they made daring voyages to look for it. The old Arabian sailors, much as they feared the Djinns and the great bird Roc and other terrors of the unknown world, managed to make their way to the East Indies and carry back great cargoes of it. The Portuguese ventured clear around the Cape of Good Hope to get it.

Uncle Sam needs an immense amount of it. He imported more than eight tons of it last year. If, by some shocking accident it had all arrived here at once and been tossed broadcast over the land, what a tremendous sneezing it would have caused, from Uncle Sam's most northern Eskimo, sitting in his ice hut on the slopes of the Arctic Sea, to the alligators in the most southern bayou of Florida!

All of Uncle Sam's pepper did not come from the East Indies. One-half ton came from the West Indies. Egypt and China sent some, too.

Egypt is sending us many more products than one would guess. We get tobacco, tea, sugar, opium, olive

oil, raisins, figs, dates, cotton, hides and skins and butter from that ancient land.

Uncle Sam buys something everywhere, even in the most unlikely places. His book shows that he bought horses in Sweden and Norway, bones, hoofs and horns in all sorts of places from Venezuela, in South America, to Japan, milk in Denmark and Mexico, feathers in Aden, on the Red Sea, and China, Austria and Guatemala grease as far away as Australia and cedar in Cuba and Spain.

He sent to the island of Malta, to Servia, to Spanish Africa, to the Canary Islands and to the mouth of the Amazon River for goat skins.

He bought sausages in Hongkong. Painted Fiji islanders sold him traders sausage casings.

The free men of Liberia, the African republic, sold him coffee, as did the yellow Samoans, negroes from the Congo and the Central Americans, who gaze out from their palm tree clad hills over the "Dashing, silver-flashing surges of San Salvador."

When you eat your mince pie and plum pudding on this Thanksgiving day you might remember that the plums, prunes, raisins, lemons and other nice things that go into the pleasing compounds are imported from Turkey, France, Portugal, Austria, Greece, the West Indies and dozens of other distant places. As you sit by the fire in the evening you can imagine a whole bookful of stories about the many foreign children who helped to gather the goodies to help you celebrate the great day properly.

J. W. M.

TWIXT SEA AND SKY.**A POETIC PROSE PICTURE OF LIFE AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.**

[Frances Campbell, in London Post:] The dawn gathered up her filmy draperies of tender rose, and fled across the sky, leaving it an illimitable dome of burnished amethyst, where the sun blazed in almost intolerable glory. The ship slowed down, her tall spars circling against the blinding heavens as she rose and fell on the long, hesitating Pacific rollers. Behind us, the ocean stretched boundlessly blue; before us, a sea rainbow, a medley of exquisite ever-shifting color, purple and violet, crimson and green, blue and gold, fringed by a ring of dazzling foam, where the great waves slipped over the reef, and broke where Ovalau sat sighing and murmuring among her palms and mangoes.

We glided in through the narrow opening in the coral, and slid alongside a blackened wooden wharf, against whose timbers lay a fleet of quaint picturesque craft-lighters, barges, catamarans and canoes—all manned by natives in gorgeous suus, and with glittering hair. Huge mat sails, blotches of intense yellow and reddish brown, lay heaped on the banana barges, the canoes with their clumsy-looking outriggers dashed up diamond showers in the brilliant light as the swell rose beneath them, their crews lightly balancing themselves along the gunwales, their brown bodies reflecting the light like polished metal.

Color and Melody.

Handsome giants they all were; their lime-bleached hair frizzed out in great "pompoms" and stuck with hibiscus flowers, their huge limbs hardly covered by their brightly-dyed suus of thin cotton, their arms clasped by circles of mother-o'-pearl, and their necks festooned with strings of iridescent shells.

The big steamer looms gigantic among the little craft as it slows up to the wharf—the one incongruous element in a picture that a moment before was perfection. The island aglow with warm emerald, sighing and swaying; the sea now carrying the light to its clear depths, now sparkling on its wave crests. All is life, glow and color, and to its charm is suddenly added that of melody, the curious, haunting music, illusive and vague, which is only heard in the South Seas.

A line of men sitting along the wharf edge look laughingly down at the canoes, and begin to sing. The Fijians sing with the whole body; they sway, point, fling out their arms and wring their hands with graceful simultaneous gesture. They cease, and the men in the canoes have a chance. They balance themselves precariously on the edge of their dangerous vessels, and begin by softly clapping their hands together; for a while they sing in unison, then the voices drop gradually out, leaving a high glorious tenor declaiming in golden notes alone. Meanwhile the hand clapping goes on, accompanied by much swaying and bending and shaking of bushy heads. They croon and hum, and take up the strain again; suddenly they all spring upright, pointing seawards, and a seventh wave comes billowing across the reef lifting them all to the level of the wharf. When it subsides the crews are bobbing up and down in the water, singing still.

From Sunshine to Rain.

There is a burst of Homeric laughter as they scramble in, the paddles are out and they go swiftly through the passage in the coral, the company on the wharf still dangling their legs in the water.

"What is it they sing?" I demand breathlessly. My friends laugh, and the planter lights another cigar. "Some Tonga boys making bickey," he responds. I echo the words disapprovingly. "Bickey," he explains, "is Australianese for the old Fijian mèke—a native dance. Most of these fellows dance sitting down. The boys in the canoes are going back home, these Ovalau chaps are setting them off. See?"

The canoes are curtseying on the long rollers, the golden-brown bodies shining in the light from wave and sky, the gaily-attired giants on the wharf rise slowly, laughing and chattering, and as we look a curtain of pearly haze falls suddenly across the picture, shutting it completely off. Even the taffrail on which we lean is blotted out, the decks disappear, and if a tightly-clutched arm did not assure me of her presence, I could not have known the planter's wife was still beside me.

"More enchantments!"

The planter laughs languidly. "Rain!" he says. "I wonder if they have got in the buggy."

It is rain like a glorified "Scots mist," soundless, warm, and fragrant, and through it comes drifting a singular

medley of sounds. Voices talk close to us, in an uncanny fashion, in German, in English, and in the musical native tongue. The unseen sea swells beside us go on making "bickey," the swinging reefs billows in our ears, and through all this vague, insistent, intangible whisper of the sea shore. It is like a dream, a dream full of haunting loveliness about to be revealed.

The Lifting of the Curtain.

Suddenly as it fell, the curtain of mist is gone away, and there lies the little island, dazzling in the sun, glittering with rain jewels. The long, clumsy on the tide, a fresh fleet of canoes comes to us beside us puffing and snorting the steam launch going to the sugar company arriving for the day.

The gorgeously-suited singers are squatting on the ship with baskets of coral and painted shells before them, and a small boy, crowned with the sun and wearing a suit of vermilion and yellow, is offering a length of tappa, probably his own handiwork.

There is no hurry, no one rushes down for the day, no one apparently wants anybody or anything. It is always afternoon in Ovalau, and everyone is perfectly content with things as they are. The houses of Ovalau are smugly away in the cliff face, look peaceful there are only the wrecked remains of the old Government House to remind the passer-by that great volcano blow, and occasionally disturb the lotus-edges.

We go on shore, and meet nobody except a little Islander carrying the police magistrate's baby. He is the baby's nurse, and looks as if he might possibly be a meal of him. In the pictureque hotel we see a pretty lady in a long chair, asleep, and saunter out again find the buggy waiting at the end of the wharf. I asked to hold the ponies while the others look after baggage, a wholly unnecessary request, for the ponies have been lotus-eating, too, and could not run away, even if they saw a motor-car.

A Pretty Game.

The great chief who came with us from Suva goes in his fine broadcloth and tall hat in a canoe named his naked warriors.

Down below me swings a huge barge full of bags and plaited baskets of peachy little mangoes. Stern sit a dozen or so slender, large-eyed maidens pale golden color, who play peek-a-boo with me. It is the manner of it: They call out to me "Marama" and I look down, whereon they, with one accord, headlong into the green sea, gurgling with laughter. They climb up the swinging rudder and call again as they wring out their long locks over the side. Then I look they are again calling "Marama, Marama" as they bob up and down on the waves like mermaids. It is a pretty game, and I kiss my hand to them, as the planter returns with his wife, and we are out on the road to the plantation.

The Journey's End.

It is a wonderful road cut in the snowy coral, the rainbow sea on one side and the swiftly-swinging scrub on the other. A path, wave-drenched and half green, full of strange exotic growths.

Ovalau rises clothed to her summits in anomalous palm-crested, mangoe-crowned, and girded about tall palms, silvery crotons and trembling rye-roots, oleanders and alamandas faintly musk, great clumps of frangipanni fringing the coco-palms and bread-fruits, the enormous flowering chestnut called "oxy." Flamboyant casts down on us her perfumed tresses of scarlet silk, the tatter-leaved bananas sing in the wind, the paw-paw holds out its delicious yellow, and the exquisite garlands of climbing fern, the kalo, hang over us as we go.

There is no wild life, no bird call in all the greenness, nothing but the sob of the reef, and the whisper of the reeds, and the faint tinkling of innumerable waterfalls.

By the time we reach the plantation civilization is far away and inexpressibly remote; the moon rises, we sit out on the veranda alone with the never-ceasing musical lament of surf and wind, and the whisper of reeds. It is like discovering Paradise with the tree still on the bough—and life without sin, we age, eternally before us.

A NOVELTY IN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING.

Notwithstanding the many uses to which electric light has been put in late years, many people will be surprised to learn that there is actually in operation in Bela Hungary, a lively town of some 700,000 inhabitants, a telephone newspaper. The copy is spoken into microphones in the editor's office, and each subscriber has an instrument in his house:

"One of the most praiseworthy features of the Telephone Newspaper is its extraordinary cheapness. A subscriber pays but 2 cents a day for its many messages, and there are no fees for having a receiver installed in a house. No one need continue subscribing to a speaking newspaper for longer than four months. These favorable terms each station is provided with receiving appliance, having two ear tubes, so that people can listen at the same time. The apparatus can be fixed wherever the subscriber pleases—at a desk, at a writing desk, or in a special room."

"At present the telephone newspaper is confined to Budapest, but for some time past preparations have been going on for extending it to the whole country. The manager of a great French daily paper intends to introduce the invention into Paris, having been struck by its possibilities when the apparatus was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. In Vienna the introduction of this unique invention will soon be effected, all the plans being in readiness." [Pearson's]

"No, indeed," said the crafty passenger agent to bride and groom. "Our company does not prohibit going on the platforms, and, besides, I would call your attention to the fact that we have more and longer platforms than any other railway in the world." [Pearson's]

**THE NEW
AND HOW CAPTAIN
ENCOURA**

By a Special

"I see that the candidates for practice today," said H. Dan Lawrence the third battery Academy baseball team freshman class has a wonder will be the regular twirler to see him out today."

"So would I," said Dan, cadets who were standing next to his companion: "We have our trick today. All of these the freshman pitcher that about all spring. When the of fun, and to think that know about it! It will be history of the school!"

All of the candidates were cadets, accompanied by a ta- Walking up to Capt. Jack Jenkins, the freshman pitcher

Jack and the freshman sh took him over to Harry Bow Jenkins, the freshman pitcher He wants to warm up, so let

Jenkins, who proved to be started in to show what he that field did a pitcher have surprising that a cadet had finished pitcher, and, when tried his arm enough, Harry said: "He's got more curves put together! I tell you, keep your eye on him!"

When the cadets saw the box for Jack Millar's side, the ribs and laughing who start to hit his curves all over see Mr. Freshman want to

He pitched only nine balls three batters striking out. At the pitcher and each other and said, "He'll do; he's got ever seen! You can see the across the plate before you k

The second inning resulted to the strike-out record, and to believe that the new pitch of praise showered upon him. ever, they made four hits, the control of the ball.

"What do you think of you was asked of Jack Millar.

"He acts and looks like a coached properly, he may dev reply with a knowing smile.

At the end of the inning, I aside and said: "Don't get hit your curves last inning; the best of players. Pitch you'll be all right, and if you will make a better show

The pitcher promised to obey passed the two cadets who them a wink. "Don't give them will mob me if you do!"

Not a hit was made in the while in the sixth inning the pitched balls.

In the seventh inning the run with three on the bases there was considerable cheering had scoffed at him, and the "We have a pitcher now that Howe and give us the State championship!"

The eight and ninth innings of runs for the side opposing when they went to the gymnas in the center of the crowd of the first one dressed, so step two friends, who slapped him. "You did the trick to perfect piled, "It's time for me to take learn the joke!" and with a gone."

About eight o'clock Jack Mill breathless from a run across matter, Jack?" they innocently cited!

"Where's Jenkins?" he asked he has gone, for he has mystery boys are anxious to see him to pitching, and—

He paused when he saw the on the bed and start to roar "What are you laughing about see any joke? Where is Jenkins?"

The jokers sat up and cried student; he's one of the young National League team! It's a you! Ha! ha!" and they fell laugh.

"Pitcher for the Chicago N team?" asked Jack. "Why I to pitch! He must have enjoy

The next day a letter came he read it to the boys, one pro writer. It read:

"Capt. Jack Millar: It was a much obliged for your val should you or any of your kindly call on me at the ball p

THE NEW PITCHER.
AND HOW CAPTAIN JACK GAVE HIM
ENCOURAGEMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

"I see that the candidates for the baseball nine report for practice today," said Harry Bowen, the catcher, to Dan Lawrence the third baseman, of the Marion Military Academy baseball team. "I understand that the freshman class has a wonderful pitcher that all predict will be the regular twirler for our nine this season. I'd like to see him out today."

"So would I," said Dan, as he strolled away. Two cadets who were standing near by, grinned, and one said to his companion: "We have a great chance to play our trick today. All of these fellows are waiting to see the freshman pitcher that we have been telling them about all spring. When the joke ends we will have lots of fun, and to think that we are the only ones that know about it! It will be the best ever known in the history of the school!"

All of the candidates were on the field when the two cadets, accompanied by a tall, slender youth, came out. Walking up to Capt. Jack Millar, they said: "This is Jenkins, the freshman pitcher, of whom you have heard."

Jack and the freshman shook hands, and the former took him over to Harry Bowen, saying: "Harry, this is Jenkins, the freshman pitcher that you wanted to see. He wants to warm up, so let him pitch a few to you."

Jenkins, who proved to be a left-handed pitcher, started in to show what he could do. Never before on that field did a pitcher have so many curves. It was surprising that a cadet baseball player could be such a finished pitcher, and when he announced that he had tried his arm enough, Harry rushed over to Jack and said: "He's got more curves than all the other pitchers put together! I tell you, he is certainly a wonder. Keep your eye on him!"

When the cadets saw the freshman candidate go in the box for Jack Millar's side, they nudged each other in the ribs and laughingly whispered: "Wait until they start to hit his curves all over the field, then you will see Mr. Freshman want to quit!"

He pitched only nine balls the first inning, the first three batters striking out. They looked at their bats, at the pitcher and each other in a bewildered manner, and said, "He'll do; he's got the most puzzling curves ever seen! You can see the seam on the ball, yet it is across the plate before you know it!"

The second inning resulted in three more being added to the strike-out record, and the various players began to believe that the new pitcher deserved all the words of praise showered upon him. In the third inning, however, they made four hits, the freshman seeming to lose control of the ball.

"What do you think of your freshman pitcher now?" was asked of Jack Millar.

"He acts and looks like a real pitcher, and, if he is coached properly, he may develop into a star!" was his reply with a knowing smile.

At the end of the inning, Jack called the new pitcher aside and said: "Don't get discouraged because they hit your curves last inning; that is liable to happen to the best of players. Pitch your swiftest curves and you'll be all right, and if you watch the bases closer you will make a better showing."

The pitcher promised to obey instructions, but when he passed the two cadets who came with him, he gave them a wink. "Don't give the joke away too soon, for they will mob me if you do!" was his remark in passing.

Not a hit was made in the fourth and fifth innings, while in the sixth inning the side was retired on three pitched balls.

In the seventh inning the new pitcher made a home run with three on the bases after two were out, and there was considerable cheering from all the cadets who had scoffed at him, and the universal verdict was: "We have a pitcher now that will win the game from Howe and give us the State Military School baseball championship!"

The eighth and ninth innings were also unproductive of runs for the side opposing Jack Millar's nine, and when they went to the gymnasium, the new pitcher was in the center of the crowd of cheering cadets. He was the first one dressed, so stepped outside and met his two friends, who slapped him on the shoulder and said: "You did the trick to perfection!" He laughed and replied, "It's time for me to take my departure before they learn the joke!" and with a final handshake, he was gone.

About eight o'clock Jack Millar rushed into their room, breathless from a run across the campus. "What's the matter, Jack?" they innocently inquired. "You look excited!"

"Where's Jenkins?" he asked. "Nobody knows where he has gone, for he has mysteriously disappeared! The boys are anxious to see him to congratulate him on his pitching, and—"

He paused when he saw the two cadets fall backward on the bed and start to roar at the top of their voices. "What are you laughing about?" he demanded. "I don't see any joke! Where is Jenkins?"

The jokers sat up and cried: "He's gone! He's not a student; he's one of the young pitchers of the Chicago National League team! It's a good joke he played on you! Ha! ha!" and they fell back again to enjoy their laugh.

"Pitcher for the Chicago National League baseball team?" asked Jack. "Why I was trying to tell him how to pitch! He must have enjoyed the joke!"

The next day a letter came to Jack Millar, and when he read it to the boys, one proposed three cheers for the writer. It read:

"Capt. Jack Millar: It was a good joke and I enjoyed it. Much obliged for your valuable advice on pitching. Should you or any of your team ever come to Chicago, kindly call on me at the ball park. JENKINS."

MARVELS OF THE OCEAN.

**A MONOLITH MORE THAN FIVE THOUSAND FEET
IN HEIGHT.**

[Pearson's Weekly:] Much of the finest scenery on the face of the globe is to be found under the sea.

Take, for instance, the remarkable monolith, more than five thousand feet in height, recently discovered by the Andreas in mid-ocean, some 500 miles off the coast of Chili. The base of this stupendous under-sea needle is barely eighty yards in circumference; yet it rears itself, solitary and alone, to the height of nearly a mile, its culminating point, a flat, circular surface no bigger than a cartwheel, reaching to within less than a hundred fathoms of the surface.

No such natural phenomenon, on any such stupendous scale, could possibly stand alone on dry land freed from its supporting and protecting envelope of perfectly still water. But, even supposing, for the sake of argument, that it were possible to lift it bodily from the depths of the ocean, and set it up gingly in the middle of Hyde Park, storm, heat, and frost would cause it to crumble to pieces, in, geologically speaking, "no time at all." Something of a similar kind we have, it is true, in the far-famed "Steeple Rock" of the "Garden of the Gods" in America, but this is barely as many hundred feet high as the other is thousands.

Men speak admiringly of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, carved thousands of feet deep within the earth's crust by the ceaseless fretting of the tortured stream during countless ages.

And with reason! Nothing like it exists elsewhere on any of the land masses of our planet; nor was it supposed until comparatively recently that its terrific precipices, its towering crags, or its profound abysses, could, by any possibility, have their counterpart anywhere in the uncharted bed of the ocean.

Then, one day, a government surveying vessel engaged in making soundings off the coast of Japan, stumbled across an apparently fathomless submarine abyss. More than 18,000 feet of line were run off the reel without finding the bottom, and the captain, baffled and benighted, had to put back to Yokohama for additional tackle.

Subsequent investigations showed that the discovery was even more remarkable than had been at first thought. The ocean-filled gorge, or cañon, proved to extend from opposite Tokio to almost within hailing distance of Cape Lopatka, or, roughly, 1,000 miles; and its average depth, reckoning as from the immediately adjoining ocean floor to westward, was found to be slightly over 15,000 feet.

Into this tremendous trench, the famous Colorado Cañon, which is some 200 miles long, with an average depth of about 3000 feet, could, of course, be packed many times over. Moreover, it was noted as a remarkable fact, that whereas, for many miles at a stretch, both the walls inclosing the Grand Cañon are more or less sloping in character, the western side of the Pacific gorge, at all events, drops almost perpendicularly from the sea floor upholding the Kurile Islands. It is as though these isolated land masses had been thrown up at some remote epoch by amphibious Titans working from the eastward, the thousand-mile-long ditch representing, of course, the area of excavation.

Curiously enough, similar abnormal "deeps" in the bed of the sea, but of a circular character, are not infrequently found closely adjacent to correspondingly abnormal elevations. A typical instance is afforded by the Tokelau group of islands, from the northwestern extremity of which one might almost step into a crater-like pit, measuring in depth between four and five thousand fathoms, and having an area almost exactly equal to the islands in question.

Multiply by millions of billions a child's sand hole dug on Margate beach, and the sand heaps excavated therefrom, and you have Tokelau and the Tokelau depression. Imagine, if you can, a man standing in the middle of the latter, with the Pacific drained of its waters; he would find himself in a pit, the almost perpendicular walls of which would be over three miles high, reckoning from the floor of the ocean; while above him would tower the Tokelau archipelago—now transformed from islands into mountains—to an additional height of more than two miles. From lip to lip the crater would measure 200 miles across.

Nearly £80,000,000 have been spent in the attempt to cut a fifty-mile-long ditch through the Isthmus of Panama. The Congo River, working beneath the surface of the Atlantic, has dug out for itself from the bed of the ocean a ditch which is considerably more than 100 miles in length, by, in parts, between five and six thousand feet deep.

It is doubtful if the labor of the whole of the present population of the world, continued throughout a generation under the most favorable conditions, and, of course, on dry land, would suffice to execute so stupendous a work. Yet the Congo, curiously enough, makes little practical use of the cañon it has created; for investigations, carried out by Commander Purvey-Cust in 1893, show that it is occupied, not by the fresh water brought down by the river, but by the ocean salt water.

Above the latter the yellow, pea-soupy Congo flood creeps out to the open sea as upon an inclined aqueous viaduct, with decreasing velocity, and increasing depth; so that, assuming, for the sake of argument, a sheet of glass could be substituted for the roof of the stagnant super-incumbent sea water, and the latter then drawn off, a man standing on the floor of the crevasse would view the river crawling sluggishly along a mile above his head.

One of the most strikingly picturesque bits of submarine scenery lies in comparatively close proximity to our own shores. For a distance of about 230 miles to the westward of Ireland the ocean bed slopes so gradually that the average increase in the depth of the water is only about six feet per mile; but in the next few miles it drops suddenly, in a series of tremendous steps or terraces, more than 9000 feet to the great level, subaqueous plain which forms the true floor of the Atlantic, and which stretches with scarcely a single break for 1200 miles to the banks of Newfoundland.

"It would be difficult," remarks Hamer Smith, "to

conceive of anything more stupendously grand than this series of terrace steps, extending for hundreds of miles north and south, each step measuring in vertical height from 800 to 1200 feet, and in breadth varying between four miles and a few hundred yards.

Elsewhere, mountains, that, if uncovered, would vie in height and majesty with Everest or Aconcagua, but whose summits now show above the surface of as islands, soar upward from enormous depths. Such are Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic, which rears itself on a comparatively small base to a height of more than 26,000 feet above the true level of the adjacent ocean bed; as well as Christmas Island in the Pacific; Teneriffe; St. Helena, and many other similar solitary islands of lesser note.

The uncovered projecting tops of these are, of course, visible to mortal eyes, and by studying their contours and general appearance some idea can be formed of the massiveness and magnificence of the portions which are submerged. But, on the other hand, there are many other submarine peaks of equal or even greater height, which, because they rise from depths even more profound, do not show at all above the surface.

Many of these latter duplicate almost exactly some of the land mountains with whose appearance we are all of us more or less familiar. The Matterhorn, for instance, has its counterpart in a volcanic mass which rises sheer out of the bed of the ocean to the northward of Hawaii, and the culminating point of which is barely 500 feet below the level of the sea; while the twin brother of Chimborazo stands submerged, a solitary and unseen giant, within the icy depths of the South Atlantic, not very far from Kerguelen Land.

MAN'S SPEECH TO ANIMALS.

**ORIGIN AND MEANING OF SOME WORDS USED
EXCLUSIVELY TO DOGS, HORSES, ETC.**

[New York Tribune:] It is a curious fact that in every language there are certain words that are used only to animals. More than this, special words are often appropriated to particular species. E. A. Matthews, who contributes an article on the subject to Popular Science News, notes that the dog is almost the only animal for which we have no special call or word of command—perhaps because of his almost inhuman intelligence. Some of the words that we use to animals, Mr. Matthews tells us, are the names by which our ancestors called the animals themselves. Some are Sanscrit, or early Indian words; some are Greek, some Latin, some Teutonic, some old English words, long since obsolete. Max Müller, in "Chips From a German Workshop," says: "The commands we give to the horse, and our call to the cow are the same used by the prehistoric men of our race. In all probability, the Arab calls to his camel in the same words now as in the days of Abraham and Noah. In talking to the horse, we find the word 'ho,' or 'whoa,' used alike all over the world. It is supposed to be the interjection 'oh' of the Greeks and Latins, a simple call to attract attention, another form of which was the Sanscrit 'yu,' meaning to hold back. 'Ho' is old English for 'hold,' and is still used in that sense in many countries, and is considered to be also the Aryan word 'stop.' The words that guide the reins are different in many languages, because the teamsters do not always guide alike. The Englishman and American say 'gee' and 'haw,' but as in Great Britain the horse must keep to the left, their meanings are reversed. The German says 'hott' and 'hist,' the Frenchman 'hue' and 'dia,' the Spaniard 'cho' and 'ven aca,' the Italian 'gio' and 'veney,' all meaning about the same, but of different origin. But when the farmer's boy says 'cope,' he uses an old Sanscrit word which means 'come.' The whistle to the horse is the same in every race, and also calls the cows. The child who pets her calf and calls it 'bos,' or 'bossy,' uses the Latin name of its race, almost the same in Greek, but when she says 'co-bos' she uses the Sanscrit verb 'gu,' meaning to low as a cow. The milker says 'sob' to the cow, which comes from the Sanscrit 'sagh,' or 'sah,' meaning to remain, or keep still. The fowl call, 'chick! chick!' is as old as the chicken itself, being the Sanscrit 'kuk,' the name of the domestic fowl, clearly imitated from the older verb 'kak,' to crow, or cry, from whence the word 'cackle.' When the little country girl cries 'shoo' to scare away the chickens she uses the same word as did Penelope, that model of Greek housewives, and she inherited it from her Sanscrit forefathers."

BAD SPELLING.

Only fifty-six out of 141 freshmen at the Northwestern University were able to pass an examination in spelling. They were tested with ordinary words; not with difficult and perplexing ones; and the test was too much for most of them. Probably similar examinations at almost any American university would show substantially the same results. Spelling is not an accomplishment in which college youth excel. Nor do the graduates of the common schools distinguish themselves in this useful but now somewhat superciliously regarded branch. The letters of the average public-school graduate or university graduate are likely to be prolific in bad spelling.

Prof. Clark of the Northwestern University says the trouble is with the so-called "scientific" method of teaching spelling. The public schools turn out graduates who have learned with great pains how not to spell. The undergraduates and graduates of the colleges probably spell a little or considerably worse than the public school children.

But the great thing is the method. Nothing can equal the pity which the enthusiasts of the new method bestow upon children who have learned to spell without reliance upon it. Spelling is nothing; method is everything. Let us remember that when we come across a fantastic or blundering speller. The worse he spells, the more superior is the method by which he came to that preeminence as a muddler and twister of orthography.—[New York Sun.]

"It's like pulling teeth to get a drink in this State, isn't it?" remarked the stranger in Maine.

"Yes," replied the native, "and when ye get one and swallows it it's like having teeth pulled."—[Philadelphia Press.]

[October 26, 1902]

October 26, 1902.]

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times does not undertake to answer, either in this department or in small, inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest, will receive attention in these columns. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication.]

How to Drink Water.

AN EXCHANGE has the following, in regard to the desirability of taking a drink of water before eating:

"While the general opinion of those supposed to be authorities on this matter has been that the habit of drinking water at meals is a deleterious one, it is now stated, according to recent investigations, that a little water, if not too cold, is beneficial, as it assists in the digestion of food. A too copious supply of water dilutes the gastric juice and if too cold lowers the temperature of the stomach below normal, thus impairing digestion. If, however, water is taken in limited quantities, the peptones formed by the action of gastric juice on food will be washed aside, thereby permitting absorption. By this means the undigested food is laid bare and is more susceptible to further action of the gastric juice. During the period of rest phlegm or mucus is deposited on the walls of the stomach. This phlegm, being very tenacious, prevents the free flow of gastric juice for some time, hence delaying digestion. A drink of water before meals is recommended, because it loosens and washes away this deposit of mucus, thereby permitting the gastric juice to attack the food as it enters the stomach."

Another exchange, the New York Journal, contains the following on the same subject:

"A beginning of kidney trouble lies in the fact that people, especially women, do not drink enough water. A tumbler of water sipped in the morning immediately on rising, another at night, are recommended by physicians. Try to drink as little water as possible with meals, but take a glassful half an hour to an hour before eating. This rule persisted in day after day, month after month, the complexion will improve, and the general health likewise. Water drunk with meals should be sipped, as well as taken sparingly."

"Ice water ought never to be taken with one's meals, and as little as possible between meals. One never knows what is being taken into the stomach in water filled with chipped ice. It is safer to fill bottles with water and allow them to stand beside ice to chill until required."

"Tests have been made which show that one gill of ice water, which means an average tumblerful, poured hastily down the throat, reduces the temperature of the stomach from 100 to 70 deg., and it takes more than half an hour to recover the heat it has lost. Cold water slowly sipped, will not be followed by such a result, cooling the system pleasantly in hot weather without chilling the glands of the stomach so that digestion cannot take place."

"There are certain tests of water which even the woman without the smallest knowledge of chemistry can make. She may pour a pint into a perfectly clean bottle, cork it securely and allow it to stand five or six hours. Instantly on withdrawing the cork smell the contents; if it has an unpleasant odor, no matter how faint, pour the water down the sink."

Physicians and Consumption.

THE following indictment of the medical fraternity is not from an outside source, but is from the columns of the Hospital, a publication of the regular school, and it is quoted in the columns of the Cincinnati Lancet Clinic, another regular allopathic publication:

"In view of the award to Dr. Arthur Latham of the first prize of £500 for his essay in regard to the proposed King's Sanatorium for Tuberculosis, some interest attaches to an address delivered a few months ago before the Hunterian Society of St. George's Hospital, by the successful competitor, on the Modern Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption. In it Dr. Latham throws well-deserved scorn upon the treatment which has been so often meted out to unfortunate sufferers from this disease, a treatment, by-the-bye, which can, even at the present day, be found in full swing in the out-patient departments of many a hospital, even of special consumption hospitals, where, if anywhere, one would expect to meet with better things. 'It is not an uncommon experience,' he says, 'to find some unfortunate workman, who lives continuously in a fetid atmosphere and eats an indifferent amount of coarse and unnutritious food, taking all of the following medicines during the twenty-four hours. A mixture of cod-liver oil with malt, to supply, so it is said, the place of the fast-ebbing vital oil; a mixture of gentian and sodium bicarbonate, to assist the jaded appetite; an ether mixture to strengthen the action of the heart when the patient feels more than usually ill; some form of lozenge to allay the cough during the daytime, together with a new-fangled antiseptic as an inhalation; and some pernicious preparation of opium to bring sleep at night.'

"It is one of our amiable weaknesses to hold patent medicines in ridicule and contempt, but what could be more ridiculous, considering the teachings of the dead-house, than the current treatment of consumption so aptly described by Dr. Latham—a mere pouring in of drugs without any attempt to touch the root of the disease. Yet in the midst of all this drugging, going on far longer than we can remember, there have been men who saw the truth. So far back as 1840, George Bodington insisted on the importance of a generous diet and a constant supply of pure air, and propounded the terrible heresy that 'cold is never too intense for a consumptive patient.' In 1855 Dr. Henry MacCormac, the father of the late Sir William MacCormac, published a book on some-

what similar lines, and in 1861 read a paper before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, in which he advocated what are now established principles. Yet what was the treatment which these pioneers received at the hands of their professional colleagues? Bodington's book, says Latham, 'met with much bitter and fierce opposition, and eventually the disapproval of his methods became so universal that patients were driven from his sanatorium,' while 'the members of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society refused to pass the usual vote of thanks to Dr. MacCormac, because they thought that the paper was written by a monomaniac.'

"The position taken up by the medical profession in regard to the treatment of consumption has indeed been most deplorable, and has thrown into strong light the bar sinister which hangs over the origin of medicine—a science, if it be a science, springing in the far past from mystery and witchcraft, tainted with the methods of the sorcerer, and even now dominated by that overmastering faith in drugs and nostrums which is the direct and disastrous heritage handed down to us by our immediate ancestors, the apothecaries. It has been an ignoble spectacle. No one taking a broad view. Each man limited by his education and trudging along in the rut of his old habits—physicians pouring in drugs, surgeons scraping out bits of diseased tissue, while even now, in the full light of bacteriological science, we find men attempting to cure consumption by soaking the patient's tissues with antiseptics; and all this in defiance of the teachings of pathology, which go to show how frequently the disease gets well if the patient's vitality, the vis medicatrix naturae, is but given a fair chance. Yet, how near we were to the truth if we would but have listened, if we would cut ourselves adrift from the prejudices ingrained in us by our education, and, in the words of one great man, have thrown 'physic to the dogs.'

Osteopathy.

THE Journal of Osteopathy, which is published by the original Osteopathic school, the American School of Osteopathy, at Kirksville, Mo., in a recent number contained an article of which the following is an extract:

"The osteopath does not use electricity, X-rays, or hydrotherapy, but relies on osteopathic measures in the treatment of disease."

"We have a friendly feeling for other non-drug, natural methods of healing, but we do not incorporate any other methods into our system. We are all opposed to drugs; in that respect, at least, all natural, unharful methods occupy the same ground. The fundamental principles of osteopathy, however, are different from those of any other system and the cause of disease is considered from one standpoint, viz., disease is the result of anatomical abnormalities followed by physiological discord. To cure disease the abnormal parts must be adjusted to the normal, therefore other methods that are entirely different in principle have no place in the osteopathic system."

A local osteopathic physician writes to say that such a statement as this does not voice the sentiments of the better physicians of the school on this Coast. Such assertions, he says, trend to make the osteopath look ridiculous in the eyes of the scientific world.

Such a statement might be expected from a Christian Scientist, but is surprising as coming from this source.

A Book on Hygiene.

THE New Method in Health Culture is the name of a hygienic work by Dr. W. E. Forest, now in its fifteenth edition. In his preface he makes the following sensible remarks:

"Do not suppose, however, that a disease of long standing can be cured in a few days by any method of treatment. One does not get wealth in a day or a week usually, but by continued work and the practice of self-denial. So the cure of a chronic disease will require patience, perseverance and a determination to succeed. There is no royal road back to health when once it is lost. It is easier to take a pill than to change the habit that has caused your infirmity, but the former only palliates the trouble and leaves the system weaker than before, the latter leads steadily, though slowly, back to health."

The book contains much good advice of a practical kind on hygienic subjects. It is published by the Health Culture Company, No. 481 Fifth avenue, New York, at the price of \$1.

Cod Liver Oil.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Would cod liver oil be injurious to the stomach?" Large quantities would, undoubtedly, be harmful, but a tablespoonful daily should be digested by most people. However, The Times considers pure olive oil as preferable to animal oil of any kind. It should be taken freely with meals. Those who cannot readily use it may begin by using a few drops on their salad, and gradually increasing the quantity. Most people can use olive oil when taken with raw tomatoes.

Enterprising Quacks.

NONE BRANCH of the irregular medical profession exhibits more enterprise and ingenuity than those who appeal to the anxieties, fears and ignorance of young men—and for that matter of older men—in regard to irregularities of the sexual organs. The perseverance and ingenuity which they devote to securing victims should insure them a good income in any legitimate employment. For instance, a few days ago, the editor of this department received a circular letter, in imitation typewriting, the address being printed in by a type-writer. It is dated from a town in Michigan. This is perhaps the first attempt to work the Philippine Islands as a source of marvelous and mysterious remedies. Hitherto, the center of the Dark Continent has been the favorite location for such fakes, and the agent, usually, a "retired missionary," who is actuated by feelings of deep benevolence toward his fellow-men, and consequently puts in his time, and spends thousands of dollars monthly, in paying for advertisements in which he offers to send free of cost a remedy to all who apply.

Following is the communication. Notice the amusing

way in which the writers deprecate the idea that they could possibly imagine the recipient of the letter in need of their services, also the funny closing paragraph, in which they thank the person addressed for the "courtesy of this interview."

"Dear Sir: We trust that you will pardon the liberty we take in thus addressing you and hope you will consider it an impertinence on our part. Nor do we intend, in any way, to imply that you are in need of the article that we seek to bring to your notice. This is simply one way that we take to advertise and the method we employ to bring to the notice of every man within reach of the mails the virtues of Dr. Na-Morg (probably a corruption of Morgan.—Ed.) great discovery, —, the wonderful Philippine Restorative.

"The opening up of the hitherto unknown resources of the Philippine Islands by Uncle Sam, has revealed many surprising things. The most remarkable, and one that most profoundly affects the welfare of mankind, is the discovery of —, and its astonishing virtues. It is without doubt, the greatest addition to medical science that the century has ever known.

"— is a tonic of marvelous properties. It cures nervous debility, sexual weaknesses of all kinds, enriches and purifies the blood and gives you the strength and vigor of youth. It is infallible for the prompt, safe and permanent cure of weakened sexual power, impotency, sterility, spermatorrhoea, emulsions, and all depraved conditions of the system.

"Send for our booklet. It will tell you all about its discovery and its marvelous virtues. Don't pay for it. You may have a week's trial of — absolutely free. With your permission, we will be pleased to send you full particulars.

"Bear in mind, if you please, that this is no place for medicine or C.O.D. scheme. We have no free cure to offer you. We have only a good, honest and plain business proposition to make you. If you are ailing in any way, we earnestly ask permission to send you our booklet and inform you of our honorable methods of business.

"Write. You will never regret it.

"Be sure and send for Dr. Na-Morg's book, telling of his wonderful discovery in the Philippine Islands.

"Thanking you for the courtesy of this interview and hoping to hear from you soon, we are.

"Yours respectfully,

The pamphlet inclosed is of the usual class of publications, in which it is sought to arouse the sense of men, and then to induce them to make a trial of the wonderful remedy. It is scarcely necessary to say to an intelligent person that all such propositions as these are absolutely and unequivocal frauds, and should be contemptuously ignored. Judging, however, from the immense amount of money which these people pay for advertising and literature, there must be a large percentage of unintelligent people in this country than sometimes supposed.

The Cocktail Route.

HERE is a warning for some of the "good fellows" who take their little drinks as a regular thing:

More interesting and remarkable, perhaps, than other disclosures made by Dr. Dana are those relating to the capacity of men for drink and the duration of life among habitual inebriates. On the latter point, the conclusions reached are that in serious cases the duration of life is about fifteen years—the maximum being no forty years. In general, it is said that hard drinking can rarely be carried on for more than twenty years, and it generally brings the victim to grief at about the age of forty. Referring to persons who drink most heavily and frequently, it is said that it takes ten or fifteen years to bring on dementia or insanity, during which time it may be estimated that each inebriate consumes about two thousand gallons of intoxicants. A man 25 years old confessed to Dr. Dana that he had been drunk twice a day for three years, making about two thousand intoxications; another man of 40 had been drunk well for twenty years, and a third, aged 43, had been drunk a thousand times in fifteen years. Two thousand "drunks" is set down as the maximum limit of any ordinary inebriate experience. The favorite combination for hard drinkers was found to be beer and whisky, and beer alone came well up in the scale. Other beverages used by inebriates included cocoa wine, Jamaica ginger, those of soap, and a well-known proprietary "bitter." A remarkable absence of alcoholism was found in the drinkers.

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DR. C. S. CLAYTON, 74

October 26, 1902.]

Illustrated Magazine Section.

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THE THING SHE KNEW.

THE ODD TALE OF A WOMAN WHOSE TALENTS
"RAN TO LAMP SHADES."

By a Special Contributor.

It love did not laugh at locksmiths this particular story would not have to be told. Because love does laugh at locksmiths, also prudence, and parental restraints, it happened a few years back that a pair of young people, well, even luxuriously reared, found themselves within a week after their runaway marriage, with hardly a dollar in hand. What the husband did, though he acquitted himself manfully, is out of place here. The pair were in New York City. The wife went to a rich woman whom it happened she knew slightly, asking not charity, but advice as to how she might best help in the battle for bread.

The rich woman thought a bit then asked: "What can you do? Not singing, playing, painting china and that sort of thing—but something, anything—at which you excel. Tell me that—and I can really help you." The poor woman thought a minute: "My talent, if I have any—runs to lamp shades," she said. "I have made some gorgeous ones—"

"You shall make more," the rich woman interrupted. "The first of them for me. Here, take this money—for materials—and let me see what you can do as quickly as possible. If it is something individual, the rest will be easy."

The completed shade, carried home the next day but one, was not only individual but strikingly beautiful. The rich woman went into raptures over it, and instantly ordered several more, paying for them generously, and in advance. By the time they were done, she had orders for half a dozen, secured for her protégé, among her friends. To the protégé, along with the orders she gave sound advice: "Never send out a shade that is less than your best," she said. "And charge for it accordingly.

People who have money are only too glad to pay well for anything really distinctive. Keep away from the shop and the shop models. Trust your eye for color harmonies, and your own sense of lines. It is the shop with their set patterns for the multitude that would make her out of the world than the fashion, which stifles originality, or else pay for it so moderately it has never a fair chance. Take a shop of your own—in a good quarter no matter how tiny—be polite to purchasers, but never overanxious, don't lower prices nor workmanship, and you will do well."

The little shop in a swell quarter was duly taken. Very shortly there was a workwoman in it to help the proprietor. And pretty soon the one workwoman had companions, many or few according to season. The shop, too, was outgrown before a year had passed. Next year one twice its size proved also much too small—set for Christmas rushes and such like times, but for steady custom. So other floors were added, and later other store fronts. As a result the proprietor now spends three months of each year abroad, studying colors, materials, heaven knows what. She owns one of the biggest and most artistic lamp-shade shops in the central Fifth Avenue region, is always on the lookout for women with artistic ability, and when she finds them, pays them to work for her at rates that recall her own time of need. She is on the point of setting up a wholesale business, albeit by selling at retail she has already laid by a comfortable sum. All which goes to show that there is money in artistic finger tips—if there be common sense in the head that goes along with them.

HALLOWEEN FASHIONABLE AGAIN.
IT IS QUITE CORRECT TO INVOKE THE FAIRIES
NOWADAYS.

By a Special Contributor.

All old things come into fashion again if you wait long enough. Halloween now receives fashionable sanction—not that sensible folk care, who have always had a fine time on the last day of October. But it is interesting to know that the ghostly celebrations will be more widespread this year than usual. Although often neglected in modern practice, the most essential part of the Halloween ritual consists in the lighting of a bonfire in front of the house at nightfall. Such a practice is hardly possible in a city street, but in village towns the vigil of Hallowmas, the eve of All Saints' day, is often kept by the light of a blazing bonfire.

But, although ritually less correct, to young folks, the most important celebrations are the parties to play old-fashioned games and, in various ways, to learn their fate from the fairies. For on Halloween, as all the world knows, the fairies are all uncommonly good-tempered and propitious. Ghosts, too, abound in hitherto uninvited places on the last night of October, but even they are in their mildest moods.

The old-fashioned sheet and pillow-case party is a favorite form of Halloween entertainment among the young girls. Each guest arrives at the home of the hostess wrapped in a sheet and disguised by a pillow case on her head. Two holes leave room for the mock ghost to peer, but he must neither laugh nor speak.

The hostess, also garbed in sheet and pillow case, stands in the hall dimly lighted with Jack o' Lanterns and bows low to each guest as he arrives. She does not make a sound, but points to the room in which they are to go.

All about the dimly-lighted rooms the specters stand until everyone has arrived and the hostess motions them to follow her. She leads them through dark passages and either up creepy stairs to an attic or down into the cellar, where, in a morgue-like cave, a fortune teller awaits their arrival. Each one in turn learns his or her fate from the old woman and is asked to back down or up the stairs if they wish the secrets just told them to be true.

Just before supper the ghosts are permitted to depart and appear, reincarnated, in the persons of up-to-date young folks.

The old apple-ducking party is still in vogue, but not

so much so as it was in the days of our grandmothers. It is considered, among effete moderns, too strenuous a form of amusement to rescue floating apples from a tub by the aid of the teeth only. It is more popular to lean over the back of a chair with a fork in the mouth and, while the apples float about in the water, to try to spear one.

The old fashion of naming the apples and counting the seeds first came into common practice at Halloween parties. The guests name each other's apples with the name of a person of the opposite sex and, when the seeds are taken out, the owner of the apple counts them with the old rhyme: "One, I love; two, I love; three, love they say; four, I love with all my heart; five, is cast away; six, he loves; seven, she loves; eight, both love; nine, he comes; ten, he tarries; eleven, he courts; twelve, he marries." To make this come true the seeds must be eaten, regardless of appendicitis.

An old game something like beanbags is played on Halloween by placing three hollowed pumpkins in a row at one end of a room and throwing walnuts into them. Each player is given a walnut to throw into one of the pumpkins, which contain dirty water, clean water and no water at all. The players do not know which is which, but if he or she throws into the dirty water pumpkin their life partner will be poor; if the nut falls into the one with clean water, a rich mate awaits the player; and if it falls into the pumpkin with no water at all the person who threw it is doomed to a life of single blessedness. In the event that none of the pumpkins is hit, second and third trials are given. Failing to hit a pumpkin in three trials a player is bound to have a mysterious and very eventful life.

A strong imagination is necessary for the girl who attempts, by a Halloween method, to see the face of her future husband. Our grandmothers used to say that if they went into a dark room on Halloween and, letting fall their hair about their shoulders, brushed it while standing before a mirror repeating the Lord's prayer backward, they would see their future husband's face. The up-to-date girl wants some more substantial evidence. For those who scorn the mirror there is another choice. A four-leaved clover pinned on the door on Halloween is sure to make the first man who enters by that door the following day the husband of the girl who pinned it there.

The small boy's idea that he must break things which do not belong to him, knock down fences, run away with loose wagons and upset the neighbor's flower-pots as well as to throw corn and other missiles at people's windows originated with a fairy story. In olden days in Scotland the fairies were supposed to have done all these things, so today Young America takes it upon himself to keep the custom in vogue and turn fairy. Heartless policemen never seem to appreciate the fact that fairies are non-arrestable.

LITTLE GIRL A HEROINE.

SHE NURSED HER LITTLE BROTHER AT HOS-
PITAL THROUGH CASE OF SMALLPOX.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Cleveland has a heroine in the person of a simple little maid of 14 years, who is worthy to be sung in the verse of the most accomplished bards. Her name is Lena Bendig and she lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bendig, at No. 81 East Clark avenue.

The little girl's brother, George, aged 7, was taken sick with smallpox about two weeks ago. The health authorities learned of the matter and called at the house with an ambulance. When they rapped at the door they were admitted by the child. The physicians told her that they had come for her brother.

"Where are you going to take him?" she asked.

"We will have to place him in the detention hospital," they told her.

"You can't take him away," declared the little girl stoutly. "No on can nurse George but me. He wants me with him."

The hospital authorities insisted, however, and then the child asked that she be taken to the hospital with her brother, but neither would the physicians permit this. They entered the house and carried the boy away. The child cried for his sister and the little girl was completely broken up. After her brother had gone she thought that she must go to the hospital, in spite of the disapproval of the physicians. So the child got upon the street-car with the determination that she would not be kept out.

The girl rapped at the door of the hospital and told her mission. At first the nurses objected, but finally finding that the child would not leave the door they let her in. For eleven days she stood at the bedside of her brother, who had been stricken with one of the very worst cases of the disease. The nurses had but little hope that he could recover.

So carefully was he nursed by his sister, however, to whom he owes his life, the nurses say, that the boy began to recover in a few days.

As the boy got better and required less attention the little girl gave part of her time to the other children who were in the ward. Then she herself became feverish and it was supposed that she had the smallpox. As soon as the child found it out she telephoned to her mother, saying: "Mamma, I have got the smallpox. I am afraid, but it doesn't make any difference. George is better." It proved, however, that the fever was only the result of overexertion on the part of the little miss, and she was better after a couple of days' rest.

On Saturday both children were excused from the hospital and returned to their home. Rev. A. G. Lothman, pastor of the Sixth Reform Church, to which the two children belong, learned of the case and at once presented it to the teachers of the Sunday-school. They unanimously decided that such heroism should be rewarded. On next Sunday the child will be presented with a medal for her noble deed.

The King's coachman never knows where he is to drive until His Majesty is actually seated in the carriage. This is a continuance of the rule which came into force when Queen Victoria ascended the throne.—[Tit-Bits.]

TOOTH
TALK
No. 25

Tooth Decay.

The relation of the teeth to the general healthfulness of the body is more real than apparent. One or two unsound teeth quickly open the way for the ravages of decay—the interstices between the teeth fill with fine particles of food and ferment, causing an increased amount of acid in the mouth, which softens the enamel and hastens decay all along the line, greatly decreasing the flow of saliva which alters the digestion and an impairment of stomach functions immediately follows.

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Prophylactic dentistry—the system I have evolved by years of study and practice—enables me to save and restore all teeth that are placed in my care before disease and decay have gone too far, thus often preventing serious complications in either the stomach or digestive organs or both. I have made several discoveries which afford the special knowledge required in particular cases where the average dentist would not know what to do. By studying individual peculiarities—condition of the enamel, character of the secretions of the mouth, etc.—I learn the conditions which must be met, and modify the treatment accordingly.

Personal Talks.

Although I am very busy, I want my readers to feel free to come to my office and talk with me about dentistry at any time. If your teeth need attention, I will gladly make a thorough examination and tell you exactly what is required, and what my charges will be if you desire to have me do the work. Such consultation and examination is always free, and places you under no obligation whatever.

Walter T. Covington, D. D. S.

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THE RACE THAT BOBBY LOST.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE first place, Bobby was not a boy. Her name was Bertha, but ever since her stout little legs had been able to carry her, she had taken so much enjoyment in playing as boys play, that her father had called her Bobby—and of course everyone else did likewise.

Now, if there was one thing that Bobby liked to do more than another it was to run. She had learned to hold her arms close to her sides, her head up, her chin out and to breathe through her nose; and after you have learned these things, practice makes the rest. But the race that Bobby lost—well, here are the facts; you can see for yourself what I was about to say.

Every summer Bobby's father, Mr. Ward, sent Bobby and her mother away for a month or more to a lovely old summer resort up in the mountains. The big lawn was a delightful place to play all sorts of games in, for it had many trees to hide behind when very bloodthirsty Indians attacked you—of course, they were really and truly only your boy friends dressed up—as well as a little creek that flowed through the grounds which was used for a great river on which you could take long trips, or as the ocean over which you sailed your Viking ship.

Bobby liked this place almost as well as she did her home, especially the running track. This was not really a track; it was, indeed, only two long, smoothly-graveled paths, running side by side to the end of the lawn, where they joined with a wide curve. But as soon as the children saw it, they knew at once it must have been intended for a race track. This year—the year that Bobby was eight—they had organized a regular racing club before Bobby and her mother got there. And that day, after Bobby had had dinner and visited all her favorite nooks and corners and trees, the children told her about it.

"Tommy Gordon is champion," said Nell White, "for he's won all the races this week, and Mr. Barry is going to give him a lovely little collie dog if he wins them all next week."

"Oh!" said Bobby. It was all she could say, for the mention of that prize took her breath away. She loved collie dogs!

"Yes," continued Bess, as they walked up the long hill to the cottage across the lawn, "Tommy has raced once a day ever since he came and all the boys say he can't be beaten. He's getting awfully stuck up about it. He's going to race that new Tompkins boy today, after the mail comes in. You must come down and see it."

Bobby said she would, and after the mail came and was read the people gathered under the big tree which served as the starting post, ready to cheer the victor and condole with the loser. Mr. Barry acted as master of ceremonies and kept the people laughing. Mr. Barry was such a jolly man—and the Barry baby; well, the Barry baby, in Bobby's estimation, was the dearest, sweetest, cutest, most lovable little thing in the world!

When Mr. Barry shouted "Go!" the new boy, and Tommy sprang down the upper path like race horses. The people cheered them on and the cheers were redoubled when the new boy turned the curve far down the lawn a little ahead of Tommy. On the homestretch, as Mr. Barry called it, Tommy lost his footing for a moment, and his friends were silent with fear that he would not regain it. But before half of the course home had been covered the new boy began to tire and Tommy bounded ahead of him.

As the line was crossed Tommy was three feet ahead, and there was a great deal of shouting by his friends. It was evident that Tommy was the favorite, yet somehow Bobby felt sorry for the new boy, and as she passed him she said, "I am so sorry you lost; I think you run splendidly."

The new boy reddened with pleasure, but all he could say was "Thank you. He is a better runner than I am."

Yet he told his mother that evening as he was dressing that he thought Bobby was the nicest girl there. Bobby's father used to call her tactful, whatever that may mean; and perhaps she was.

"Well, Bobby," said Mr. Barry, as he caught up with her on the way to the cottage, "what do you think of our new amusement?"

"I like it," said Bobby. "Tommy runs well, but I believe the new boy could beat him, if he tried several more times."

"He might," said Mr. Barry, patting her on the head. "He gave Tom the hardest race of the week. He might win the dog, after all, mightn't he?"

"Yes," said Bobby thoughtfully. "Is it a pretty one?"

"The prettiest one I can get in the city. He will be here Tuesday. Coming to see the baby now?"

Bobby's face brightened at the mention of her pet. "As soon as I take mama her work," she answered. Then she asked suddenly:

"Mr. Barry, how long did it take Tommy to go around the track today?"

"Just two minutes and eighteen seconds," answered Mr. Barry. "I am keeping the time of all his races so he can have a record to show when he goes home."

"I guess he will have the dog to show, too," said Bobby, somewhat wistfully, and then she ran into the cottage.

The next morning a strange thing happened—strange for Bobby, that is to say, for she got up at 5 o'clock. She dressed herself quietly, and taking her mother's watch, slipped out of the cottage. She went to the starting point of the track and put her toe on the line. Then she looked at the watch and darted off down the track. The soft tread of her little feet astonished no one but a ground squirrel or two, for no one was stirring that early, except Bobby; and when she crossed the line again, she looked once more at the watch. Then she hurried back to the cottage, her cheeks flushed, and a smile on her lips.

The following Saturday afternoon a larger crowd than usual gathered at the tree. Mr. Barry had given out

word that he had a surprise for the race attendants, and that had caused much excited talk among the little folks and interest among the older ones. Presently he got on a chair, and held up his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen and ladies!" he said, like a man making a speech. "The final race of the Mountain Springs' Championship Meet will be run this afternoon. I beg to announce that, up to the present, Thomas Gordon is the champion of the course. He has met and defeated all comers. If he wins this race today, he wins the prize—if he loses, it will go to the winner of the next two out of three. I beg to announce that the contestants for this race are Thomas Brighton Gordon, and—"

He paused for a moment amid breathless silence and then went on—

"Bobby Ward!"

Bobby did not hear the murmur of surprise that ran around the group of people as she stepped out and took her place; she was looking up the hill to where the Barry baby sat, cooing and gurgling to itself in its carriage. The nurse girl was sitting on a bench under the tree, rolling the carriage back and forth with a foot, while she read, and for a moment Bobby felt as if she would much rather be there than where she was. But only for a moment.

She straightened the bow in her hair, tied particularly tight to keep from getting into her eyes, settled her belt—she was wearing her shortest and lightest summer dress—made sure that her soft kid sandals were tightly strapped, and crouched down as Tommy was doing. She noted the little look of chagrin and superiority on Tommy's face—he did not relish racing with a girl, he had told Mr. Barry—but it did not worry her.

"Go!" cried Mr. Barry again, and the two children were off like a flash.

Side by side they ran, while the onlookers watched them with breathless interest indeed. Bobby was keeping up with the champion. A girl running as well as a boy! It was astonishing.

They turned the curve, side by side, and started back. Half the distance home had been covered again, and—could this be possible?—Bobby was actually gaining. A groan went up from Tommy's backers. Bobby's admirers laughed and cheered softly; they were afraid to do too much. On came the children, and then—something startling happened—Bobby stopped short!

She stopped with one foot still forward, looking up the hill, and involuntarily everyone except Tommy, who was still running, followed her glance. The baby carriage had gotten away from the nurse girl and was running down the hill, straight for the fishing rock, which stood five feet above the deepest hole in the creek!

The nurse was screaming and attempting to catch the carriage, but as it gained headway every moment Bobby knew she could never do it. For a moment Bobby's eyes turned to Tommy, who was nearing the goal, unmindful of the threatening tragedy, and then—she turned back.

The carriage had already reached the track between Bobby and the farther end, and was rushing as straight for the dangerous rock as if the Barry baby, laughing with joy at the ride, were directing its course. If it reached the rock and plunged over—

Bobby bent her head again and set her teeth. Fast as she had been running before, it seemed like walking to the way she went now! The little sandals seemed to be the fairy story of seven league boots, and yet, to Bobby, it seemed as if she were barely crawling.

"I must reach it, I must!" she cried to herself, a sob rising in her throat as she strained every muscle to increase her speed. The carriage struck a small stone, swerved a trifle, hesitated and then rushed straight on again. Bobby was within ten feet of it—eight—six! The carriage's front wheels reached the top of the long smooth stone, and then—

Bobby stumbled and fell! A groan went up in earnest from those who were watching her heroic efforts, but she heard it not. One small hand clutched frantically at the rear wheel—clutched, caught it, held tightly, and the carriage stopped. Baby Barry breathed a sigh of joy, and leaning over the side of the carriage, called out cheerfully to her beloved friend:

"Goo—! Bobby you baby?"

But Bobby, lying white and still, with one hand still clutching the wheel, heard those words no more than she did the excited babel of tongues and the cheers, as the people, headed by Mr. Barry, hurried to where she lay.

Today, if you happen to see Bobby Ward, you will probably see also that she wears the dearest little watch imaginable. Inside the case, if she will show it to you, you may read this inscription: "To Bobby Ward from her life-long debtor, in memory of the race she lost. George M. Barry."

And though the collie dog does not belong to her I think you will find that he and Tommy spend about as much time at Bobby's home as they do at Tommy's, for they are the firmest of friends now.

EVERARD JACK APPLETON.

A TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

"Judge, my lord," said the prisoner, "before I enter my plea I'd like to ask a few questions."

"You have the court's permission."

"If I go on trial, shall I have to sit here and listen while the lawyers ask hypothetical questions of the jurors?"

"Certainly."

"And then hear all the handwriting experts?"

"Of course."

"And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and insanity experts?"

"Very probably."

"Well, then, My Lord, I'm ready to enter my plea."

"What is it?"

"Guilty."—[Tid-Bits.]

SETTLED BY THE LAWYERS.

Jenks: Haven't you and that neighboring farmer settled your differences yet?

Farmer Akers: No, but our lawyers have settled.

Jenks: Settled? How?

Farmer Akers: On our farms.—[Catholic Standard and Times.]

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THE "FLIMSY"
SYSTEM BY WHICH NEWS IS
GREAT CITIES

The Fourth Estate, in a recent issue of the Hammondsport, N. Y., Herald-Advertiser, Charles Hemstreet, describing the news of what is familiarly known as the York City. Mr. Hemstreet is the York Press Club and one of the editors of the City News Association. Following

"Even to those intimately acquainted with New York, the news of the city is an absolute mystery to the few who realize the countless news springs, or is likely to spring up at night."

"It may come from anywhere miles of avenues and streets, from structures that shelter every form of the world; it may come from the twenty-five stories above the street people, or from the home in the dozen families live in a single room."

"It may come from Wall street, business reach out to the entire from the surface roads that spread over half a hundred miles of city at front with its ships and shipping sumptuous hotels—from countless

"If it is bewildering to think where from, how much more so to consider it in its entirety. And yet the city—what was New York before the Greater New York, what is now the Bronx—is covered by

"The sixteen daily papers some of which form a news-gathering bureau, the Association, which is now really the gathering business in New York, pro rata share of expenses.

"The bureau was established with forty of these men gather the news and divide it into seven districts, with a man for that district alone. Beside there is a man in each court, in each headquarters, police headquarters, who looks after ship news, another morgue. Then there are five men to wait for the emergency calls—any

"These news-gatherers do not take office of the bureau. They never wait for time for that. The moment they hear they rush to the nearest telephone, information is sent into the bureau of office men write the stories there printed in the papers.

"The office men write peculiarly, writer, writing on wax stencil. They must write without errors, for the editor. Once the story is written, an editor, who reads it to see that sent out. The editor passes the way he puts it into a motor-propelled impressions from it at the rate of 2000 words a minute.

"Between the bureau office and the series of pneumatic tubes. As the leaves the machine they are jabbed in less than a minute the page of copy office in the city.

"The terrific rapidity of the work when it is explained that in case of news, such as a great disaster, it is for the reporter to get his facts, have through the pneumatic tubes, set up, printed and sold on the street, after the disaster has occurred.

"The systematic work of the bureau is done away with the staff of the sixteen men who are the news of New York is concerned. The bureau man must of necessity be of a fine caliber, for in writing for the sixteen papers to please, has to cater to, has every shade of

"This is done successfully in

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THE "FLIMSY MILL"

SYSTEM BY WHICH NEWS IS GATHERED IN A GREAT CITY.

The Fourth Estate, in a recent issue, reproduces from the Hammondsport, N. Y., Herald an article written by Charles Hemstreet, describing the method of operation of what is familiarly known as the "flimsy mill" in New York City. Mr. Hemstreet is the librarian of the New York Press Club and one of the editors of the New York City News Association. Following is the article:

"Even to those intimately acquainted with the whirl and bustle of New York, the method of collecting the news of the city is an absolute mystery. There are very few who realize the countless points from which the news springs, or is likely to spring, any second of the day or night.

"It may come from anywhere along the miles upon miles of avenues and streets, from the boundless lines of structures that shelter every form of business known to the world; it may come from the sky-scraper towering twenty-five stories above the street, that shelters 1500 people, or from the home in the slums, where half a dozen families live in a single room.

"It may come from Wall street, where the tendrils of business reach out to the entire world; it may come from the surface roads that spread like a spider's web over half a hundred miles of city streets; from the water front with its ships and shipping; from banquets at sumptuous hotels—from countless sources.

"It is bewildering to think where the news may come from, how much more so to consider a plan for gathering it in its entirety. And yet the main portion of the city—what was New York before the consolidation into Greater New York, what is now the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx—is covered by a perfect system.

"The sixteen daily papers some years ago combined to form a news-gathering bureau, the New York City News Association, which is now really the trust of the news-gathering business in New York, each paper paying a pro rata share of expenses.

"The bureau was established with a force of sixty men. Forty of these men gather the news. First the city is divided into seven districts, with a man in each, responsible for that district alone. Besides these district men, there is a man in each court, in each large hospital, at headquarters, police headquarters, Wall street, a man who looks after ship news, another stationed at the Morgan. Then there are five men who sit in the office to wait for the emergency calls—anything that may arise.

"These news-gatherers do not take the news to the office of the bureau. They never write it—there is not time for that. The moment they hear of a bit of news they rush to the nearest telephone, over which the information is sent into the bureau office. Another force of office men write the stories there as they are to be printed in the papers.

"The office men write peculiarly. They use a typewriter, writing on wax stencil. They must be expert men, must write without errors, for the wax cannot be corrected. Once the story is written, it is passed over to an editor, who reads it to see that it is suitable to be sent out. The editor passes the wax sheet on to a man who puts it into a motor-propelled machine that prints impressions from it at the rate of 200 a minute.

"Between the bureau office and the newspapers are a series of pneumatic tubes. As the impressions of copy leave the machine they are jabbed into the tubes and in less than a minute the page of copy is in every newspaper office in the city.

"The terrific rapidity of the work can be understood when it is explained that in case of an important piece of news, such as a great disaster, it is not extraordinary for the reporter to get his facts, have them written, sent through the pneumatic tubes, set up in the newspaper office, printed and sold on the street, within half an hour after the disaster has occurred.

"The systematic work of the bureau has to an extent gone away with the staff of the sixteen newspapers, so far as the news of New York is concerned. Although by means of the bureau the newspapers receive identically the same written news, this is all changed by having in the various offices a number of 're-write' men, who alter the written stories to give them individuality.

"The bureau man must of necessity be a newspaper man of a fine caliber, for in writing for sixteen papers has sixteen papers to please, has sixteen varying political to cater to, has every shade of political feeling to satisfy.

"That this is done successfully is shown by the fact

that the bureau has grown larger and is more depended upon by the newspapers year by year. Its success, however, might not have been so absolute had it not been fortunate enough to secure an executive head of the most positive type.

"Since its inception the bureau has been in charge of J. E. Hardenbergh, a master of his craft in that he is a marvel of patient energy, a disciplinarian of the rigorous sort."

THE CRAB THAT NEEDS A HOUSE.

A most amusing and curious creature is the hermit crab. He belongs to the biggest crab family that there is. There are thousands of different kinds of him, and hermit crabs can be found in all waters, from the cold North to the equator.

The hermit crab is shaped like a prawn or lobster. His head and upper part of the body are covered with a shell that is harder than that of most other varieties



THE QUEER HERMIT CRAB.

of crab. But his unfortunate tail end is soft. And, unhappily for the hermit crab, there is no delicacy that the other sea creatures love quite as much as they do that soft tail.

Under these circumstances the hermit crab has had to become a householder. He searches for a small shell, and when he finds it he investigates it a moment to make sure that there are no other occupants, and then he backs in with funny, threatening motions of his big claws.

If the shell that he selects happens to be occupied by the snail or other rightful owner, the hermit crab drags it away to some safe hiding place and then calmly thrusts his mighty shears into it and eats the unlucky resident. Having thus simply cleared the premises, he gets in himself.

Occasionally a hermit crab cannot find a suitable shell in his haste. Then he takes anything that is convenient. As a result hermit crabs have been found living in all kinds of queer habitations. One was discovered living with pride and comfort in the bowl of a tobacco pipe. Many of them live in sponges.

The hermit crab is afflicted with an infirm temper and a constant desire to change. Consequently it happens often that one hermit crab, meeting another hermit whose house he likes better than his own, will essay to take it by force. Then there is a battle at once. No healthy hermit crab in full possession of its mind and faculties ever refuses a fight. Sometimes the crabs will seize each other like bulldogs and hang on for hours, each trying to pull the other out of his house.

The hermits come in all sizes. There are many so small that they can live in a barnacle shell. Another species loves to eat the tiny black sea snails out of house and home, and move into their miniature apartments. Others are so big that the biggest whelks of the sea have shells only just big enough.

AN OLD MILITARY ROLL.

While preparing a part of the building at No. 41 Milk street, corner of Arch street, for occupancy by the Milk-Street Cut Flower Company, T. E. Waters, the manager of the company, who was directing the work of cleaning and renovation of the place, came across a valuable military relic, the existence of which has been known, while its place of concealment, since trace of it had been lost, was unknown.

This relic will be of vast interest to military men, because it is the enlistment roll of the old New England Guard, formerly one of the three crack military corps of this State. The roll was drawn up in this city and bears the date of February, 1814. It really is in the form of a letter to Caleb Strong, the Governor at that time, yet it is to all intents and purposes an enlistment roll. [Boston Transcript.]

DOING BETTER

A very plain man in Glasgow has a very plain daughter. One day she was sitting on his knee right before a looking-glass. She contemplated the reflection of their two faces and then asked:

"Papa, did God make me?"
"Yes, dear," he replied.
"And did He make you?"
"Yes."

Looking again in the mirror she drew a long breath and rejoined: "He must be turning out better work lately, isn't he?"—[Scottish American.]

Curse
DRINK

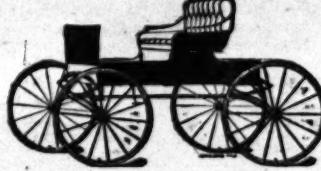
CURED BY WHITE RIBBON REMEDY.

No taste. No odor. Can be given in glass of water, tea or coffee without patient's knowledge. White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, a "tippler," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.

Endorsed by members of W. C. T. U. Mrs. Townsend, Secretary of a W. C. T. U., 218 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., writes: "I have tested White Ribbon Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the remedy was given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and endorse White Ribbon Remedy. Members of our union are delighted to find a practical and economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

Druggists everywhere, or by mail, per box \$1. Trial package free by writing or calling on Mrs. T. C. Moore, Supt. W. C. T. U., Ventura, Cal. Sold in Los Angeles by Owl Drug Company, 320 S. Spring St.

A Vehicle Combination.



PRICE and QUALITY.

Business Wagons and Pleasure Vehicles.

STYLE and FINISH.

Prices Low and Quality High.

This combination can be best found at Nos. 130 to 136 N. Los Angeles St. Phone Exchange 32.

Baker & Hamilton.

For

A

Clear

Skin

Use

No

Pow-

der.

Loleta Beauty Cream

Get rid of the freckles, the wrinkles, the withered skin. Every woman can have a clear complexion. Every woman can have a



Soft, White Skin

Loleta Beauty Cream removes all facial blemishes, restoring the skin to the freshness and bloom of youth. No need to use powder when you use Loleta Beauty Cream. It takes the place of powder. Price per jar, 50c. For sale by all drugists and by the

WEAVER-JACKSON HAIR CO.,
443 South Broadway.

Los Angeles, Oct. 10, 1902.

The Ice and Cold Storage Co., City:

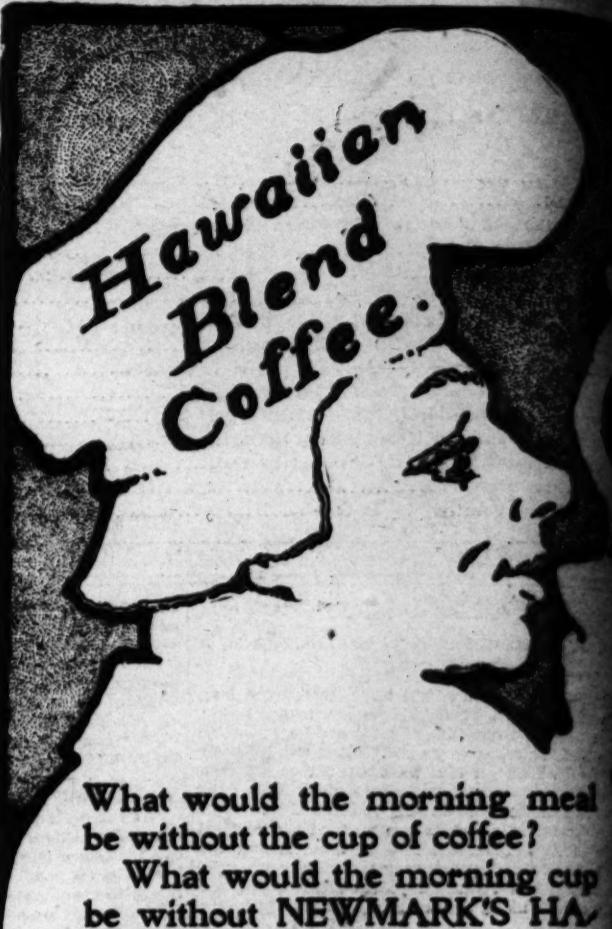
"Dear Sirs—From the time you first began furnishing distilled water in Los Angeles, I became a user of it and like it so well that we would not know how to keep house without it.

"We use it, not only for drinking, but for cooking all foods requiring water, and feel sure we have been greatly benefited in so doing. I cannot say anything too strong in praise of Puritas.

(Name furnished on application.)

Five gallons 30c.

Phone Exchange Six.



What would the morning meal be without the cup of coffee?

What would the morning cup be without NEWMARK'S HAWAIIAN BLEND?

RICH—AROMATIC—DELICIOUS.

IMPORTED, ROASTED AND PACKED BY

Newmark Bros.

LOS ANGELES

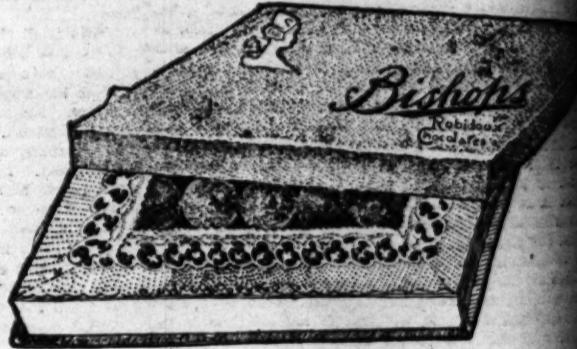
Hi-Lo Graham Wafers have sprung into quick popularity. Bishop is the maker, and a great big package sells for ten cents—they can't help being popular.

Hi-Lo Graham Wafers

Are crisp, fresh, healthful. When a package is once broken open, the wafers soon disappear. Neatly packed in a beautiful white and gold package that keeps them fresh and clean. Your grocer has them.

Bishop & Co.,
Popular Purveyors to the Palates of the People.

All the skill of the Bishop Company, all the knowledge of the finest confectioner, are exerted in the making of Rubidoux Chocolates. Thus every chocolate is most perfect.



Dealers everywhere sell Rubidoux Chocolates—the demand for them is great. The most perfect confections packed in the handsomest boxes in different sizes. Mention "Rubidoux" when you buy chocolates.

Bishop & Co.

Popular Purveyors to the Palates of the People.